St. Thomas [illegible] Frew Library
3 0510 [illegible] 549

WITHDRAWN
UST
Libraries

ST. THOMAS
LIBRARY
COLLEGE

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/ageoftransition0001fjsn

HANDBOOKS

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE

EDITED BY PROFESSOR HALES

THE AGE OF TRANSITION

VOL. I

HANDBOOKS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

EDITED BY PROFESSOR HALES.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net, each.

THE AGE OF CHAUCER (1346-1400). By F. J. SNELL, M.A. With an Introduction by Professor HALES.

THE AGE OF TRANSITION (1400-1580). By F. J. SNELL, M.A. 2 vols. Vol. I. The Poets. Vol. II. The Dramatists and Prose Writers (with an Introduction by Professor HALES).

THE AGE OF SHAKESPEARE (1579-1631). By THOMAS SECCOMBE and J. W. ALLEN. With an Introduction by Professor HALES. 2 vols. Vol. I. Poetry and Prose. Vol. II. The Drama. *2nd Edition, revised.*

THE AGE OF MILTON (1632-1660). By the Rev. J. H. B. MASTERMAN, M.A. With Introduction, etc., by J. BASS MULLINGER, M.A. *3rd Edition.*

THE AGE OF DRYDEN (1660-1700). By R. GARNETT, C.B., LL.D. *4th Edition.*

THE AGE OF POPE (1700-1744). By JOHN DENNIS. *4th Edition.*

THE AGE OF JOHNSON (1744-1798). By THOMAS SECCOMBE. *2nd Edition.*

THE AGE OF WORDSWORTH (1798-1832). By Professor C. H. HERFORD, Litt.D. *5th Edition.*

THE AGE OF TENNYSON (1830-1870). By Professor HUGH WALKER. *4th Edition.*

LONDON: GEORGE BELL AND SONS,
YORK HOUSE, PORTUGAL STREET, W.C.

THE AGE OF TRANSITION

1400—1580

BY

F. J. SNELL, M.A.

AUTHOR OF 'THE AGE OF CHAUCER,' ETC.

VOL. I

THE POETS

ST. THOMAS
LIBRARY
COLLEGE

LONDON

GEORGE BELL AND SONS

1905

CHISWICK PRESS: CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

820.9
Sm 27

PREFACE

The object of the present work is to present a lucid and succinct account of English and Scottish literature during the period that intervenes between Chaucer and Spenser; and in order that the reader may derive distinct and tangible impressions, considerable care has been bestowed on the grouping of the various matters. It is the misfortune of some otherwise excellent books that in them this vital question of arrangement is either utterly neglected or regarded as purely secondary, so that the process of absorbing and digesting their contents is truly formidable.

The author has been at pains to consult previous histories (unfortunately, the second volume of M. Jusserand's work appeared too late for the purpose), but happily there have been available for the study of the writings embraced in this sketch many publications, including the editions of the E. E. T. S. and Professor's Arber's reprints. As a general introduction to the literature of the age Dr. Skeat's specimens will be found invaluable. Mr. A. W. Pollard's *Fifteenth Century Prose and Verse*, though of genuine utility, is hardly representative enough; the collection, indeed, is a little capricious. Omissions, however, are easy, and the author of the present volumes much regrets not having included a notice of that deserving writer, Thomas Wilson, although he has twice mentioned him in the text.

820.9

In another edition this oversight will assuredly not be repeated.

Grateful acknowledgments are due to Professor Hales for his kind aid and encouragement. Both editor and author have accomplished the work under circumstances of some difficulty; now that it is complete it is hoped that it may prove a serviceable guide to the poetry and prose of an era of which little is generally known.

F. J. SNELL.

TIVERTON,
March 23rd, 1905.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

PREFACE v

THE POETS.

CHAP.

I. CHAUCER'S ENGLISH DISCIPLES 1

II. OCCLEVE AND LYDGATE 17

III. SCOTTISH MAKERS 48

IV. THE GOLDEN AGE OF SCOTTISH POESY . . . 81

V. THE SPENSERIAN VANGUARD 112

VI. POETS OF THE ENGLISH RENAISSANCE . . . 148

VII. BALLADS AND SONGS 197

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE 215

INDEX 219

THE AGE OF TRANSITION.

THE POETS.

CHAPTER I.

CHAUCER'S ENGLISH DISCIPLES.

General Remarks.

THE title of this chapter may perhaps suggest that Chaucer's eminence as a poet won for him a following on the Continent, but our object in selecting it was very different. A moment's reflection will show that his significance was bound to be entirely insular. The language in which he wrote may be described as a chaos of discordant elements, which, mainly through his own compositions and those of his contemporaries, Gower and Langland, was just acquiring some measure of fixity. English, in those days, would have been by no means easy to learn, and substantial inducements to master a tongue, which in origin and character differed so greatly from French—the golden speech of the Middle Age—were wanting. Whether in letters or affairs, an Englishman could not dispense with a knowledge of French; to a Frenchman, on the other hand, English was not indispensable, or, save in the case of invasion, of much use.

Scotland, however, was still a foreign country, and the

Scottish language—of course, we allude to Lowland Scots —could claim a dignity and independence not inferior to that of England. The elevation of the East Midland dialect to the position of the classic or literary form of English, practically to the exclusion of other dialects, tended to emphasize the distinctions between the languages spoken at the two capitals, Edinburgh and London, but the writings of the Southrons were perfectly intelligible beyond the Tweed; and despite the mutual antipathy which grew rather than diminished, there is abundant evidence that Chaucer's poetry found many admirers in the northern kingdom, where indeed his special excellences were copied more happily than in England.

In referring, then, to Chaucer's English disciples, we employ the phrase in contradistinction to the poet's Scottish imitators mainly, but with a further limitation confining it to his immediate associates and successors. The glory of Chaucer, like the lingering hues of a sunset, covers the whole of the fifteenth, and a goodly portion of the sixteenth century, but in England, at any rate, the uncritical appreciation of certain versifiers—we are thinking especially of Stephen Hawes—led them to see in Lydgate a very respectable rival of Chaucer, one to whom they might, without undue disparagement of their own merits, pay homage and acknowledge obligations, as to a master.

The renown of a great writer conduces to varying results according to the talents and temperaments of those upon whom it acts. Men of original genius may be impelled thereby to generous emulation and feats of literary adventure, of which they would not otherwise have dreamed. This, as we shall see, was the effect in Scotland, which did not, it is true, produce another Chaucer, yet teemed with bards who imbibed much valuable inspiration from the

English maker, without too great a sacrifice of their native quality. The massive build and towering stature of Apollo's elect may, however, exercise a daunting and depressing influence. Adoration may assume a slavish attitude and flatter with abject imitation, as was the case with Chaucer's English disciples, each of whom his 'elvish' spirit rode as an incubus, while the study of his writings was for them a fatal discipline, a ruinous fascination. So dazzled by his brilliancy were they as to be dissuaded from experiments which had not, so to speak, his sanction; and, whilst conceiving that perfection lay in acquiring the graces of their model, they did not even penetrate the secrets of his technique, and were always far from fathoming the deep inner or spiritual efficacy, apart from which the highest technical skill is cold, and dead, and unimpressive.

John Shirley.

Some there were, however, who deemed the club of Hercules too unwieldy, who, conscious of disparity, strove not to bend the bow of mighty Ulysses. Of such was John Shirley. Instead of embarking on a hopeless and impossible labour, he ministered to his favourite poet's fame in the voluntary capacity of literary executor and editor. This was anything but a superfluous mission, since, to take only one example, despite Shirley's care and in the teeth of his express declaration to the contrary, Lydgate's *Black Knight* was long attributed to Chaucer, who, like every other great poet, could not escape his pack of apocrypha. English fifteenth-century verse would seem to have had an unhappy gift of becoming misplaced, for whereas the *Black Knight* was fathered on Chaucer, Lydgate's master, his *Temple of Glass*, was given most unfairly to his scholar, Hawes. These instances by no means exhaust the comedy of errors, and it was in every sense a fortunate choice that induced Shirley to devote his industry and leisure to the oversight

of Chaucer's 'remains.' His critical sagacity, to be sure, was sometimes at fault. It was a colossal blunder, for instance, to assign to Chaucer the *Chronicle* printed in Mr. Furnivall's *Odd Texts* of the minor poems. Still, Shirley's honesty of purpose cannot be impeached, and seeing that he was so nearly contemporary with Chaucer, his evidence will always be treated with the profoundest respect. Nor must we forget his extraordinary diligence in multiplying and circulating copies of the poet's works—a service which, as having been rendered in the days before the printing-press, can hardly be over-estimated. It is unlucky that we do not know more of this laborious man. According to Stowe he lived to the great age of ninety, and died October 21st, 1456.

A colossal blunder! The censure is no whit too strong if Shirley intended to assign (and many are apt to think that he did) the trivial and worthless *Chronicle* to Chaucer. On that point there is happily some room for doubt, and, according to all judicial precedent, Shirley should be given the benefit of it, although, if error has arisen, he has certainly done his part in producing it by the obscurity of his reference. He entitles the nine poor stanzas *The Chronicle made by Chaucer*, which is fairly explicit, and to a mediaeval reader the term 'made' would have suggested rather more than it does to us, for in those days it was technical, artistic, and spoke of poet's handiwork. If the title emboldens us to assume, not perhaps Chaucer's authorship, but Shirley's belief, the rubric 'Here follow the names of the nine worshipfullest ladies found . . . by Chaucer,' though not irreconcilable with the first impression, is evidently compatible with another conception of the purport and origin of the poem. Such an advertisement might well lead us to expect a bare prose catalogue, but in lieu of that we have these stanzas giving an epitome in sorry

rhymes, and not over-accurate sense, of the *Legend of Good Women*. Professor Skeat sees in this performance merely a poetical exercise of Shirley himself, who, though less fortunate than his seventeenth-century namesake, can be convicted of dabbling in rhyme. Failing this explanation, there is nothing for it but to suppose that Shirley conceived of the stanzas as a rough draft of Chaucer's own inditing, which is to tax his editor with a colossal blunder. The fact that many blunders fully as bad have been committed in connection with the same poet, is no argument either one way or the other, but Shirley, we think, should be blamed for his sad editing rather than for moral or critical obliquity. It is a strange and dishonest trade—that of a literary 'ghost,' and in the fifteenth century there was not much scope for it; but, as we have seen, it was a golden age of misallotments, with some of which we shall now proceed to deal.

The Pack of Apocrypha.

At one time or another no fewer than seventy pieces, now recognized as spurious, have been fathered on Chaucer, and that in spite of clear internal testimony disclaiming the paternity. We may take, for example, a very charming allegorical poem, *The Flower and the Leaf*, which, though Chaucerian in style, is avowedly the composition of a lady—the same, perchance, that rhymed the *Assembly of Ladies*, another product of the period which has come down to us in association with Chaucer's works. Now it must be owned that Chaucer, in a roguish fit, may have elected to personate one of the opposite sex, but, as the theory is neither necessary nor probable, it is better to admit the existence of an unknown poetess, and hold that those responsible for the attribution either overlooked, or did not connect with the question of origin, the scene wherein the writer, seeking to the Queen of the Leaf, is accosted as 'daughter.'

The *Cuckoo and the Nightingale* has been conjecturally assigned to Occleve, and the grounds for taking this course seem plausible enough. In the first place it is conceded that Occleve succeeded in observing more nearly than any of his contemporaries Chaucer's metrical rules, with the result that his writings, in certain respects, possess a technical finish not discoverable in other productions of the age. This alone provides good reason for doubting the suggestion of one manuscript, which attributes the poem to 'Clanvowe.' The person intended is thought to have been Sir Thomas Clanvowe, a man of some eminence at the time, albeit he has left no reputation for literary accomplishment. The occurrence of the name 'Clanvowe' in this connection has an unmistakable significance, for a legal document which mentions Occleve mentions also Sir John Clanvowe, a famous soldier and man of affairs, who was perhaps the father of Sir Thomas, and, in any case, his senior by many years. In the Bodley copy the poem is entitled not the *Cuckoo and the Nightingale*, but 'the boke of Cupid god of Loue,' whilst the *Letter of Cupid*, which is by Occleve or nobody, is styled, 'the lettre of Cupid god of loue.' The parallelism is very striking, and we should gather from it either that the author of the two poems was one and the same—in other words, Occleve; or that Occleve imitated an older poem. Now Sir John Clanvowe, whose claim Mr. G. L. Kittredge espouses in opposition to that of his namesake Sir Thomas, Professor Skeat's candidate, died in 1391 or thereabouts. There is just one piece of evidence for rejecting so early a date for the poem and assigning it either to Occleve or Sir Thomas Clanvowe. The metre, of a very rare and singular type, appears to have been borrowed from Chaucer's wholly dissimilar *Complaint to his Purse*, which was written in 1399. Now the *Letter of Cupid* was composed

The *Cuckoo and the Nightingale.*

about 1402, so that, as far as can be judged, the poems roughly synchronize. It is to be noticed that the first two lines are a quotation from Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*; and the notion of a parliament of birds under the presidency of the eagle was inspired, there can be little doubt, by the well-known allegory. Whether the *Cuckoo and the Nightingale* covers any personal or political relationships, is not certain. Outwardly, at all events, it resolves itself into an expression of love and loathing, of love for the melodious nightingale, and loathing for the lewd cuckoo.

The ballade and envoy, which in Bell's Chaucer immediately succeed this poem, though possessing no necessary connection with it, form an address to a lady whose Christian name may be considered ascertained. The two stanzas exhibit a discrepancy in the number of lines, and Professor Skeat, in calling attention to the circumstance, points out the reason—namely, that the initial letters of the envoy compose an anagram on the name 'Alison,' which, by the way, was a very common name in mediaeval times. The little poem is not Chaucer's—it is not nearly good enough for Chaucer. But it is a genuine fifteenth-century product; of that the manuscript authority leaves no manner of doubt.

The *Virelai.*

It is remarkable that Tyrwhitt, whilst rejecting with a good heart the majority of the compositions masquerading as Chaucer's, interposed a plea on behalf of the *Court of Love*. With similar inconsistency he was anxious to spare the *Virelai*, which the language shows to be late, and the rhymes to be none of Chaucer's. Let us speak first of the *Virelai*. Its false attribution is perhaps not wholly a subject for regret, for the error must have tended to conserve it, and such rare and interesting bric-à-brac was worth saving, more than some of our early literature. Possibly it was a vague feeling of

its preciousness that prevailed with Tyrwhitt to ascribe the enamel to the great poet, for whom, with our rigid modern principles of criticism, it can no longer be claimed. As it will hardly fall within the compass of the present volume to discuss anew the highly artificial forms of verse in which the old French poets and their English imitators embalmed their sentiments as in vases of alabaster, it is permissible to allude to another specimen which belongs to our period, and, owing to circumstances, has a special interest of its own. We refer to the 'balet' of the ill-fated Lord Rivers. It is called a 'balet' by the contemporary historian Rouse, to whom we owe its preservation, but it agrees in all the details of form with the *Virelai*, which Tyrwhitt and others assign to Chaucer. Rivers' little poem was composed in Pomfret, or Pontefract, Castle, not long before his execution in 1483, when, apparently, he had abandoned all hope of reprieve; and the mere choice of the metre, which seems unmeet for all but 'laborious trifles,' is confirmatory of his declared peace of mind:

> Willing to die, methinks, truly
> Bounden am I, and that greatly to be content.

The essence of the *Virelai*, as will be recognized on a comparison of these examples, lies in the recurrence of the same rhymes, not only at the end of the lines, but in the middle. The paucity of rhymes in English dissuades from such attempts, which, as things are, involve sacrifice either in the expression or in the rhyming. Neither of these poems is rhymed as it should be; and, as one has probably been copied from the other, and both are late, it is a nice question which served to keep the other in countenance. Anyhow, we may not say with Percy that 'the little piece is written in imitation of a poem of Chaucer's.'

The *Court of Love.*

Now let us turn to the *Court of Love*, of which Tyrwhitt too rashly observes, 'I am induced by the internal evidence to consider it as one of Chaucer's genuine productions.' By 'internal evidence' he seems to mean merely a vague subjective impression, but to those who in more recent times have subjected the work to fresh scrutiny the words imply something entirely different. Professor Skeat finds that the poem contains simply no cases of the final *e* possessing syllabic value, and the fact, in his eyes, suffices to destroy all possibility of Chaucerian authorship. This test is at once simple and decisive, but the language is so obtrusively modern, the verse so bare of all the boulders which jut up and impede the flow of fifteenth-century poetry, especially when recited by the novice, that these characteristics might well have provoked scepticism. The poem bears on its face the imprint of its age. It is too late for Occleve, too late for Hawes. Frankly, it is an aerolite of the sixteenth century, which has been drawn within the orbit and embedded in the crust of the fourteenth-century luminary.

What was it then that led Tyrwhitt to adopt the opposite view? What internal evidence is there which may be thought to support it? Let us consider the matter of the poem. It deals, though not explicitly or by way of historical allusion, with a remarkable institution of Provence, which in Chaucer's day was extinct, though by no means forgotten or devoid of influence. In the age of Sackville and Spenser it was an anachronism, which had lost its savour and power of appeal. While it would be absurd, as a general principle, to determine the date of compositions by their subject-matter, instances occur, as here, in which this factor may have a bearing on questions of origin. A poem which by its title and ingredients—*e.g.*, the 'statutes'—recalls an actual social custom, may be suspected of arising not too long

after its surcease. The name Rosiall, too, was it not suggested by the *Romance of the Rose*, which in the early fifteenth century was still much in request? It seems to us not improbable that the work is a sort of *refacimento*, the more so as, despite the absence of final *e*'s with virtue in them, there are many examples of the old plural, *es*, forming an additional syllable—a grammatical incident not to be traced in the poems of Surrey and his contemporaries. Still we should hesitate to ascribe the original to Chaucer. The 'Galfrid' mentioned in the proem can surely be none other than the great English poet who, soon after his death, acquired in the estimation of his disciples equal authority with Virgil and Cicero. The mention of these writers as models of style reminds us of Occleve's lament for Chaucer in which they are similarly and, in one sense, illogically associated. We find it hard, we must confess, to avoid the suspicion that Occleve had a hand in the *Court of Love*, the subject of which would have been congenial to his somewhat formal taste, while the character and remarks of Avaunter make us think of the *Letter of Cupid*, especially the lines:

> Is this a fair avaunt? Is this honour?
> A man himself accuse thus, and defame, etc.

One curious feature in the *Court of Love* must not be omitted—namely, the conclusion, in which the birds are represented as going through a complete service after the Roman model, Latin *incipito's* being inserted from time to time as landmarks, and to heighten the verisimilitude. Already, in the *Book of the Duchess*, something of the kind had been adumbrated, and the author of this poem, whoever he may have been, appears to have expanded the hint. The cuckoo, always the *mauvais enfant* among birds, plays his part in a thoroughly Chaucerian style, first feigning

solemnity and acquiescence, and then bursting into a laugh that bewrays his true sentiments:

> I thank it God that I should end the song
> And all the service that hath been so long.

Some of the shorter poems assigned to Chaucer, though not authentic or only partly so, are not to be scorned, for, even when of slight intrinsic value, the desire to account for them conducts us into fields of pleasant inquiry. In *King Lear* we encounter a set of rhymes which Professor Skeat regards as a quotation from some popular rigmarole, but which seems to us rather a Shakespearean parody on such effusions. The 'fool' that utters it dubs the vaticination 'Merlin's Prophecy.' Now in Chaucer's time this victim of Vivien received the credit of many a peep into futurity. Just as Virgil was the mage of mediaeval Italy, so was Merlin the recognized oracle of Plantagenet England. How far this was the case may be ascertained by turning to an easily accessible work, Mr. Hall's excellent edition of Laurence Minot. We shall there find not only Minot's allusions to Merlin as a spiritual treasure hid in dark places, but an appendix containing a Middle English poem entitled the *Prophecies of Merlin.* Now amongst the minor poems in Bell's comprehensive edition of Chaucer, which is to students a sort of Authorized Version, we meet with a little rhyme of precisely the same character. The history of this rhyme is, to some extent, known. It can be traced to Caxton's edition of Chaucer's *Anelida* and *Purse,* in which it served with two other sayings,[1] to adorn a blank leaf. If, however, we compare Bell's *Chaucer* with Caxton's, we shall find that in the latter the poem has an altered look. The alteration is probably not due to Caxton for the reason that he came before Speght, by

Sayings.

[1] To be found in Bell's 'Chaucer,' iv. p. 426.

whom the Bell version was supplied, the variant being not necessarily an 'improvement.' So far as Caxton is concerned it is fairly certain that he did not intend these 'sayings' to be regarded as Chaucer's, since he marks the conclusion of the Chaucerian portion with an *explicit*, which may be interpreted as a bar sinister to what follows.

Other Short Poems.

A similar period is badly needed in *Chaucer's Proverbs*, the first eight lines of which are believed to be genuine, while Shirley attributes the two succeeding stanzas to one 'Halsham esquire.' They may, however, be Lydgate's. *La Belle Dame sans Merci* is a translation of a French poem by Alain Chartier —'Maister Alleyn.' It cannot be Chaucer's handiwork, because in 1400, the date of the English poet's death, Chartier was only fourteen years of age. Moreover, in one of the manuscripts it is expressly assigned to a Sir Richard Ros. *Leaulte vault Richesse*, seemingly a fragment of a longer poem, has been transmitted in Scottish dress, which circumstance may or may not be due to the scribe. This particular scribe, at all events, wiser than some of his brethren, is sufficiently well-advised not to attribute the poem to Chaucer, and so the question presents itself—Whose is it? Professor Skeat would fain give it to King James I, but, as he confesses, there is not a particle of evidence connecting it with the poet-monarch, or with any writer of eminence. The *Ballade in Commendation of Our Lady* is thought to be Lydgate's, and the *Goodly Ballade of Chaucer* may have been composed by Occleve, who makes much of St. Margaret in his *Letter of Cupid*.

Prose Pieces.

This is perhaps all that we need say regarding the pseudo-Chaucerian poems. Concerning the prose candidates, *Jack Upland* is an anticlerical treatise, and why should Chaucer desire to assail the friars save in his own way, with his own safe and

inimitable raillery? The *Testament of Love* is rendered ineligible by a panegyrical passage relating to Chaucer, who, though sometimes pleasantly egoistical, was not wont to indulge in immoderate self-praise, or to blow his trumpet in this style:

> Quoth Love, I shall tell thee this lesson to learn—mine own true servant, the noble philosophical poet in English, which evermore him busieth, and travailleth right sore, my name to increase, wherefore all that willen me good, owe to do him worship and reverence both; truly his better nor his peer, in school of my rules, could I never find: He, quoth she, in a treatise that he made of my servant Troilus hath this matter touched, and at the full this question assoiled. Certainly, his noble sayings can I not amend; in goodness of gentlemanlike speech, without any manner of nicety of storier's imagination, in wit and in good reason of sentence, he passeth all other makers: [1]

There are strange things in literature, but Chaucer was not of such beggarly reputation that he needed to blazon himself after this fashion, and we cannot believe that he did. The fact is that, with all his great and unchallengeable merits, he was rather over-estimated than otherwise, because for a long period there was no one to measure him by. As Ascham says, men made this 'worthy wit' their God in verse, so that they were unable to discern any faults; he was the Shakespeare of our early poets. This was in several ways a misfortune for them. One way was that, unless he took ample security, no man could call his goods his own. It was, and continued to be, a question, whether anything meritorious could proceed from anyone but Chaucer. Its very merit hall-marked it, so to speak, as his;

[1] Thanks to the joint efforts of Professor Skeat and Mr. Bradley, the name of the real author of the *Testament of Love* has been discovered. He was Thomas Usk.

and, even to this day, the chief use of such writers as Lydgate and Occleve would seem to be that of dust-bins, to receive whatever poetical rubbish may be deemed unworthy of their master, whilst the surest proof of an esoteric appreciation of Chaucer is to scoff at his lackeys. This pitiless contempt is a little exaggerated; but, no matter what opinion we may entertain of Chaucer's successors, it is fortunate that the fear of being dwarfed, of appearing mediocre and foolish, did not weigh with our fifteenth-century versifiers, who, if they could not be Chaucers or Shakespeares, had a duty to perform as λαμπαδήφοροι. The torch that Chaucer had lighted—that is the love of poetry and poetic composition—required to be constantly relumed in a country so lately reclaimed from barbarism, whose language, composed of diverse elements, needed at once fixing and enriching. Warton, one of the most candid of our literary historians, freely recognizes this service of the despised bards. Though he calls Occleve a 'feeble writer,' he admits that 'his compositions continued to propagate and establish those improvements in our language which were now beginning to take place.' Again, speaking of Lydgate, he observes: 'On the whole, I am of opinion that Lydgate made considerable additions to those amplifications of our language, in which Chaucer, Gower, and Occleve led the way; and that he is the first of our writers whose style is clothed with that perspicuity in which the English phraseology appears at this day, to an English reader.' Measured by this standard Lydgate and Occleve, journeymen poets, did good work and served, not only their day and generation, but posterity as well.

In proceeding to consider Chaucer's best known and most important disciples, we can hardly confine ourselves to the Castor and Pollux whose names alone are familiar in that capacity. But the cursory student of Chaucer will

remember Scogan—Henry Scogan. It was to him that the poet addressed the envoy revealing his own lack of pence and bespeaking his good offices with his friends at court—and thus immortalized him. Chaucer does not clap his correspondent on the shoulder with a Byronic 'Bob Southey, thou'rt a poet'; he even insinuates an apology for continuing a pursuit scarce worthy of his years. But there is yet a tone of comradeship, a twinkle of intelligence, implying that Scogan was not an utter stranger to the Muse. With unconscious humour this dweller in high places describes himself as 'father' to the four sons of Henry IV, meaning, of course, that he was their tutor; and his principal literary achievement was a moral ballade to Prince Hal and his brothers, consisting of twenty-one stanzas of eight lines each. It is startling to find where this moral ballade was hatched. The author professes to have made it at a supper of four merchants in the Vintry, and to be exact, in the house of Lewis John. His devotion to Chaucer, whom he regularly calls his master, is very marked. He praises him as a noble poet 'curious' in his language, and cites one of his compositions, *Gentilesse,* bodily. This was a good thought of worthy Master Scogan, for otherwise we should assuredly have lost it. For the rest, he offers nothing new, whether in the way of matter or of manner. He laments an ill-spent youth, and is not over-well pleased with old age. Taught by experience, he is now all for a virtuous course of living, and thereto he exhorts his young charges with a zest not easy to couple with the joys of the table and the atmosphere of a quarter like the Vintry.

Henry Scogan.

If literature languished after the death of Chaucer, it was not because the princes of the land were illiterate or failed in their duty. Henry V was not only famous in arms, but, for one like him, uncommonly well read, and a

willing patron of poetry. His reading he owed to his intellectual father, but his taste for *belles lettres* was an heirloom from his father and grandfather after the flesh. The names of John of Gaunt and his consort Blanche are inseparable from one of Chaucer's most beautiful compositions; and Henry IV, his protector in old age, though beset with political difficulties, invited to his court the celebrated French poetess, Christine de Pisan, whose writings, though in a less degree than Chaucer's, served as a school for aspirants. The victor of Agincount, then, possessed an hereditary interest in poets and poetry, but, with so many distracting influences, it might never have shown itself strong and active but for the nurture and admonition of the outwardly rather insignificant Henry Scogan.

CHAPTER II.

OCCLEVE AND LYDGATE.

The court-tutor yielded to a common temptation in trying his hand at verse, but we doubt whether Scogan took himself too seriously. Other writers, on the contrary, though now, in the popular estimation, they stand confest as arrant pretenders, posed as being in the apostolic succession, and the world accepted them at their own valuation. Occleve's 'feebleness' has led some literary historians to postpone mention of him till they have disposed of the bulkier figure of his companion. Of the two, however, he appears to have been, by a few years, the elder, and, in that sense, nearer to Chaucer. We do not know the exact date of his birth, but we may set it down approximately as 1370. Like Chaucer, he was a native of London, and, Warton alleges, was 'educated in the municipal law.' If he was destined for that profession he does not appear to have exercised it, for at the age of eighteen we find him a clerk in the office of the Privy Seal. This post was not all to his taste, and he protests against the idea that writing is a game, counselling any who may cherish the delusion to persevere in the pursuit, when they will make the discovery—

Thomas Occleve.

> It is well greater labour than it seemeth.

One result of this occupation was to make Occleve a confirmed valetudinarian and fit subject for a fifteenth-century

My Health, if only a Burnand had been born to pepper him with deserved satire. For Occleve—to some extent his own Burnand—gives us to understand that he did not suffer the infirmities of the flesh to defraud him of the pleasures thereof, and these contributed not a little to his corporeal ills, so that affairs ran in a vicious circle. Amongst his troubles Occleve counts round shoulders and weak sight, both attributable to his work at the desk; and, concerning these misfortunes, he might have commanded the sympathy of a great, if somewhat erratic, student of social questions, who, replying to a 'clerk-friend,' summed up the plight of his correspondent as follows: 'Only a day and a half in the week on which one can get a walk in the country (and how few have as much or anything like it!), just bread enough earned to keep one alive on those terms —one's daily work asking not so much as a lucifer match's worth of human intelligence;—unwholesome besides—one's chest, shoulders, and stomach getting hourly more useless. Smoke above for sky; mud beneath for water; and the pleasant consciousness of spending one's weary life in the pure service of the devil!'

The conclusion is particularly apt, since Occleve does not affect to conceal the fact that he was a wine-bibber, a glutton, and indifferent in his choice of company.

> Where was a greater master eke than I,
> Or bet(*ter*) acquainted at Westminster Gate,
> Among the taverners namely (*especially*)
> And cooks?

About Town.

La Male Regle, from which these lines are quoted, is a vivacious poem abounding in human touches and suggestions of London life. The key-note of the whole is the expression 'master,' since, with all his bodily shortcomings, he was filled with

juvenile self-importance, and records the complacency with which he received the salutations of the boatmen, who competed for his patronage—'Master!' 'Master!' The significance of 'master' as a title of courtesy should not be lost, and may be illustrated by a passage from Sir Edward Coke. In his contemptuous and impatient definition of the term 'gentleman,' he uses the words: 'whosoever can live idly and without manual labour, and will bear the charge, port and countenance of a gentleman shall be called *master*, for that is the title which men give to esquires and other gentlemen, and shall be taken for a gentleman.' Occleve liked to pose as a well-bred man of the world, elevated far above the ruck of humanity; and the greetings of his casual acquaintances induced him to go further in the direction of display than he had at first intended.

All this is so extremely natural that we can hardly be wrong in accepting it as a correct and candid setting forth of the poet's own salad days. Mr. Gregory Smith indeed, in his brilliant volume *The Transition Period*, would have us believe that such confessions stand for nothing more than a literary exercise, all the bards being ready to figure as reformed characters whether in youth they had been reprobates or not. It seems to us, on the other hand, that each case should be considered on its merits, due regard being had to probabilities. Fashion, in literature as in other spheres, is a potent force, and it may well be that the example of one bard stimulated another to publish and proclaim guilty reminiscences, but this is perfectly compatible with a large measure of independence, originality, and truth. For ourselves, we admit Occleve's evidence against himself and shake our heads at him as a sad specimen of youthful depravity and extravagance.

If the boatmen called Occleve master, Occleve, in a higher sense, applies the same term to Chaucer. His intense

Chaucer Worship.

devotion to the older poet is beyond question, and his humble admissions of inferiority are sufficient to disarm criticism founded on the assumption that he came forward as a rival of the man rather than as a perpetuator of his craft. How keenly Occleve lamented his death is shown by his graceful and touching threnody, which contains echoes of Chaucer's lines on Petrarch, but thrills with a strong personal note of real emotion:

> O Death, thou didst not harmë singular
> In slaughter of him, but all this world it smarteth,
> But natheless yet hast thou no power
> His name to slay, his high virtue astarteth
> Unslain fro thee, which aye us lively hurteth
> With bookès of his ornate inditing,
> That is to all this land enlumining.
>
> . . . . .
>
> She might have tarried her vengeànce awhile
> Till that some man had equal to thee be(*en*).
> Nay, let that be! She knew well that this isle
> May never man forthbringè like to thee,
> And her office needës do motë she.
> God bade her so, I trust as for the best.
> O master, master, God thy soulè rest!

This passionate farewell is easily explained, since Occleve was not only under general literary obligations to his model, but appears to have been more or less intimate with him, and to have submitted poetical attempts to his perusal. It is not altogether to Occleve's credit that in after days he sheltered himself behind Chaucer's indulgent criticism, and exposed his beloved master to the censure of such as hold that the world is seldom the better for indifferent art.

For he that was ground of well-saying,
In all his life hind'red no making,
My Master Chaucer that found full many spot
Him list not pinch nor grutch at every blot. . . .
Suffering goodly of his gentleness
Full many a thing embraced with rudëness;
And if I shall shortly him descrive,
Was never none to this day alive,
To reckon both of young and old,
That worthy was his inkhorn for to hold.

Portrait of Chaucer.

It is to Occleve that we owe the only authentic portrait of Chaucer, whose lineaments are as familiar to most people as those of Edward III—possibly more so. The portrait, preserved in a Harley manuscript, was painted, says Occleve, after the poet's death, from memory. Standing out against a background of green tapestry, the half-length figure is that of an intelligent old man, whose eyes have lost their fire. His hair and beard are gray, and the latter is forked. He is habited in sad-coloured dress, and with his left hand holds a string of beads. His right is stretched out. Hanging from his vest is a black case, the use of which is uncertain. Probably, it contained a knife or a 'penner' (pencase). Of this picture Occleve observes:

Although his life be quenched, the rèsemblance
Of him hath [in] me so much liveliness,
That to put other men in rèmembrance
Of his persòn I have here his likenèss
Do makë (*cause to be made*), to this end in soothfastness
That they that have of him least thought and mind
By this paintur̈e may again him find.

The metre, which is a favourite with Occleve, is borrowed from Chaucer's *Troilus*.

Methods of Versification.

This leads us to the subject of Occleve's artistic relations with Chaucer. It is the fashion to treat his claims with scant ceremony, and in no department has he experienced less courtesy than in prosody. Dr. Furnivall says of him, 'as long as he can count ten syllables by his fingers he is content.' Now it must be conceded that Chaucer's successor is by no means his equal as a master of verse, and it would seem reasonable to attribute the difference, in the main, to Chaucer's superior niceness of ear. While allowing this, however, there are one or two points that ought not to escape our notice, since they explain, if they do not excuse, the younger poet's want of success. Consciously or unconsciously, Chaucer imparted to his verse that quality of ordered freedom which is seen in our public institutions and may be regarded as peculiarly English. Resting on a basis of the division of the lines into so many feet distinguishable by the accents, his metres do not follow the Continental rule in assigning to each line the same number of syllables, but, while essentially iambic in character, admit of the occasional use of anapaests. The accents suffice to maintain the structure of the verse, and, resulting from unimportant infringements of metrical regularity, comes a great gain in rhythmical variety and melodic expression. Here we can scarcely fail to trace the influence of the old tumbling verse and the irresponsible ballads, both of which had a strong hold on the English public, and, in the absence of native examples of artistic poetry, must have affected Chaucer in his own despite. As, however, his composition is distinguished from popular verse by its greater regularity, we can hardly wonder that his successor went one step further and banished superfluous syllables altogether. In many places he appears to have accomplished this exclusion by the sacrifice of just accent; but

we cannot be certain that his verse was as wooden and mechanical as we are at first disposed to think. Either accents were less sharply defined, or, in the case of whole classes of words, they were liable to be shifted from one syllable to another. Tyrwhitt's illuminating essay on the versification of Chaucer, prefixed to Bell's edition of that poet, shows clearly the chaotic pronunciation of English that prevailed during Occleve's youth. Changes were still going on, since the final *e* tended more and more to become otiose; although, in our opinion, too much stress has been laid on this circumstance, and not enough on temperamental, as distinct from intellectual, causes. Chaucer was bold and sanguine, apt for experiments; his successors were timid and prudent men, who feared licence and, so far as their age permitted, anticipated the methods of Pope and his school.

It may be well to emphasize the fact that exception has been taken to a characteristic of this later verse which is equally, perhaps more, common in Chaucer—namely, the commencement of a line with a foot of one syllable. This was evidently not considered a fault then—whatever it may be deemed now—but in Lydgate it is associated with lines of five feet containing only *eight* syllables, the legitimacy of which, even according to the standard of the time, is more doubtful. It is a symptom, apparently, of the revolt against overcrowded verse, especially as exemplified in late alliterative poetry.

The most notable difference between Chaucer's technique and that of his disciples relates to the position of the caesural pause. In Occleve and Lydgate this occurs only after the second foot or the succeeding syllable, whereas Chaucer indulges in several variations, which German prosodists denominate by pretty names, such as the 'ringing lyrical' and 'epic' caesuras, while those which coincide

with the accent are dismissed as 'blunt.' A 'lyrical' caesura is one consisting of a trochee, and an 'epic' caesura is in its nature dactylic. Herr Karl Luick adduces instances of all three kinds in different positions, so that Chaucer may be said to have exhausted the possibilities of caesural change. Of this rich variety there is nothing in Occleve and Lydgate, so that their entrance into the field of metrical composition marks an era of retrogression rather than of progress. In Hawes and Barclay verse recovers some measure of its elasticity, but it is in some of the Scottish poets, in James I, in Henryson, in Douglas, and, above all, in Dunbar, that we find the nearest approach to Chaucer's artistic skill and facility. The later Lyndsay, on the other hand, too frequently violates propriety by ignoring the natural connection between sense and sound. There would seem to be a kind of ebb and flow in this matter of versification, for Bishop Percy has well observed that, while almost all the poetry composed during the early part of Elizabeth's reign is remarkable for its ease and musical quality, the writings of Donne, Jonson, and many of their contemporaries are, for the most part, abnormally harsh and discordant.

Occleve's *Orison.*

To come back to Occleve. No good critic would now pass upon his compositions the unqualified censure so freely and bluntly bestowed by the literary judges of the eighteenth century. The plain fact is that at his best Occleve is little, if at all, inferior to his master. The difference between them is that, whereas Chaucer is frequently, or uniformly, happy in his attempts, Occleve is extremely unequal, and his bad is very bad indeed. His ballades, from any point of view, are wretched stuff, but that he could rise on occasion to noble conception and adequate execution, is conclusively established by his *Orison to the Holy Virgin*, which editors have striven to

take from him. Dr. Furnivall once said concerning it, 'No one can suppose that poor Occleve had the power of writing his master's *Mother of God*.' But he *did* write it—the manuscript evidence is overwhelmingly in favour of the belief that the poem is Chaucer's only in the sense that it has been given to him, the true author being the despised and vilified Occleve. It is proper to add that Dr. Furnivall has handsomely withdrawn an opinion, which he recognizes to be indefensible. In the Middle Ages an invocation of Mary was as ambitious a task as poet could undertake, for the Blessed Virgin was nearer to the minds of men than her Divine Son—was loved, reverenced, and, in a sense, understood. This address is steeped in devotion, and the language, sober in its very ecstasy, shows us, more plainly than any prose, how large a place it was that Mary occupied in the affections of a sinful soul. The merit of originality Occleve must needs forego, since the poem is a translation, but he has a right to all the praise that may be claimed for his performance—for having mirrored in sovereign English verse sentiments that have long vanished from our public worship and private religious consciousness.

The *Letter of Cupid*, to which allusion has been made, is not so divergent from the *Mother of God* as the title may seem to imply. Here again we have laud of Our Lady—laud which comes oddly from the God of Love, though, from forgetfulness of the classics, the incongruity was then less marked than it would be now, and Occleve was in some degree justified by Chaucer's precedent in the *Legend of Good Women*, where the God of Love is nothing sensual. Then, his immediate theme being constancy, he commits a palpable absurdity by commending St. Margaret, and—it must be allowed, with no little adroitness and humour—wriggles out of his false position by making his divinity emphatic as to the

The *Letter of Cupid.*

object and limit of his approval. He likes, not Margaret's chastity, but her truth. The poem is a chivalrous defence of women, whom it depicts as trusting creatures easily ensnared by the craft and subtlety of man; and the almost feminine tone of the reproaches is at once explained by the circumstances that Occleve's work is an imitation of Christine de Pisan's *Epistre au Dieu d'Amours*. Of course, Jean de Meun, whom Christine loathed as the arch-calumniator, comes in for a passing castigation, but Jean is not the only miscreant, and accordingly the poem deals at large with the quarrel between the woman and the clerk.

The *Letter of Cupid* does not impress one as very happily inspired. Moralizing has its uses and may be tolerated in small doses as a *sotto voce* accompaniment of a, perhaps, too lively narrative, or, more copiously, as a final application of the underlying doctrine. But when trite generalities form both warp and woof of a poem drawn out into near seventy stanzas, unrelieved by a patch of story, the effect is undeniably tedious. Occleve is awkward at starting, but, once under weigh, sails his appointed course with sufficient briskness, for his utterance is pat, his sentences clear-cut, and if his poem is overrun with half-rhymes, these are by no means as common as the process of modernization (in Mr. Pollard's unwilling metamorphosis) would lead one to suppose. Sometimes Occleve is on the verge of breaking into passages of real eloquence and power, but starts back affrighted, to resume his sorry occupation of chopping logic. The latter part of the *Letter*, warmed as it is with a real seriousness, is unquestionably the better.

The *Governail of Princes*.

For the title and most of the matter of his *magnum opus*, which is the *Governail of Princes*, Occleve stands debtor to one Aegidius, a native of Rome, who had indited for the edification of Philippe le Bel a moral treatise in Latin identically

named *De Regimine Principum.* What had been good for a French prince in the thirteenth century, Occleve believed might be not less good in his own day for the promising boys of Henry IV. And so he made a long poem of the treatise, whose bounds he enlarged by taking in excerpts from a dissertation of Jacques de Cessoles, thereafter Caxton's *Book of Chess,* and from that armoury of wisdom *Secretum Secretorum,* reputed to be of Aristotle, not to mention more original contributions, of which shortly. One of the sons of Henry IV was, of course, the famous Prince Hal, whose Shakespearean appearances render us forgetful of the fact that he was not only a jolly companion and triumphant at Agincourt, but ranks among the best educated, if not the most learned, of royal personages. 'Educated' is perhaps the better term, since the monarch's studies in Vegetius were turned to admirable account in his campaigns. Occleve's assumption, therefore, that his pupil and patron was already conversant with the Latin sources of the poem may have been no mere empty compliment, no polite and pleasant fiction, but honest knowledge put into words.

If Occleve did not enliven his *Letter of Cupid* with tales, the nature of his larger work must convince us that the abstinence was not due to any lack of tales to tell, nor again to want of skill, and even relish, in telling them. Some of the stories wherewith he points his morals are quite modern instances, and we recognize the courtly sense which sets forward the Plantagenet heroes—Edward III, John of Gaunt, and others—as models for their successors. With these are mingled stock examples, both biblical and classical, whose function is to affirm and re-affirm the prudence of ensuing virtue in her varied shapes and manifestations.

In all this banquet of morality nothing is more remark-

able than Occleve's championship of Peace, whose claims he advocates in noble and beautiful verse worthy of the first Noël and his own *Mother of God*. Addressed as it was to high-spirited boys, whose dreams at this time were probably all of combats and chevauchées in the land of France, one is not surprised that the hymning of such sentiments made a conscious demand on his moral courage:

> O little book, who gave thee hardiness
> Tho(*se*) wordës to pronounce in the presènce
> Of Kingës imps and princes' worthiness,
> Sin(*ce*) thou all naked art of eloquence?

That this language was sincere and not just poetical affectation, becomes highly probable, nay certain, when we consider the sort of peril to which Occleve rendered himself liable. His head no doubt was perfectly secure, but by over-boldness he was endangering perhaps the success of the object for which, in part, the work had been undertaken. Occleve was not entirely unselfish. Patriotism, moral enthusiasm—he possessed them both, but his position was such that personal interest could not be excluded, or, indeed, very well kept in the background; and to this uncomfortable necessity of placing his case squarely before the court we owe those portions of the poem which must be pronounced the most masterly and significant. The rest, in this point of view, is so much luxurious padding. It may be observed in passing that Occleve requires no special apology for subjecting his muse to this menial employment since Master Chaucer and Dan Lydgate used precisely the same method of forcing upon the authorities the question of their own ways and means.

An attentive and impartial study of the prologue will, we think, raise Occleve in the estimation of good judges. In the first place the psychological cognition must strike

those who have kept watch over their fellows as extremely accurate and acute. The old man who, with a heart full of kindliness, strives to win the confidence of the morose and distracted clerk, is no Peter the Plowman, no Adam of *As You Like It*, but an aged rake, and according to the maxims so frequently heard from the pulpit, ought to be destitute of human sympathy—ethically, derelict. This he is not in the *Governail of Princes*, nor, very often, in life. With undying gratitude do we remember the good offices of an octogenarian, whose manner of life had been far from correct, and whose philosophy was that of Diderot; and our limited experience could furnish other examples of a naturally generous temperament unspoilt by evil courses. There is something admirable also in the realism of the narrative—the old man's tentative approaches, his unsuccessful conjectures, the perseverance with which, strong in the privilege of age, he finally wears down the stranger's peevishness and reserve. All this is surely excellent, and though the scene cannot be completely dissociated from a like episode in the *Book of the Duchess*, by which it was probably inspired, yet the motive is so independent and there are such trenchant differences in detail that the imitation is removed from servility and may be termed rather emulation. After repeated pressure the secret trouble is disclosed, and the unlucky man is advised to apply for relief in the highest quarters, using for that purpose such talents as he had at command. The pair now become fast friends, and Occleve invites the old man to dine with him. This civility he declines, but his counsel is not forgotten, and on the morrow the poet clerk takes heart of grace to draw up his humble, but elaborate petition.

In the passage already quoted, in which he deplores the loss of 'the honour of the English tongue,' Occleve goes on

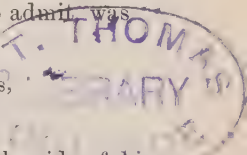
to mention Gower, and it is more than likely that his vigorous criticisms of contemporary society were suggested by the precedents set in the *Vox Clamantis*. Occleve is essentially in accord with Gower in his attitude towards rampant Lollardry—a topic which seems scarcely to have interested the more mundane Chaucer, by whom it is genially ignored. This tolerance, if we may so take it, was not a virtue in Occleve's eyes, vice, whether bodily or intellectual, being, as he judged, a subject for contrition—or condign punishment. He was not revengeful, and did not desire, either for himself or for any deluded Wicliffite, that justice should be retrospective, so as to take cognizance of ignorance and folly finally put aside and repented of; he would give the most obstinate heretic a chance, but in the last resort he would not scruple to purge the body politic by cautery, searing and burning out the morbid member, as a very necessary and godly remedy.

So clear is he on the point that in this same prologue he presents us with a picture of the reigning monarch assisting in his younger days at the calcination of a tradesman named John Badby, and employs this as an illustration at once of his royal master's clemency and attachment to the Catholic faith. Again and again does the worthy king, melted by the culprit's cries, adjure him to make his peace with the Church, and order the consuming embers to be removed, but once he recognizes that the wretch is purposed to die rather than recant his errors, the indignant prince no longer suffers the natural feelings of his heart to stay the execution of the sentence, the fuel is again gathered to the stake, and John Badby is devoted to death as an obdurate felon.

The vagaries of men like Badby—small fry—excite in Occleve no more than the surprise and resentment with which ordinarily prudent persons, not devoid of pity, re-

gard the conduct of those who, in defiance of reason and the entreaties of the good and wise, elect to rush upon destruction. When, however, the criminal is a gallant knight like Sir John Oldcastle, the case necessarily attracts more interest, and Occleve, obviously perplexed by its strangeness, is disposed to give to it very serious thought and consideration. Sir John, he is constrained to admit, was

> A manly knight,
> And shone full clear in famous worthiness,
> Standing in the favour of every wight.



The place of such an one was evidently at the side of his brave young king, when in August, 1415, he sailed from Southampton on his glorious enterprise against the French. Instead of that, he was skulking in Herefordshire, having four years previously escaped from the Tower, in which he had been confined on account of his inexplicable connection with those dogs of heretics. Such an unnatural desertion of knightly feelings and traditions filled the sensitive court-poet with profound horror and genuine compassion, and, not content to vent his lamentation in general terms, he sat down and penned for the special behoof and reproof of the misguided warrior a poetical remonstrance in which he argued the question point by point, showed that the Bible contained the acts of martialists, and contended that the study of such narratives, and even of *Sir Lancelot of the Lake*, was fitter occupation for a gentleman than probing into the mysteries of belief, with which he had no proper concern. Occleve's repertory of verse includes at least one other example of orthodox zeal, and on the subject of Catholic duty in the suppression of noxious and nauseous opinions it is evident that he has made up his mind and is willing that we should see it.

It may be worth while to advert briefly to the epilogue

of the *Governail of Princes*, which is dexterously introduced by the tale of John of Canace (Canossa?). The question which of Occleve's examples best illustrates his tact in narrative, is doubtless fair game for controversy, and one of his detractors—not maliciously—has selected the story of Jonathas as first in merit. But we are not so certain. The adventures of Mr. Money-bags, whom circumstance, not character, ranges with the majesty of Lear, are told with a happy ease that makes us think of La Fontaine; and they form an apt transition to the personal plea of the vain official, who knows from experience the rottenness of the 'fool's largess' as a security for future needs. On this ground he recapitulates the substance of the prologue in a final appeal to the honour of his gracious prince, requesting the payment of his just debt.

The precise date of Occleve's death, like that of his birth, is unknown. Probably he lived to a great old age, for we have a ballade by him in which allusion is made to Prince Edward, born in 1441, and to Prince Edward's tutor, Master Picard. So that at the time of his decease the poet may have been almost, or quite, eighty.

Names and Places.

The spelling of the name 'Occleve' deserves a passing note. The point is not perhaps of much importance; still, it is a fact that the orthography has fluctuated between 'Occleve' and 'Hocleve.' There seems to be no question that the name is territorial in character, but an attempt to determine the particular village is fraught with the peril of an internecine war, Hockliffe in Bedfordshire and Ockley in Surrey being the local competitors. In the MS. of the *Governail of Princes* written by his own hand the poet adopts the form 'Occleve'; and, could we be sure that this was his invariable practice, the evidence would be decisive. But there can be no absolute, or even tolerable, certainty.

The name of Occleve's chief rival, Lydgate, is also territorial, to the extent indeed of being derived from his actual birthplace. This we learn from the bard's modest apology:

> Have me excused, I was born in Lydëgate;
> Of Tullius garden I entered not the gate.

Lydgate is a village in Suffolk, about seven miles from Newmarket; and this in a sense is all we need know of the matter. Lest, however, the reader should fall into the unhappy mistake of confusing 'Lydgate' with 'lychgate,'—and the mistake has been made ere now—it is well to state that lydgates were gates set up at the extremity of a village and elsewhere to prevent cattle from straying upon ploughed lands. In Sussex barricades to the passages into the forests were called indifferently 'gates,' 'hatches,' and 'lyds,' so that the term 'lydgate' is pleonastic, one element reinforcing the other, as that other became technical or obscure.

John Lydgate.

Of the parentage of this writer we are totally ignorant, and the date of his birth is inferential merely. Ordained sub-deacon in 1389, deacon in 1393, and priest in 1397, he, in the prologue of the *Story of Thebes*, describes himself as a Monk of Bury (*i.e.* of the Benedictine Abbey at Bury St. Edmonds) and adds that he is fifty years of age. Now there are good reasons for assigning this poem to the period 1421-1423, and the tendency of this evidence taken collectively is to fix his nativity somewhere about the year 1372.

Like Occleve, Lydgate passes severe reflections on his early days; and, although Mr. Gregory Smith, Professor Skeat, and others discern in his penitential outpourings nothing more than morbid exaggeration or wholly imaginative compliance with literary use and wont—thus excusing his youth at the expense of his age—the remarks we

deemed it proper to make in a former place seem again applicable, and before we dismiss the account as false and forged, let us examine, candidly and dispassionately, its claims to probability. It is in his *Testament* addressed to Abbot Garteys that we learn most about the morals and manners of the young Lydgate; and as this is a most serious poem, introspective and retrospective, and of singular spiritual interest and beauty, its very gravity should be permitted to vouch for its substantial truth.

On the cloister wall at Bury hung a crucifix, beside which ran the inscription 'Behold my meekness, child, and leave thy pride.' The words remind him of far other days when they conveyed little meaning to him, but now that he is old, Lydgate comprehends the saying, and, so inspired, takes his pen and writes a little ditty on the love of Christ. After all, Lydgate has not succeeded in painting any terrible picture of himself. His faults are simply those of a typical boy or of a young man immured in religious seclusion before he was ripe for a complete renunciation of things earthly. It is safe to believe that, as a puling infant, he had his unreasonable moods, that he loved play, and that his best incentive to attend school was the fear of being scourged if he did not. So, too, if he sometimes told untruths and appropriated other people's apples, sparing neither wall nor hedge in his eagerness to accomplish the theft, his conduct was sad, but, we fear, not in the least incredible. When, later, he became the rebellious inmate of a monastery and the doctrine of blessed Peter was attempted to be grafted on his mind by sober and religious elders, students of human nature will not parry the admission that his black habit corresponded little with the habit of his unregenerate mind, and that in his monk's progress he too much resembled Lot's wife, often looking

Sins of Youth.

back. That at length he was reconciled to his fate in sincere conversion, and after many conflicts, attained the climax of an ecstasy, is consonant with what is known of religious life at all epochs, and especially in the Middle Ages. Nor need we suspect the recluse of petty lies about his youth because in his last days he hears in poetic or spiritual trance a heartening voice from the Cross:

> Tarry no longer; toward thy heritage
> Haste on thy way, and be of right good cheer.
> Go each day onward on thy pilgrimage,
> Think how short time thou shalt abidë here.

Lydgate's Continental travel, on the other hand, is, as Herr Koeppel has shown, improbable; and we shall accordingly turn from the facts of his outer life—seemingly as quiet as the proverbial nun's—to consider his poetical achievements. Shall we be frank and say that we view with a distinct access of impatience the pretensions of a person of Lydgate's contracted experience and austere discipline to occupy the vacant throne of glorious Chaucer? Even Occleve, we think, with his worldly knowledge, might wiselier aspire to the succession, but to argue thus is to omit the major premiss—Nature's part. In reality we are face to face with an apparent paradox. Occleve, on the score of his personal vicissitudes, might have been expected to display a constant, emotional sympathy with the tribulations of his kind, and, by reason of his official duties, defective technique, while Lydgate, one might have supposed, having abundant leisure and few cares, would produce verse of formal excellence, unwatered with pathos. The very opposite is the truth. Wordsworth speaks of

Lydgate's rôle.

> Men endowed with highest gifts,
> The vision and the faculty divine,
> Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse;

and this applies to Lydgate in the sense that his appreciation of poetry in things and books is, in the main, divorced from conscientious striving after the debonair in style and rhythm. To a great extent he let these arts go and contented himself with the position of a rough carpenter in verse or mere journeyman poet. Gifted with an amazing facility of composition, he carried through his league-long tasks in his own way, which, if the opinion of Horace is worth anything, was a thoroughly bad way. When we consider the prodigious range of his writings running into tens of thousands of lines, and ponder also the variety of the subjects that engaged his pen, we are forced to conclude that he allowed himself little or no time for revision. His one thought seems to have been to get on with the particular work he had in hand; and when he had completed what to some men would have been no more than a first sketch, he turned to other themes, satisfied that his performance, if not supremely good, was at any rate good enough. If in theory he did not set up a quantitative standard of merit and esteem mere bulk a virtue, in practice this ceaseless production appears to have lulled him into a harmful complacency by affording an unrighteous satisfaction to his genius for industry.

Both Occleve and Lydgate imitated Chaucer where he was best imitable, in his choice of metres, in his classical allusions, in the mechanism of his poems, in his classes of subjects. Chaucerian precedent was a sanction without which Lydgate scarcely ventured to enter on poetical endeavour. One of Chaucer's more conspicuous failings is his apparent incapacity for sustained effort. He designs vast plans, but the structures seldom assume visible shape, never their full and perfect embodiment. Even the Canterbury series is by no means complete; and not only is the work unfinished, but its multiform ingredients consist, in

a large measure, of the wrecks of earlier ambitious projects, which the intrusion of business or downright instability of purpose had caused to founder.

The Troy-Book.

The tales which the older writer had left untold, his abandoned schemes, were eagerly appropriated by Lydgate, who did not want perseverance, and who, in one instance at least, showed extraordinarily good judgement. Owing to the prevalent ignorance of Greek, due perhaps in the first instance to religious differences, the *Iliad* was a sealed book to Western Europe. But it did not follow that its theme had no charm for Occidental nations. On the contrary, the various Latin versions of the famous siege were regular favourites with the learned, and vernacular Continental literatures had already been enriched with romances drawn from these unauthentic sources. England, however, still lacked her Troy-book. Chaucer had indeed gone some way in supplying the defect in his *Troilus*, and there are likewise those mysterious fragments assigned to Barbour, about which scholars continue to be perplexed. Anyhow, there remained ample room for a poet minded to rehearse the whole story from end to end. This rare opportunity was embraced by Lydgate; and to this circumstance he owes the greatest part of his fame.

Externally, the success of the attempt is undoubted; and it is not too much to say that in the eyes of his own, and of several succeeding generations, the poem was far the most striking production of its not very striking century. How well this popularity held out is proved by a remarkable instance of misapplied ingenuity. Nearly two hundred years after its inception, the whole long epic of twenty-eight thousand verses was recast by an admirer, who modernized the language, altered almost every rhyme, and substituted for the original a six-lined stanza—all this

that the public in the reign of James I (and VI) might be able to revel in the feast of Lydgate's providing. Another amendment affected the title, which was changed to the *Life and Death of Hector*; and both this and the whole procedure remind us of Cesarotti's more portentous failure in seeking to adapt the *Iliad* to romantic and Napoleonic Italy.

The recovery of Homer has made us independent of such poetry as the fifteenth century can offer; and we have at the same time acquired truer perceptions of the good and evil in literature. Hence we are tempted to be severe on Lydgate, because he fails to satisfy our exacting requirements. This is not quite fair, although there are points on which even our ancestors, however grateful and tolerant, might properly have exercised their right of censure. The way Lydgate flouts probability and defies the plainest dictates of common sense is at times so astounding, that in any other age than that of miracle plays and romances they must have elicited protest. The fact admits of no dispute that in choosing such a subject as the siege of Troy, Lydgate essayed a task for which he was not too well fitted. He was a monk, and, as such, he was supposed to have no acquaintance with either love or war—the chief levers of the story. It is a bad inspiration that leads a man to discourse on topics of which he is profoundly ignorant; with all the caution imaginable, he will find it difficult not to perpetrate absurdities.

There is no indication that Lydgate had any misgivings as to his competence; and he probably thought that he had sufficiently assured himself against accident, when he had armed himself with the works of his predecessors. A poet, however, cannot describe (for instance) a matrimonial situation without taking the part either of the injured spouse or the infatuated lovers. In such cases morality

enjoins that our sympathy shall be given to the lawful wife or husband, but our feelings cannot always be conformed to the requirements of duty. Only Dante could have condemned Francesca to a doom so absolute; and even Dante wept. Such condonation may be wrong, but it is at least intelligible and accordant with the harmonies of human nature. Lydgate nowhere shows himself more inept than in the passage where he treats of the adulterous intrigue between Mars and Venus. In Homer's account of the escapade in the *Odyssey*, both points of view are represented. The guilty pair are condemned, but the immortal gods exhibit an unseemly jocularity, and, notwithstanding his humiliating exposure, profess to envy the handsome Ares his good fortune. Not one of them, however, is so besotted as to suggest that Hephaestus had not the best reason for complaint. It was reserved for Lydgate—awkwardly adapting himself to what he supposed to be the whim of the world—to depict the poor divinity not merely as contemptible—he calls him a 'smotry smith'—but as culpably jealous and resentful. He harps on his 'high malice' and 'cruel false envy,' blames him for spreading the slander, and adds:

> And God forbid that any man accuse
> For so little any woman ever!

The *Black Knight*.

In the *Black Knight*, on the other hand, which critics grudgingly allow to be his, and in which the grand passion is idealized, Lydgate is far more successful. We do not agree with Ellis that the monk's personal exigencies affected his handling of the Venus incident; but on the evidence of his romantic complaint, we certainly think that he might have been a lover.

Defects.

Just as he exceeds the limits of sobriety and even sanity, in relation to love, so also does he trifle with language in his description of fighting. Take for example his duel between Ulysses and Troilus. Having stated that the Trojan hero smote his Greek opponent through the visor, he proceeds:

> But Ulysses tho (*then*), like a manly man,
> Of that strokë astonèd not at all,
> But on his steed, stiff as any wall,
> With his sword so mightily gan race
> Through the umber into Troilus' face,
> That he to him gave a large mortal wound.

According to this Troilus should have speedily rendered up the ghost, but the wound is only nominally mortal.

A bad quality of Lydgate is his intolerable diffuseness. We may pardon his anachronisms in his pictures of Thebes and of Troy, we may even value them as helping us to realize the aspect of mediaeval fortified towns, but such a multiplicity of details—and some of them such details!—is entirely out of place in a poetical work. Lydgate's object, indeed, seems to be rather to impress his readers with his knowledge of architecture and engineering than to gratify them with the pleasures of poetry proper. Expressions might be cited showing that, far from suspecting the tediousness of his analyses, he deludes himself with the belief that he makes considerable omissions of excellent matter; and he goes out of his way to explain that this occasional sacrifice, which in no sense abates the constant feeling of superfluity, is not due to want of ability to rhyme uncouth technical terms. Well, we may grant him that.

Another defect in Lydgate, own brother to the last, is his arrant ungainliness. His draggle-tailed sentences stand

quite apart from the artistic fullness of the classic period, of which all the members are grouped according to their logical relations and form an organic whole, the delicacy and beauty of which atone for its possible complexity. Lydgate, on the contrary, merely carries on the sense from line to line, and from paragraph to paragraph, in the manner of a babbler who does not know where to stop, and he is worst in the rhymed couplet. The stanza makes a natural frame or fold, which checks by palpable shock indiscreet extravagancy, but when one has once learnt the trick of *enjambement*, the couplet easily acquires the characteristics of blank verse, with the added temptation that arises from the necessity of completing a rhyme, which may require or suggest a further extension of the sense in order to the concealment of the motive. Probably, however, in Lydgate's case the simple explanation of his long-windedness lies in the circumstance that one thought begets another, and it never occurs to him that judicious pauses and the studied interaction of clauses are of the essence of good writing.

The *Story of Thebes.*

These remarks are specially pertinent to the *Story of Thebes*, which he proposed as a continuation of the *Canterbury Tales*, and in which the versification is far more faulty than in the Troy-book. To be sure the text is corrupt, so that we cannot say that in all cases where the censure lights on Lydgate, the crime was certainly committed by him. The *Story of Thebes* is ultimately traceable to Statius, but Lydgate appears to have based his poem on more recent productions—Ten Brink supposes on one of several French romances. Although Boccaccio is named, his *Teseide* was, it would seem, not called into requisition for the reason that Lydgate did not know Italian. More remarkable than the body of the poem is the prologue which shows in the plainest way

that it was intended to be a pendant to Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*. Lydgate in his own person thrusts himself into the company of the Canterbury pilgrims, and enacts for his special benefit a resurrection of the characters. Bailey accosts him, and, having been made free of the party, Dan John has to pay his scot by telling a story, which he does *bon gré*.

The *Story of Thebes* is represented as the first narrative to enliven the return journey from Canterbury; and it is possible that Lydgate may have meant to complete the series. Wiser counsels, however, prevailed. The truth is, he could scarcely have chosen a more fatal method of revealing his own insufficiency, for Chaucer's prologues, unlike some of his poems, are thoroughly typical of the master. In these graceful and witty interludes his personality stands out clear and distinct, and he shakes off those trammels of poetical etiquette with which the demands of a nascent court literature had fettered his free spirit. Accordingly he is here least liable to emulation, and Lydgate's awkward attempts to rival the native charms of his discourse tremble on the verge of caricature. As might be expected, there are not a few verbal reminiscences of Chaucer, some of which must be conscious and deliberate, perhaps all.

The *Falls of Princes*.

The *Falls of Princes* is, in a material sense, the realization of a plan of Chaucer's, of which dispersed fragments, as of a shattered world, are left to us in the *Monk's Tale*. This poem was begun in the winter of 1424-5, or two years after the completion of the *Story of Thebes*, whose limits it was greatly to exceed. It is in some ways Lydgate's principal work, on which he expended vast pains, and in the execution of which were consumed quite ten years of his declining life. He was over sixty when it was finished. For the matter, though

not for the form, of this poem he was indebted to Boccaccio, whose cyclopaedia, *De Casibus Virorum Illustrium*, was a perfect mine of examples, showing how men had fallen from high estate. Although a Latinist, and therefore capable of following Boccaccio in the original, Lydgate preferred using a French version by Laurent de Premierfait, containing sundry additions; but, in point of fact, he was far from swearing strict allegiance to either Boccaccio or Premierfait, for we find him enriching what had now become a poem in stanzas of seven and occasionally eight lines, by drawing upon such discrepant sources as the Bible and Ovid. For a court-audience the theme may seem a singular choice, but the author began the work already assured of the countenance of Humphry, Duke of Gloucester, a lover of learning, of whom it is averred,

> His courage it never doth appall
> To study in bookës of antiquity.

In the *Falls of Princes* Lydgate was more in his element than in the *Story of Thebes*, for with the growth of years he had grown in sympathy with his sacred calling. Moreover, as we have seen, the stanza form was better adapted to his powers of versification than the couplet, so that technically, and as regards its content, the poem is a manifest improvement. Lydgate's gifts lay in picturesque description (often, it is true, overdone), and in pathos; for both qualities these sombre narratives provided rich opportunity. The Prologue, by the way, contains a panegyric of Chaucer, and a lament for his death, which, though it had occurred so many years before, is still so fresh in his disciple's memory as to be keenly felt.

Lydgate cannot be denied the merit of versatility. 'His muse,' says Warton, 'was of universal access; and he was not only the poet of his monastery, but of the world in

general. If a disguising was intended by the company of goldsmiths, a masque before his majesty at Eltham, a may-game for the sheriffs and aldermen of London, a mumming before the lord mayor, a procession of pageants from the Creation for the festival of Corpus Christi, or a carol for the Coronation, Lydgate was consulted and gave the poetry.' His shorter efforts are, many of them, decidedly attractive. Some are fables which look backward to 'pamphlets in French' and forward to Gay and Rowe. Of such are the *Churl and the Bird*, which Caxton printed, and the *Horse, the Sheep, and the Goose*, which was printed by Wynkyn de Worde. Another is a humorous begging-letter to the Duke of Gloucester, imploring leech-craft for his empty stomach. *Jack Hare*, portraying a young rake, recalls Occleve; while others are brief and homely exhortations that treat of innocent play, of backbiting, of contentment, of gratitude to the Almighty, and like simple themes. Not even in his minor poems has Lydgate quite abstracted himself from the spell of Chaucer. In his ditty on doting December, for instance, he himself points us to 'old January, which Master Chaucer full seriously describeth'; and who can doubt that the germ of his *Bycorne and Chichevache* is to be found in the *Clerk's Tale*, even if more material help was gathered from French sources?

Where Lydgate excels.

The power of Mammon has been the theme of Pagan and Christian satire for centuries. Horace writes:

> Scilicet uxorem cum dote fidemque et amicos
> Et genus et formam regina pecunia donat.

Curiously enough, there have been preserved at least four poems of about Lydgate's date, which deal with this subject. One of them, which is introduced rather grandly with the Latin rubric *Incipit narratio de Domino Denario*, but

may be entitled for our purpose *Sir Penny*, illustrates with a great variety of instances what money can do; and the popularity of the 'little round knave' is depicted with cynical humour, which reaches its culminating point in the line

He may buy both heaven and hell.

This poem, of which Warton thought very highly, has been transcribed from a Cottonian MS.: others of the same character may be found in Lord Hailes' collection and in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*.

A poem, attributed to Lydgate and entitled *London Lickpenny*, is in a way the converse of *Sir Penny*, since it shows not what money can do, but what he cannot do who has it not. Naturally the hero is a rustic, and therefore the poem may be considered the first of many compositions in prose and verse setting forth the bewilderments of a countryman in town of which the East Anglian *Giles's Trip to London* is a specimen.

London Lickpenny.

Lydgate's reputation for wit depends to a very considerable extent on this poem, which has as its refrain 'for lack of money I might not speed' (with variations). It is no wonder, therefore, that an emendation of the title has been proposed—*The London Lackpenny*; but *Lickpenny* is probably right, expressing, as it does, what so many have experienced, that town life, with its numberless expenses, speedily 'licks up' or absorbs a poor man's cash. The victim, moreover, is not a Londoner, but a man of Kent, to which county he is fain to return after making trial of the all too mercenary capital.

The poem is sprightly and picturesque, and it seems hard on Lydgate that the critics should desire to rob him of it. From the inscription the text appears to have under-

gone corrections at the hands of a copyist; but these alterations were not perhaps so extensive as to destroy the original character of the poem. Assuming that it represents, on the whole, the style and the spirit of the fifteenth-century satire, the success of the effort confirms the opinion that the literary conventions of the day—Chaucerian precedents—pressed heavily on Lydgate, and that in a freer atmosphere he might have produced much more that would have deserved to live. Mr. A. W. Pollard draws a happy and necessary distinction between the verse which Lydgate and his fellows wrote to please their customers, and that which they wrote to please themselves. 'I hold no brief,' he says, 'for what we must call the court poetry of the fifteenth century, that is to say, the compositions by which poets from Lydgate to Skelton sought to ingratiate themselves with noble patrons and to prove their title to immortality. When they were off their guard they wrote much better.' Mr. Pollard cites *London Lickpenny* as an example, but with the proviso 'if Lydgate's it be.'

Written 'to order.'

We may, in conclusion, allude to Lydgate's practice as an 'occasional' poet. Amongst his contemporaries he stood almost alone as an exponent of the divine art; and so, when people were in want of verse, they turned to him as to a genius of never-failing resource. During the reign of Henry VI there was painted on the cloister on the north side of St. Paul's, through the munificence of John Carpenter, late Town Clerk of London, a Dance of Death, commonly known as the Dance of Paul's; and Lydgate, working after a French model, furnished the accompanying stanzas. In the same reign Abbot Curteis of Bury, wishing to attract the young monarch to this foundation, devised a Life of St. Edmund, which should be written in English and illuminated with splendid miniatures, as a present to the sovereign. Lyd-

gate, as the most famous and accomplished of the conventual flock, was commissioned to supply the 'letterpress,' which he did with the utmost satisfaction, supplementing the life of the martyr-king Edmund with one of his nephew and avenger Fremund. The glory of the abbey at Bury was much enhanced by this achievement; and the Abbot of St. Albans, generous John Whethamstede, approached Lydgate with the request that he would confer a similar favour on the monastery of which he was president. It was now the year 1439, but the poet, with his taste for laborious days, did not shrink from the new task; and in due course *Albon and Amphabele*, in three books, was brought to completion. If this poem is somewhat inferior to its predecessor in clearness and simplicity of style, the fact must be attributed to bodily infirmity rather than to lack of interest.

Probable end.

The date of Lydgate's death is uncertain. We can trace the footprints of his muse no further than 1446, but it does not follow, as some have argued, that, owing to his inveterate love of writing, this is an infallible clue to the time of his decease. It is a striking coincidence, however, that his great patron Humphry, Duke of Gloucester, died under mysterious circumstances at Bury St. Edmund's in February, 1447, and it may well be that the poet at his advanced age did not survive the blow. Lydgate's face and figure are not entirely lost to us, since in the splendid Harleian manuscript of the Bury legend is a portrait of Dan John kneeling at the shrine of St. Edmund.

CHAPTER III.

SCOTTISH MAKERS.

On the whole the history of Scottish literature during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is a record and proof of the fructifying influence of Chaucer; but to this rule there are exceptions, of which the most important is the carrying on of the Barbour tradition, coupled with the yet more mediaeval tradition of inditing in Latin. These schools are at first not separable in point of time; they mutually overlap, and thus we meet with the rather singular result that James I, the earliest of Chaucer's disciples north of the Tweed, is lauded in great style by an 'old master,' one of the joint authors of the *Scotichronicon*. It is well to remark also the discrepancy between our list of survivors and Dunbar's roll-call of fame. Of Dunbar himself we shall have much to say presently; meanwhile it may be observed that this excellent bard, amongst his other works, composed a fine occasional poem, entitled *A Lament for the Makers*, in which he refers by name to a number of rhymers, whose writings have perished. Of the authors some are remembered, but not as poets; others are remembered not at all. Could Dunbar have foreseen this ravage of time, it may well be that his sick refrain 'Timor Mortis conturbat me' would have expressed yet keener anguish in well-grounded apprehension for the fate of his cherished verse.

The *Scotichronicon* — a mine.

The odd thing is that, while oblivion has descended, like a thick cloud, on certain of his elect, a ray of posthumous glory still gilds the names of one or two honest scribes whom—quite naturally, as he is speaking of poets—he has banned into silence. James, as a Scottish monarch, hardly comes into the question, since he was many things *besides* a poet; but John de Fordoun and his continuator were essentially clerks, who hoped to attain celebrity by the avenue of letters. Fordoun was a contemporary of Barbour, and, like him, connected with the cathedral of Aberdeen.

Scottish legends comprise bitter memories of Edward I, and some absurd libels; and amongst the stories handed down to us is the tale that the old priest, when the brutal invader had destroyed all official traces of Scottish history, wandered over the country in his patriotic zeal, seeking to repair the loss. Fordoun does not appear to have been a person of much worldly account; it is thought he was a chantry priest. In an academic sense, too, he was outside the pale, for his continuator, Walter Bower, who was under the clearest obligation to speak well of him, assures us that he was a simple man, graduate of no university. Still, he was capable of making anagrams in Latin verse (unless indeed they were made for him), and he possessed, however he may have obtained it, a large acquaintance with the remote annals of his country, which he enterprised to set forth in Latin prose. Having battled through the worst of this deep research, he then turned aside to depict, in his *Gesta Annalia*, the more recent phases of the northern monarchy. His hand was stayed at the year 1385, which, it is thought, he did not much outlive; whereupon Abbot Bower, of Inchcolm, stepped in and conducted the unfinished *Scotichronicon*, as Fordoun's heir and assign, from the death of the first David to the assassination of the first

James. Having thus served his generation, Abbot Bower departed this life in 1449.

Now the labours of these pioneers were undoubtedly of immense utility to their successors and contemporaries, who, forsaking the learned tongue for English, and prose for the couplet of the *Bruce*, opened to their countrymen the treasures of the national past. The fact that metre was employed must not be taken as a guarantee of poetical merit or even of poetical endeavour, for rhyming chronicles had long been in vogue on the Continent, and Wyntoun, although honoured by the mention of Dunbar, showed pretty plainly in what light he regarded himself by calling his work *The Original Chronicle*. He was merely a Fordoun in the vernacular, and, we may say with truth, no poet, save in the vernacular sense of the term. With regard to the qualification 'original,' this does not point to independent inquiry, nor does it intimate a claim to genius; it means simply that, according to the author's intention, the work goes back to the 'origins' or well-springs of history. It is not all Scottish history. Wyntoun, a Prior of St. Serf's on the Inch of Lochleven and very erudite, discourses at leisure on the angels and curiously juxtaposes the incidents of Jewish, Egyptian, Assyrian, and Graeco-Roman antiquity, with which the most venerable traditions of Scotland are shown to be interlaced. The very name of Scotland is derived, as Wyntoun asserts, from a daughter of Pharaoh called Scota, who was wedded in her youth to a son of Sir Newell, which gallant knight migrated from Scythia to Greece, became a great lord, and had this boy, the ancestor of the Gaels.

Wyntoun and his *Original Chronicle.*

The value of Wyntoun's erudition is now manifest, but he does not confine himself, any more than Fordoun, to essays in the primitive and universal. On the contrary,

with more persistence than his predecessor, he records the vicissitudes of his country, step by step, to the year 1406, lightening his task somewhat by boldly appropriating a few hundred lines of the *Bruce*, but, in general, relying on his own capacity to rhyme, except where he throws in, as any chronicler might do, an old ditty by way of a kindness!

Source of Macbeth.

By far the most notable passages in the *Original Chronicle* are those relating to the tragic adventures of Macbeth. The account here given differs in material points from the narrative followed by Shakespeare, who was indebted for his plot to Holinshed. Holinshed's version is an abridgment of Bellenden, and Bellenden's work is a translation from the Latin of Boyce. Wyntoun's recital makes Macbeth the son of the Devil, who appeared to his mother in the woods in the likeness of a fair, well-proportioned man, and got her with child. He gave her a ring in sign of the future greatness of her offspring, and of the certainty that

> No man should be born of wife
> Of power to reavë him his life.

We shall see directly how this prophecy was fulfilled.

One discrepancy between the poem and the play is that in the former Macbeth does not actually encounter the witches; he only dreams of them:

> A' night he thought in his dreaming,
> That sittand he was beside the King
> At a seat in hunting: so
> Intil his leash had greyhounds two:
> He thought while he was so sittand
> He saw three women by gangand;
> And they women then thought he
> Three weird sisters most like to be.

The first he heard say, gangand by,
'Lo! yonder the thane of Crumbauckly!'
The 'tother woman said again,
'Of Murray yonder I see the thane.'
The third then said, 'I see the King.'
All this he heard in his dreaming.
Soon after that in his youthhead
Of thir (*those*) thanedoms he thane was made;
Synë next he thought to be King,
Fra Duncan's days had ta'en ending.
The fantasy thus of his dream
Moved him most to slay his eme (*uncle*),
As he did all forth indeed,
As before ye heard me rede;
And Dame Gruok, his eme's wife
Took and led with her his life.

The quarrel between Macbeth and Macduff, as described in the *Original Chronicle*, is independent of this criminal behaviour, having arisen on a private account. The usurper, it appears, desired to fortify the hill at Dunsinnan, and with that object requisitioned all the teams in the neighbourhood. Some oxen belonging to Macduff failed in their work, and Macbeth, observing this, threatened despiteously to put their master's own neck into the yoke. Neither, in the end, does vengeance proceed from Macduff, but from a mysterious knight, who, having entered the world through the awful expedient of a Caesarian operation, is able to slay the tyrant without violation of the prophecy.

The flittand wood they called aye
That long time after-hand that day.
Of this when he had seen the sight
He was right wo, and took to flight:
And o'er the Mount they chased him than
Till the wood of Lunfanan.
This Macduff was there most fell,
And on that chace than most cruel.

But a Knight that in that chace
Till this Macbeth than nearest was,
Macbeth turnèd him again,
And said, 'Lurdane, thou pricks in vain:
For thou may not be he, I trow,
That to dead shall slay me now.
That man is not born of wife
Of power to reavë me my life.'
The Knight said, 'I was never born,
But of my mother's womb was shorn.
Now shall thy treason here take end
For to thy father I shall thee send.'

The allusion in the last line is evident enough. This is not the only context in the *Chronicle* in which the Devil appears. In his fifth book Wyntoun treats us to a circumstantial account of a theological contest betwixt that unscrupulous quoter of Scripture and good St. Serf, when the latter lay in bed; and it rejoices us to learn that the Evil One had so much the worst of the encounter that he had never the heart to pay a second visit to the monastery, where St. Serf had already established a reputation as a miracle-worker by causing a dead ram to bleat in the belly of a rogue who had stolen it from him, cut it up, and eaten it, and then temerariously disowned the theft.

Wyntoun, previously canon of St. Andrews, was appointed Prior of St. Serf's in 1395, while the *Original Chronicle* was finished between the death of the Duke of Albany in September, 1420, and King James's repatriation in April, 1424. These are apparently the sole dates from which his age can be inferred.

We have stated that Wyntoun's is the rôle rather of an historian than of a poet, and, despite the legendary air of certain portions of his narrative, this is certainly the truth. Indeed, his work has in this sense a positive value which causes his testimony, in some instances, to be received as

authoritative. Take, for example, the case of Huchown, where one's chief regret is not as to the veracity but as to the clearness of the reference. As has been shown in the preceding volume, Barbour is likewise estimable as an historian, though his poetical address is in less doubt than that of the rhyming abbot. In Blind Harry, or Henry the Minstrel, these conditions are to a great extent reversed. As regards Wyntoun the reversal is absolute, for Harry, though not always at variance with fact, succeeded to a considerable body of traditions, which, in passing from mouth to mouth during five or six generations, had become distorted and exaggerated into patriotic myths, to which the sober truth is only casually related. There is naturally more affinity between the biographer of Bruce and the biographer of Wallace; each was possessed with a fine sympathy for his subject. But, with the lapse of a century, the prismatic hues of romance have gained in intensity and area; the rainbow distaining at its base the green sod has been followed by the orange and purple and flush of the sunset; all is now gathered up from the steadfast earth into cloud-land.

Blind Harry.

Before saying more of his work, it is worth while to advance some remarks about the writer, whose name at once challenges attention. There seems to be no sort of doubt that Blind Harry lived and sang towards the close of the fifteenth century, and that he recited his own long poem of twelve thousand lines, principally, perhaps, in the halls of the nobles. He has a place in Dunbar's *Lament*, and the accounts of King's Treasurer contain entries showing that various sums had been paid to 'Blin Harye.' The last of these entries is dated January, 1492, and it seems not improbable that his death occurred soon after. He was certainly dead by 1508, the year of the *Lament*. The existence of Blind Harry is attested also by John Mair, or Major,

one of the teachers of John Knox, who asserts in the course of his history of Great Britain that in the time of his youth the deeds of Wallace had been put into the verse of his country by Henry the Minstrel.

That is, roughly, all we know of Blind Harry. Regarding his epic, there is believed to be only one manuscript of it—bound up with a copy of *The Bruce*. The poem itself was published by the first Scottish printer, Walter Chepman, and this is strong presumptive evidence of its popularity. Of that, however, there can be no possible question.

Coming now to the sources of the composition, Blind Harry affirms that it was founded on a Latin history by John Blair, a monk of Dunfermline, who was Wallace's chaplain in 1327. 'Sir' Thomas Gray, parson of Libertoun, is credited also with supplying material. Unfortunately, the poet has to confess that he did not invariably abide by these sure witnesses, having been in one point seriously led astray by a couple of knights, Wallace of Craigie and Liddale, who 'gart' him make wrong record. This is sad, but, as Wyntoun tells us that 'great gestes' of Wallace's good deeds and manhood had been composed before his time, and there may have been a conflict of evidence, we cherish the hope that the expression, 'righteous lord,' applied to Craigie, is not ironical. Meanwhile it is only fair to state that no trace has ever been discovered of Blair's history. In an edition of Blind Harry's *Wallace*, published in 1758, there were given in an appendix sundry *Relationes Arnoldi Blair*, purporting to represent John Blair's memoir. These proved on inspection to be merely selections from the *Scotichronicon*, which, so far as written authority is concerned, may have been the original, while the assertions respecting Blair and Gray are possibly no more than pleasantries of the sort wherewith romancers have in all ages beguiled their easy

The *Wallace*.

patrons. Almost certainly the bulk of Blind Harry's information was oral. This is probable on account of his physical infirmity, which scarcely admitted of a close acquaintance with books, while the untrustworthy nature of the work is all in favour of the assumption that 'mine author' was anybody rather than a contemporary of the hero. Major, it may be observed, confesses his want of faith in the tissue of wild legends.

However, to a loyal Scot, and indeed to any reader of taste and understanding, the 'Book of William Wallace,' as Major calls it, will appear a rich banquet of entertaining romance. Some will find it all the more inviting in that the blind author was debarred from elaborate description of natural scenery, and threw his whole heart into vivid narration of martial adventures. Nor is the chivalrous note altogether wanting, since Wallace approves himself a true gentleman in his conduct towards the Queen of England, and, similarly, his generous forbearance on receiving from his false leman the admission of her deadly treason must excite warm admiration; still, such episodes are not frequent enough to affect our general estimate of the poem, which in variety of interest and refinement of sentiment is, no doubt, far inferior to *The Bruce*. On the other hand, it is both harsh and absurd to condemn it as a 'disgusting picture of revenge, hatred and blood.' The truth is, the iron has entered into the soul of the traditional Wallace, and nothing seems to him of consequence save the one great national aim of extirpating English dominion from his country's soil. In achieving this result he is hampered by no moral scruples, has no compunctious visitings, the pale cast of thought never o'erspreads his native hue of resolution. His mind is clear as to the justice of his quarrel, and his actions are subordinated to the attainment of his lofty and arduous ambition. He is, if we may express it so, a

patriot pure and simple. It need not surprise us, therefore, that he assumes a part as abhorrent to the knights of old as to ourselves—stalking as a common assassin, when naught else avails, but prepared to take any risks, to fight against any odds, as on the memorable day when, a defenceless fisherman, he encountered five of Percy's armed retainers, who demanded toll of his finny spoil by the water of Irvine. The English are naturally exasperated at the loss of their comrades, and in the case of young Selbie, son of the Constable of Dundee, when foiled in their efforts to secure the culprit, threaten to repay the deed with interest:

> The Englishmen, all thus in barrat (*confusion*) boun(*d*),
> Bade burn all Scots that were into that town.

The whole of this incident is related with extraordinary skill, and not without a spice of grim humour. When Wallace fled, a good wife of the place harboured him in her cottage, and, having disguised him as one of her own sex, gave him a distaff, and set him down to spin. His foes entered and searched the house,

> But he sat still and span full cunningly
> As of his time, but he not leryt (*learnt*) long.

Blind Harry does not depict his hero as faultless, even in his treatment of his own countrymen. He tells us how that once upon a time he slew a follower named Fawdoun and had to expiate his crime in the lurid tragedy of Gask Hall, from whose flaming ruin he indeed escaped, but only with the forfeiture of his men, and after a gruesome game of bandy with a supernatural visitant. The manner in which the horror is inaugurated with rude blasts of the horn and yet ruder blasts of the approaching storm, and Wallace, reduced to solitude and shocked out of his

habitual stoicism, is forced to retreat from a position which has become in every sense too hot for him, is dramatic in the extreme, and suggests that the passage should be cited as a specimen of the minstrel's art as a story-teller.

In the Gask Hall their lodging have they ta'en;
Fire got they soon, but meat then had they nane.
Twa sheep they took beside them of the fold;
Ordained to sup into that seemly hold,
Graithed (*prepared*) in haste some food for them to dight;
So heard they blow rude hornès upon height.
Twa sent he forth to look what it might be;
They bode right long, and no tidings heard he,
But bousteous noise so brimly (*fiercely*) blow and fast;
So other twa into the wood forth past.
None came again; but bousteously gan blow;
Into great ire he sent them forth on row.
When that alone Wallace was leaved there,
The awful blast abounded mickle mair.
Then trowed he well they (*i.e.* the enemy) had his lodging seen.
His sword he drew of noble metal keen,
Syn forth he went where that he heard the horn.
Without the door Fawdoun was him beforn,
(As till his sight) his own head in his hand.
A cross he made, when he saw him so stand.
At Wallace in the head he swakèd gare (*threw quickly*),
And he in haste soon hynt (*caught*) it by the hair,
Syn out at him again he couth it cast,
Intill his heart he was greatly aghast.
Right well he trowed that was no sprite of man;
It was some devil that such malice began;
He wist not well there longer to abide.
Up through the hall thus wight (*valiant*) Wallace gan glide
To a close stair—the boardis raiff (*were riven*) in twinn.
Fifteen foot large he leapt out of that inn.
Up the water suddenly he couth fare;
Again he blented (*looked*) what 'pearance he saw there.

He thought he saw Fawdoun, that ugly sire,
That whole hall he had set in a fire.
A great rafter he had intill his hand,
Wallace as then no longer would he stand.
Of his good men full great mervail had he,
How they were tynt (*lost*) through his feyle (*fatal ?*) fantasy.

The fictitious character of this narrative is impressed on its very face; so improbable an occurrence is scarcely likely to have been recorded by either of Henry's sponsors as an event that had happened, as it were, in the light of their own day, and even had this been the case, its intrinsic nature would proclaim it such stuff as dreams are made of. Although the internal evidence is not always so convincingly obvious, the historical vagueness of the poem may be illustrated by other tests. Blind Harry contradicts himself more than once on the subject of Wallace's age. He is eighteen when first introduced to our notice, but after a nine years' contest, supposed to commence at that time and terminated by his execution in 1305, he has somehow attained the age of forty-five. Moreover, if there be any foundation for the fishing affray, which is among the opening incidents of the poem, it must be postponed, as Mr. Moir has shown, to a later period when he was no longer a callow youth.

The slaying of Heselrig, the English sheriff of Lanark, in revenge for the murder of Wallace's child, is countenanced in some measure by historical documents, for when it was the wild chieftain's turn to die, there was a count in the indictment against him to the effect that he had killed and cut to pieces that very official. This, however, is poor compensation for the astounding and wholly unjustifiable freedom with which the large facts of history are travestied beyond recognition. Blind Harry may have proceeded in all good faith—the victim of his own ignor-

ance and that uncritical spirit which manifests itself in so many of his rhapsodies, but the less excitable and better instructed student of more modern times cannot easily accommodate himself to a version of events which brings Wallace to St. Albans, as the captain of a victorious host, there to impose conditions on the discomfited southrons. The prosaic muse of history knows of no siege of York, knows of no suppliant mission of good Queen Eleanor, knows of no Edward the First cowering in panic fear in the Tower of London. Edward, there is not the shadow of a doubt, was one of the bravest, as well as wisest and most moderate, of the princes of his age, and this makes it the more provoking that he should have consented to sign the death-warrant of so gallant an enemy as Wallace, half-savage as the latter had so often shown himself to be. But it is a fantastic and futile kind of revenge that distorts truth and belittles the real greatness of the conqueror instead of concentrating scorn on the one act by which a splendid career is so palpably marred.[1] These departures from history not only disqualify Henry as a guide to the heroic developments of which he treats, but reflect, in almost equal measure, on his personal estimation, for pride of race, when carried to such ridiculous excess, is apt to appear petty and unreasonable, unworthy of a fine intellect. But, after all, Blind Harry was only a gifted peasant.

King James I.

The writer to whom attention must now be drawn differs from the last in so many particulars as to be almost his antithesis. Except that both were Scots and proud of their nationality, they have scarcely a point in common. Although prior to

[1] The case for Edward I is argued in a very able book *The Greatest of the Plantagenets*, which, though published anonymously, is known to have been written by the father of Sir John Seeley.

the minstrel by several decades, King James actually represents newer methods and a more modern spirit. He is at once the first and most conspicuous of Chaucer's disciples in that northern realm, which in the political sphere was so bitterly estranged from England, but, nevertheless, evinced a growing willingness to acknowledge a partnership in letters. The incidents of James's youth disclose to us the utter contempt of principle which prevailed in Scotland itself and corrupted the relations between the neighbouring peoples, whilst, at the same time, they render intelligible the germination of the gracious seed of concord in the garden of culture.

James the First of Scotland was the second son of Robert III, a feeble monarch, who had, ere his death, to surrender all real power into the hands of his more capable brother, the Duke of Albany.[1] James's elder brother David turned out a profligate, and being adjudged unfit for the duties of his station, was confined in the Palace of Falkland, where he died in 1401, it was suspected of official starvation. The younger brother, who was born in 1395 (or, possibly, in the preceding year), was reserved for a kindlier lot—at all events, in appearance—and, when ten years of age, was sent for education to the court of Scotland's ally, in charge of the Earl of Orkney. Off Flamborough Head the ship in which he was sailing had the misfortune to encounter the English fleet, and although a week had still to elapse before the expiration of the truce, the southern commander, aware of her precious freight, made no ado about stopping her and forwarding the prince and his companions, as prisoners of war, to London. This flagrant breach of international obligations met with no stern reproof, no indignant repudiation from high quarters,

[1] See *The Fair Maid of Perth*, chapter xxxv.

and, not improbably, the kidnapping of the young traveller was a preconcerted arrangement between the astute and ambitious Albany and the English leaders.

Apart from the initial treachery by which his route was changed, it cannot truthfully be alleged that the boy fared much worse in England than he would have done had he succeeded in gaining the French coast. It had been already determined that he should pass his youth in exile, and, as a child subject to wholesome restraint of his elders, he would not be sensitive, in a special sense, to the rigours of state imprisonment. Whether in the Tower of London, at Nottingham Castle, or at Windsor, he lost none of the privileges of his rank, and, thanks to his governor, Sir John Pelham, received what it is fair to describe as a superb education. Proficient in grammar and oratory, in Latin and English poetry, in music, jurisprudence and philosophy, he became no less expert in manly exercises—tilts and tournaments, wrestling, archery, and field sports. As a political ruse to prevent the Scots from lending the French assistance, Henry V made him his comrade in the campaign of 1520-21, thus affording him an opportunity of showing his mettle in action. James came well out of the ordeal, but he was not permitted to return to his crown and kingdom until circumstances had arisen with which it will be our immediate duty to deal.

During fifteen years' captivity in England his subjects appear to have taken little interest in his fate, and it was no consolation for such neglect that his talents were everywhere commended by strangers. An event, however, occurred, which had the effect of raising him from the dull despair in which he was gradually sinking, and gave him a new hope and a new impulse. Whilst living in seclusion at Windsor, he fell in love with Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, and granddaughter of

John of Gaunt through his marriage with Katherine Swynford. The passion was reciprocated, and on February 2nd, 1424, in the twentieth year of James's exile, the couple were wedded in the church of St. Mary Overies, where Gower lay gloriously entombed. No doubt the alliance was forwarded by the English court on political grounds, but with unexampled meanness a great part of the bride's dower was swallowed up in payment of the cost of her husband's maintenance during his long and involuntary stay in England. This auspicious union opened the way for James's restoration to his native land, as also to his kingly honours, and he was solemnly crowned in Scone Abbey, on the 21st of May, 1424.

The *King's Quair.*

King James's chief poem—the only poem that is certainly his, though this has been doubted—was inspired by this romantic attachment, and is thoroughly Chaucerian in character. Naturally the Chaucer whom James followed is not so much the Chaucer of the *Canterbury Tales,* although there are evident signs of his having studied them, as the author of *Troilus and Cressida* and the more juvenile poems dedicated to the same tender theme. For our present purpose the *Knight's Tale,* which is of an amorous tendency and retains much of his earlier seriousness, may be included in the number. Before proceeding further it may be well to refer to the title—*The King's Quair*—which at first strikes one as quaint and, perhaps, cabalistic. Recollecting the common Scots substitution of 'qu' for 'w' (for example, 'quhilk' for 'which'), we may jump to the conclusion that the key of the mystery is the dialect, but such is not the case. As regards its origin the term is rather French than Scots, being merely a modification of the common word *cahier,* which is used not only of a single sheet of paper, but, as here, of a bundle of sheets, or a book. It

is thus employed by Lydgate in his poem, *The Churl and the Bird*:

> Go, little 'quayer,' and recommendë me.

In its modern form, 'quire' (of paper) the expression has lost all semblance of poetry; hence the difficulty of perceiving its identity.

The metre is the seven-line stanza, which had been a favourite with Chaucer and adopted by his English disciples, so that it can in no sense be claimed as the property or invention of King James. Even the description of the metre, 'rhyme royal,' which used to be traced to his patronage, is now known to have been in vogue before his time. There is no question, however, that he manipulates this by no means easy verse with a good deal of success, although he does not quite attain his master's dexterity, and in the matter of rhyming is notably inferior.

A striking feature in Chaucer's literary personality is his admiration for Boethius, whose *De Consolatione Philosophiae* was part of his intellectual stock-in-trade. Accordingly, one is not surprised that at the outset of *The King's Quair* James is discovered solacing himself with the famous treatise at the cost of his eyes. But while recognizing this as mainly the effect of precedent, we cannot ignore the special propriety of the captive prince poring over the pages of one whose circumstances were so analogous to his own, and that he consulted them to some purpose is demonstrated by later references in the *Quair*. That, however, is only one mark of his dependence on Chaucer; there are many more. Indeed, the conduct of the poem is throughout influenced by the methods which Chaucer had introduced, and, in that way, made his own. One may instance the artifice of visions as the atmosphere in which the fanciful actions are carried on, the allegorical and

mythological figures, the supernatural machinery, the rapture of spring, and the mystical fellowship of the birds; all these elements belong to the very essence of Chaucer's original manner. The diction also is remarkably English; the Scottish dialectal forms, while reminding us that the writer is a Northerner, are a superficial trait which cannot disguise from us how entirely King James had assimilated the language and style of his predecessor.

Without entering on a complete analysis of the *Quair*, the contents of which are, in a large measure, conventional, we may advert to certain portions of the poem based on the prince's intimate experiences, and so nearly autobiographical. At the close of the first canto of Tytler's edition—the MS., by the way, is whole and undivided—we meet with the striking image of a ship with empty sail among the black rocks, which, though interpreted as a symbol of literary embarrassment, is perhaps a covert allusion to his own circumstances as a prisoner. However that may be, we are not kept long in doubt as to the source of the figure, for in the next canto he relates the story of his boyhood's misfortune, how, when he was but three years past the age of innocence (in other words, when he was ten), he was taken by the enemy, whilst on a voyage to France, conveyed to their country, and kept in 'strait ward and strong prison.' From this deadly monotony he obtained relief by gazing out of the window of his tower at the green arbours and shady alleys, where the happier birds, hopping from bough to bough, made garden and wall ring with their minstrelsy. This was their 'text':

> Worshippë ye that ben this May,
> For of your bliss the Kalends are begun,
> And sing with us, 'Away, Winter, away;
> Come, Summer, come, the sweet season and sun!
> Awake, for shame! that have your heavens won,

And amorously lift up your headës all:
Thank love that list you to his merey call.'

To a man in James's case this might seem cruel mockery—what had a prisoner to do with May and Love?—but events belie this supposition:

And therewith cast I down my eye again,
Whereas I saw, walking under the tower,
Full secretly new comen here to plain,
The fairest or the freshest youngë flower
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour;
For which sudden abate anon astart
The blood of all my body to my heart.

However, the poet soon recovers from his perturbation so as to take particular notice of her person and attire. On her youthful charms he does not indeed presume to discourse at length:

For rudëness to speak thereof I dread.

As a sort of atonement for this omission he catalogues with feminine scrupulosity the details of her dress and adornment. For her golden hair the beauteous lady was indebted, no doubt, to Dame Nature, but her worldly estate has enabled her to set off this good gift with an ample display of gems and precious stones, all of which are noted by the captive prince with much approbation. Not an emerald, nor a sapphire, nor a ruby escapes his admiring eye—the ruby least of all, since, like a spark of fire, it 'seemed burning on her white throat.'

This redundancy of terms expressing mere outward show and material splendour, is worthy of some remark. It may be attributed, in part, to James's high rank, and be held to reflect the elegance of his surroundings, but the explanation may be more general. Certain it is that the love

of what Occleve calls 'aureate terms' is a salient characteristic of the Scottish school of poetry founded by King James, who may thus be regarded as originating, or only as the first to illustrate, the tendency. In any case, the symptom cannot be pronounced healthy, since the natural result is to sterilize thought and feeling, and to render language artificial and stereotyped. Decadence is nigh at hand, or rather present, when the pomp and pageantry of verse are supported by the regular use of epithets like 'crystalline,' 'golden,' 'purple,' etc., when showers are always 'silver,' drops are always 'pearly,' and the 'crystal' air is as inevitable as the 'sapphire' firmament; when, also, none will suffice as leading characters but the gods and goddesses of Olympus, and dignity is sought by citations from classic authors, such as Cicero and Virgil. Chaucer, it must be confessed, is not altogether exempt from these weaknesses, but he is moderation itself compared with his exuberant followers.

Returning to our immediate subject—*The King's Quair*—there is not much that we need add. As is so often the case with ecstatic love-stories, the real incidents, those at any rate that purport to be real, are extremely slight. With strained and eager interest the poet-prince marks the antics of the little dog on the ground beside its mistress, whilst his ear catches the sound of its tinkling bells, and, of course, he is envious. When she sings, he is prompt to adapt to her music a stanza of his own composing. But the brief spell of happiness is rapidly approaching its term. After walking a little under the green boughs, she turns her snowy face and goes her way, leaving her unknown lover disconsolate. Certain visions succeed, which bring comfort, and the poet is able to thank his prison-walls for the boon they have afforded him. At the close of the epilogue there occurs a statement suggesting that,

along with his other accomplishments, King James possessed the peculiarly Scotch faculty of second sight. Speaking of 'this flower,' destined for some dozen years to be his wedded wife, he declares mysteriously that she

> So heartily has unto my help attended,
> That from the death she has her man defended.

This singular saying, which originated perhaps from the suspicion that the baneful influence of Albany, or his English enemies, had aimed at terminating his captivity by the short method that freed Mary Stuart, transports us to a sanguinary scene at Perth in February, 1436, when the King was surprised by Graham at the head of three hundred Highlanders, who broke into the monastery where he was staying, at night, and forced the chamber-door, into the staples of which a gallant lady, Catherine Douglas, vainly thrust her arm in lieu of a bolt. The King offered a desperate but fruitless resistance, and fell with fourteen wounds in his breast alone. Now were fulfilled the half-prophetic lines written so many years before, since Hawthornden tells us that the queen sought to save her husband by interposing her person, and was with difficulty dragged from him. We are further informed that in the awful struggle the devoted wife was twice wounded.[1]

As has been intimated, *The King's Quair* is the only poem of which we can say that it was certainly, or almost certainly, the composition of James I of Scotland. There have, however, been ascribed to him three or four others,

[1] It is worthy of remark that the account of this murder, translated from the Latin, and printed in Pinkerton's *History of Scotland* (1797), vol. i, p. 462, and again in Stevenson's *Life and Death of King James I*, was the work of John Shirley, Chaucer's editor. In this connection the reader may also be reminded of Rossetti's fine poem, *The King's Tragedy*.

regarding the authenticity of which differences of opinion have disturbed Scottish scholars, partly on other grounds, and partly from the circumstance that a royal namesake, James V, practised the same gentle art. The titles of the poems are: *Peebles to the Play, Christ's Kirk on the Green, Falkland on the Green,* and *Good Counsel.* The last, a little piece in the style of Chaucer's *Flee from the Press,* which was assigned to King James at an early date and has been accepted by Professor Skeat as genuine, is a poetical insistence on the duty of doing justice and walking humbly with God, the refrain being

And for ilk inch He will thee quit a span.

Peebles to the Play.

Peebles to the Play presents a far more complex problem, as it is essentially unlike both the *King's Quair* and *Good Counsel,* and, if by James I, reveals him to us as a writer of strong popular sympathies, possessing a large command of dialect and endued with the saving grace of humour. The transition is then much the same that has been observed in the case of Chaucer, except that the Englishman never exchanged his 'undefiled well' for the more turbid waters of a provincial brogue. It is significant that Major, who was born thirty years after the death of King James, has no misgivings on the subject. He says plainly that the King, 'a most clever composer in his mother tongue' wrote two songs *Yas Sen* and *At Beltane,* the latter of which can be none other than a *Peebles to the Play.* The play in question was the Beltane festival, which was, and is, a quaint survival of the old Celtic worship, Beltane being properly *Bel tein,* or 'Bel's fire,' one of several names for the sun. The existing burlesque contains a full description of the procedure. The gathering of the cowherds in the fields, the dinner of boiled milk and eggs and mystical cakes, the dance, the too probable inter-

lude of a fight, and a number of other scenes, all are portrayed with rich gust, with many a graphic and familiar touch, and together compose a memorable picture of rural life in mediaeval Scotland.

Christ's Kirk on the Green.

Peebles to the Play, however, never acquired the popularity of its pendant, *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, which remained a great favourite till the eighteenth century, when Pope, in one of his Imitations of Horace, wrote:

> One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
> A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green.

The conjunction is a curious betrayal of prejudice. There is a closer and more evident affinity between the *Faëry Queen* and the *King's Quair*, but to couple too such excellent poems would be to blunt the edge of the satire. Meanwhile is it possible to admit the authorship of King James with regard to *Christ's Kirk on the Green*? The Bannatyne MS. no doubt bears his name, but such testimony is not necessarily to be received, since it means no more than that a nameless forgotten scribe, a hundred and twenty-eight years after the monarch's decease, set down what he may have honestly believed to be true. One point to be noted is that the existing version of *Peebles to the Play* is in the northern, while *Christ's Kirk* is in the southern dialect of the Scottish kingdom, added to which *Falkland on the Green*, of which no trace has ever been found, is thought by Pinkerton to have been written in the Central or Fifeshire dialect. It is obviously unlikely that James I, with all his cleverness, would have attempted versification in three Scottish dialects; it is much if he succeeded in two. Pinkerton, by the way, includes in his *Ancient Scottish Poems* a *Song on Absence*, which he is bold enough to identify with the *Yas Sen* mentioned by Major. Coming

back to *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, which is still extant and consists of twenty-three long stanzas, the scene of the poem is apparently to be laid at Leslie in Aberdeenshire, where Christ's Kirk stood actually on a green, as its ruins do to this day, and a fair was held. The poem is in the manner, and may have been a copy, of *Peebles to the Play*, being what is termed a 'skit' on country amusements. In conclusion, it is only right to state that considerable doubt is felt whether, after all, we possess authentic versions of any of King James's popular pieces. *Peebles to the Play* has the best claim to be deemed genuine, but Professor Skeat has decided against the existing poem, holding it to be, at best, an imitation of a vanished original. A theory has been propounded, and may be correct, that some confusion has arisen between James I as poet and James I as musician. It is certain that he took a warm interest in the national airs, and won credit by his efforts to introduce musical reforms. Conceivably, therefore, it is the tunes rather than the words of these songs that should be associated with his versatile genius. However, Major's evidence points clearly to literary composition in the vernacular. May not James have anticipated many a modern artist by providing both words and music, though neither may have survived to our times?

The *Battle of Harlaw.*

Although they have not the advantage of real or supposed connection with royalty or any great social rank and privilege, it is expedient to notice here certain other North British compositions belonging to the period. The *Battle of Harlaw* is a metrical account of a warlike episode that took place during James's captivity in England. In 1411 the Lowlanders, led by Alexander Stewart, Earl of Mar, met and routed in a bloody engagement a body of marauding Highlanders under Donald, Lord of the Isles; and the poem,

which has little merit as such, probably arose soon after. It may be noticed in passing that a tune of the same name was still current in the seventeenth century and is referred to in macaronic verse by Drummond of Hawthornden.

Holland's Howlat.

Another poem in stanza-form, but otherwise quite distinct from the foregoing, is *Holland's Howlat*, which, under the guise of allegory, attacks the sin of pride. An owl, dissatisfied with her plumage, implores Dame Nature, with the support of the other birds, for a change of vesture. Accordingly a gayer dress is granted her, but, thus transformed, she becomes so intolerable to her companions that they petition Dame Nature to deprive her of her fine feathers. Their application is successful, and the owl, no longer resplendent, acquires the virtue of humility. The date of the composition is roughly, 1450, and its author was Richard Holland, a priest; hence the name—*Holland's Howlat*.

Cockelbie's Sow.

Both Douglas and Dunbar make mention of a poem with the somewhat analogous title of *Cockelbie's Sow*, which is broadly popular. The hero of the piece is one Cockelbie, who sells his black sow for threepence, and the interest of the narrative hinges on the subsequent adventures, not of the sow, but of the pennies which represent her. One he loses, and this, having been found by a sorry specimen of womankind, goes to purchase a pig on which her whole circle of disreputable acquaintances—the baser sort of clergy, a witch, and so forth —is invited to dine. The pig, however, has the good fortune to escape, and having grown into a mighty boar, spreads devastation around. The next penny is sympathetically bestowed on a blind man, with the happy result that Cockelbie's son wins a fair bride and rises to be Count of Flanders. The third and last penny is employed in buying

twenty eggs, which Cockelbie designs as a present for his godson. The ungracious youth spurns the humble gift, whereupon the would-be benefactor causes the eggs to be hatched, and fifteen years later assigns to the godson, as the proceeds of the rejected pennyworth, the very respectable sum of a thousand pounds. Nothing can be plainer or more proper than the moral of this threefold story—namely, that small amounts laid out in works of charity or thriftily invested sometimes yield a greatly disproportionate harvest, while money sunk in riotous living is apt to prove a bane rather than a boon. In the Middle Ages such apologues were pleasing enough, but to a modern reader they cannot but appear overdrawn and unconvincing.

Chivalry is also represented in this blossoming time of Scottish poetry. The *Adventure of Gawain*, assigned by Dunbar to an obscure 'Clerk of Travent,' is by some identified with *Golagrus and Gawain*, which has been claimed for 'Huchown,' but Trautmann assigns the poem to a much later period—the second half of the fifteenth century. Anyhow, it never appealed to the popular imagination with half the force of a romance entitled *Ralph the Collier* (*i.e.* charcoal-burner) *How he harboured King Charles*. In his preface to *Ivanhoe* Sir Walter Scott makes some interesting references to this composition, speaking of it as a 'very curious poem,' which, after being long a desideratum in Scottish literature and given up as irrecoverably lost, was brought to light by the researches of Dr. Irvine of the Advocates' Library and reprinted by Mr. David Laing, of Edinburgh. He expresses the opinion that there must have been a Norman original of this charming romance, and that it was itself the original of other poems of the kind. There can be little doubt as to the accuracy of these beliefs; internal evidence clearly points to a foreign source. In content it is not very

Ralph the Collier.

dissimilar from the old ballad *King Edward the Fourth and the Tanner of Tamworth*. Like the English monarch, Charles the Great, whilst out hunting, falls in with one of his humble lieges who, failing to recognize him, is betrayed into using rough language and committing acts of gross incivility. Ralph does, indeed, afford the sportsman the hospitality of his cot, but, in his boorish ignorance, goes the length of knocking the weather-bound sovereign down. Other payment he refuses, and it is only when he conveys a load of coal to the palace that he learns the actual rank of his late guest. Luckily Charles, like Edward, admires his chance companion, and bestows upon him the honour of knighthood, in which capacity he vanquishes the terrible Saracen Magog and ends by becoming a Marshal of France.

John the Reeve.

Another favourite tale referred to by Douglas and Dunbar is *John the Reeve*. Douglas, in his *Palace of Honour*, joins all three poems:

> Ralph Collier with his 'thrawin' brow,
> Crabbèd John the Reeve, and old Cowkelpie's sow.

The plot of *John the Reeve* bears a close resemblance to that of the foregoing story, the good-natured king being in this instance Edward I of England.

The Scottish literature of the age was enriched with versions of well-established fables, especially those of Æsop or such as, in the Middle Ages, passed under his name. The most notable are by a disciple of Chaucer, Robert Henryson; but, before alluding to his writings, it will be advisable to piece together the sparse and, in some instances, very uncertain particulars of his life. We find, then, that in 1462 there was incorporated in the University of Glasgow, which had been founded eleven years before, a 'venerable Master Robert Henryson, licentiate in arts and

bachelor in degrees,' who, we have excellent reason to believe, was our poet. His *alma mater* can only be guessed at. St. Andrew's had been founded in 1411, but it would have been nothing extraordinary if, according to the practice of the day, he had studied abroad and migrated to Glasgow from Paris or some other university on the Continent. His previous career is shrouded in mystery. His parentage, the year and place of his birth, are alike unknown, and of his name we can say no more then that it is the uncorrupted form of the far commoner patronymic Henderson. In later life it seems clear that he settled at Dunfermline,[1] and, in legal documents was styled a public notary, which argues that he was some sort of ecclesiastic. On the title-page of the first edition of his *Fables* he is described as a schoolmaster of Dunfermline, an office which was in the gift of the abbot of the local monastery. Probably his decease occurred at the close of the fifteenth century; at any rate he was dead in 1508, when he was lamented, with the other makers, by Dunbar.

Robert Henryson.

Sir Francis Kynaston, writing in the reign of Charles I, has preserved some curious traditions respecting his latter end, from which it appears that the immediate cause of his death was a diarrhœa or flux, which carried him off in extreme old age. When he was dying, he was advised by an old woman to repair to a rowan tree at the bottom of his garden and walk round it three times, repeating:

> Whisky tree, whisky tree,
> Take away this flux from me.

As it was a time of snow with hard frost out of doors, and he was very faint and weak, Henryson suggested to his

[1] About six miles from Dunfermline there was a gentle family of Henrysons, and it is possible, and indeed probable, that the poet was one of them.

kind physician that it would serve the same purpose if he walked round the table exclaiming, 'Oaken board! oaken board!' Naturally the ancient dame was shocked at his impiety, and soon after the wilfu' man died.

Fables.

Turn we now to the poems, and, first of all to the fables which he 'compylit,' probably during the decade 1470-80, in Chaucerian stanza. The edition of a hundred years later speaks of his 'eloquent and ornate Scots metre,' and not unjustly, for it is very certain that Henryson greatly improved on the narrative style of his master, Æsop, of whose nationality and precise *métier* he had only the vaguest conceptions, although at the same time very positive on the subject. He makes him of gentle birth and affirms that his 'natal land is Rome withouten nay.' He is persuaded also that Æsop was a poet-laureate, all these notions being as wide of the truth as it was possible for notions to be. However, it is in this purely imaginary character of a poet and a Roman that the fabulist disports himself in a highly Chaucerian prologue, wherein the Scotsman represents himself as straying in a wood on a summer morning, and lying down to sleep under a hawthorn, what time Æsop appears to him in a dream. Thirteen fables are told, and but little fault can be found with the telling of them, the style being light and pleasant. The *Tale of Sir Chanticlere and the Fox*, already put into verse by Chaucer, loses nothing of its interest in Henryson's narrative; and excellent also is *The Uplandish Mouse and the Burgess Mouse*, although, like some of the others, it is open to the criticism of being somewhat lengthy and diffuse, and it must be allowed that Henryson's portrait of the mouse is hardly equal to that of 'the wee, sleekit, warin tim'rous beastie' by the unapproachable Burns. Lest there should be any question as to the inner meaning of the parables, each of them concludes with a postscript, a

'moralitas.' For example, the *Tale of the Dog, the Sheep, and the Wolf* is shown to be a satire, and a very effective satire it is, on the ecclesiastical courts.

The *Testament of Cressida.*

Another, and, in a literary sense, more perilous venture of Henryson is his continuation of Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida.* His *Testament of Cressida* is a work of considerable merit—Sir Walter Scott thought very highly of it—but it would excite surprise that the poem should ever have been given to Chaucer as his own, were it not for the many absurdities of the sort which have been already brought into evidence. This time the poet courts not the inspiration of the woods, but that of his ingle:

> I mend(*ed*) the fire, and baked me about,
> Then took a drink my spirits to comfort,
> And armèd me well fra the cold thereout;
> To cut the winter night and make it short,
> I took a quire, and left all other sport,
> Written by worthy Chaucer glorious
> Of fair Cressid and worthy Troilus.

In his treatment of the erring Cressida Henryson adopts an entirely different line from his master. Chaucer's sympathy for her is, perhaps, the strongest feature of his romance, but this will not do for the more moral Henryson, who does not scruple to destroy all her beauty with leprosy, and send her forth a beggar and outcast from her kind, with a warning bell. In this piteous guise she meets Troilus, as he returns flushed with victory. Neither at first recognizes the other, but Troilus, discerning in the wreck of her person a trace of his old mistress, flings her a purse of gold and rides on his way, sick at heart. Her companions tell Cressida the name of her benefactor, upon which she falls to the ground insensible, and, after bewail-

ing her faithlessness and pronouncing her last testament, expires.

Orpheus and Euridice.

In his *Tale of Orpheus and Euridice*, Henryson deals with another classical subject, the management of which exhibits the same lack of exact information as characterizes his other works. Here, however, the anachronisms are uncommonly glaring, for Orpheus, on arriving in the realm of Pluto, encounters not only Julius Caesar and Nero, but, positively, divers popes and cardinals. Henryson must have known better than that, and, after allowing for mediaeval obfuscation, which in some minds was apparently measureless, we are inclined to believe that this confusion of times was deliberate, and that in Henryson the moralist had got the upper hand of the historian.

Robin and Makyn.

Far more attractive than either of these purely conventional pieces is Henryson's pretty pastoral, *Robin and Makyn*, which is also more widely known, having been printed in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. The central idea of the poem is a kind of leap-year proposal. Robin sits on a good green hill, keeping a flock of sheep, when merry Makyn surprises him with a declaration of love. Robin alleges ignorance of the passion. He is certainly very listless and indifferent to her appeal, so

> Makyn went hame withouten fail,
> And wearily could weep;
> Then Robin in a full fair dale
> Assembled all his sheep.

But the seemingly unimpressionable swain is not to get off without some taste of the pang he has inflicted. He becomes inoculated with the complaint, and follows her with soft alluring words, only to receive the answer:

Robin thou hast heard sung and say
In jests and stories old,
The man that will not, when he may,
Shall not have when he wold.

The shepherd continues to woo, but without speeding; her reply is final. It is now Makyn's turn to be blithe, to sing and laugh, while the rejected Robin, 'left in dolour and in care,' keeps his head among the rushes.

The design and execution of this idyll are in the highest degree felicitous. They reproduce something of Virgilian grace combined with the succulence of real peasant life.

The *Garment of Good Ladies.*

Henryson's *Abbey Walk* and *The Garment of Good Ladies*, both short poems, have been justly admired, the former being in the moralizing vein of one whose due feet never failed to walk the studious cloisters pale, while the latter is an ingenious elaboration of the Pauline injunction concerning female apparel (1 Timothy, ii. 9-11). Neither can be regarded as strictly original, the *Abbey Walk* having been anticipated by Lydgate, and the *Garment of Good Ladies* by Olivier de la Marche in his *Triomphe ou Parement des Dames d'Honneur*.

The *Bloody Serk*, etc.

Henryson is always inclined to sombreness, even in romance. The *Bloody Serk* (or *Hern*) is a case in point. The plot, which resembles two distinct stories of the *Gesta Romanorum*, shows us a princess cast into a dungeon by a giant. Hence she is delivered by a gallant prince, who receives a mortal wound, and, dying, bequeaths to her a blood-stained shirt, whereon she is to look whenever a new lover approaches her. The sadness of this tale is explained at the close, where it is declared to symbolize the tragedy of Redemption. Besides these Henryson wrote other short pieces, which are all of a religious or ethical tendency. One of the most powerful is

The Three Dead Powis (Heads), which has been also attributed to Patrick Johnstone. Observe how sternly, and yet sweetly, it admonishes the giddy throng of fashionables:

> O wanton youth, as fresh as lusty May,
> Fairest of flowers renewèd white and red;
> Behold our heads, O lusty gallants gay,
> Full loathly thus shall lie thy lustyhead!

And again:

> O ladies, white in clothès coruscant,
> Polisht with pearl and many [*a*] precious stone,
> With pappës white and halses (*necks*) elegant,
> Circled with gold and sapphire many [*a*] one.
>
> . . . . .
>
> As we lie thus, so shall ye lie ilk one.

It is the message of every kirkyard, and of epitaphs upon epitaphs without number, but it is seldom indeed that the solemn text has been handled with such trenchant force and with a deeper sense of melancholy contrast than in this poem of Henryson.

CHAPTER IV

THE GOLDEN AGE OF SCOTTISH POESY

Four Great Names.

With Henryson ends the imitative phase of Scottish literature, and the ensuing period, without cutting itself off from the source of inspiration in Chaucer, is distinguished for its more virile and original qualities. It was illuminated by four great lights, Walter Kennedy, William Dunbar, Gawin Douglas, and David Lyndsay, and a goodly number of minor bards, testifying to the diffusion of culture and the interest felt in literary matters. Of the quartette above mentioned Kennedy must be considered, in a great measure, 'lapsed,' and what notice can be given to him will be most conveniently bestowed in connection with his rival Dunbar. In the meantime there can be no question of his importance in his fellow-countrymen's eyes during his own and the succeeding generation. Both Dunbar and Douglas recognize his eminence, and Lyndsay calls him 'the great Kennedy.'

William Dunbar.

Dunbar has been in every sense more fortunate. His fame, and the foundations of it, have been perpetuated to later ages, and the judgement of his time has been ratified by the approval of posterity. 'The excellent poet unrivalled by any which Scotland ever produced,' is the strong eulogy pronounced by Sir Walter Scott, who, in penning it, can hardly have for-

gotten Robert Burns. The contrast between this mighty master of verse and the relatively timid and conventional Henryson is emphasized by their striking difference in their use of the fable. Dunbar's poem, *The Fox and the Lamb*, though offensively plain, declares by its very freedom the advent of one who purposes to rule rather than serve, and although some of his compositions display respect for Chaucer and reverence for the common standards of religion and morals, there are numerous others in which he acknowledges no guide but the humour of the moment, no god but his own wayward genius, no lessons but the observations and reflections of a somewhat chequered experience, which make him independent of writings and writers, bards and books. For the details of his life—scanty enough —we are dependent, in a great measure, on himself. One curious little recollection to which he alludes is the lullaby of his old nurse, 'Dandely, bishop, dandely,' which in later life he attempted to convert into a prophecy. But the fates opposed.

We do not know the precise year of the poet's birth, but in all likelihood it did not occur before 1460. He came of an ancient and distinguished family, whose members had been Earls of Northumberland both before and after the Norman Conquest, and then migrated to Scotland, where they became Earls of Dunbar and Earls of Moray. Dunbar was educated at the University of St. Andrew's in the lately founded St. Salvator's College. He was Bachelor of Arts in 1477, and Master of Arts in 1479. The next twenty years are practically a blank. The principal light upon them is derived from one of his poems, which shows that he had entered the Order of St. Francis, and travelled as friar in Scotland and England, and even in Picardy. When it came to 'flyting,' Walter Kennedy also remembered this episode in his life, and threw in his teeth his

scallop-shell and staff and dishonest ways. This ridicule seems to have been entirely deserved, for it is difficult to conceive of a character more utterly unlike the saintly founder of the order than William Dunbar, who, in his own poem above mentioned, confesses his hypocrisy with absolute frankness. He had evidently taken a deep disgust with the sort of existence to which St. Francis is represented as inviting him in a vision, and eventually when the supposed saint disappears, he turns out to be a bigger hypocrite even than Dunbar himself, being an emissary from below.

> The freir that did Saint Francis there appear,
> A fiend he was in likeness of a freir.
> He vanisht away with stink and fiery smoke;
> With him methought all the house end he took,
> And I awoke as wy (*wight*) that was in weir (*trouble*)

In Praise of London.

After this Dunbar obtained more congenial employment in the public service, and acted apparently as secretary to various embassies despatched to foreign courts with a view to securing a suitable matrimonial alliance for the gay King James. In this capacity he found himself, at the close of the year 1501, in London; and the 'rhymer of Scotland' composed a magnificent panegyric on the English metropolis, for which he was handsomely rewarded by Henry VII. The poem seems to have been recited at a banquet given by the Lord Mayor, and, accordingly, Sir John Shaw, the occupant of the office, is loaded with compliments in the final stanza—'No lord of Paris, Venice, or Florence, in dignity or honour goeth to him nigh.' The description of the Thames, so different nowadays, is worth quoting:

> Above all rivers thy River hath renown,
> Whose beryl streamys, pleasant and preclare,

Under thy lusty wallys runneth down
  Where many a swan doth swim with wingys fair;
  Where many a barge doth sail and row with air (*oar*),
Where many a ship doth sail with top-royal.
  O town of towns, patron, and not-compare,
London, thou art the flower of cities all.

The last line, repeated through all the stanzas, is the refrain.

The precise object of the Scottish commissioners was the betrothal of the young Princess Margaret to the burly and bearded James IV. She was a mere child, only twelve years old, and but for politic considerations, the English Court might have been expected to decline the match on the score of her tender age. Reasons of state, however, prevailed, and in the following year the Princess wended to Edinburgh, and on her arrival at Holyrood was fêted by Dunbar with a blithe welcome-song. The wedding was celebrated with becoming pomp; and, again, the poet-laureate threw a halo of romance round a not too well-assorted union. His epithalamium reaches the high-water mark of official verse. He had at least one notable precedent—namely, Chaucer's *Parliament of Birds*, and it is not to his discredit if he made, as he evidently did, the most of this example. On the other hand, the circumstances left him wide scope for original effort, and it must be conceded that he utilized to the full the opportunities the theme afforded.

The Thistle and the Rose.

The title—*The Thistle and the Rose*—is so directly appropriate as to merit the adjective 'inevitable,' though it does not follow that it would have suggested itself to any or every rhymer, nor indeed is this the sense in which Goethe, and others after him, have employed the phrase. Not only was the rose the floral emblem of England, as the thistle was of Scotland and the lily of France, but it was

Margaret's happy lot to typify in her person the reconciliation of the factions which had adopted the red and white roses as party-badges. It was her destiny also to unite through her descendants the divided nations—England and Scotland—whose political rivalries became softened and modified until they have long since ceased to exist. As was only fitting, Dunbar's poem breathed the purest amity towards Margaret's native country, in speaking of which he displays a power to eulogize not exceeded even by his *Praise of London*.

The *Golden Targe*.

Although not official, the *Golden Targe* (or Shield) belongs to essentially the same category—that in which the glamour of Chaucer and his school may be remarked as potent and paramount. 'The design,' says Warton, 'is to show the gradual and imperceptible influence of love;' and he points out that 'the cast of the poem is tinctured with the morality and imagery of the *Romaunt of the Rose* and the *Flower and the Leaf* [formerly supposed to be] by Chaucer.' To this it may be added that the stanza chosen is that of the *Complaint of Fair Anelida upon False Arcite*, which had been employed a few years earlier by Gawin Douglas in his *Palace of Honour*, and, for this reason, perhaps, was adopted by his rival.

The exordium reproduces all the familiar apparatus of a May morning; the chant of the birds and the classic pantheon; and throughout the 'rude language' is 'illuminated' and 'overgilt' with a profusion of epithets which Dunbar evidently imagines to be characteristic of the highest style from Homer downwards. The term 'illuminate' in this context exactly suggests the quality of the poetry which is the literary counterpart of miniature-painting as practised in the manuscripts of the period. The growth of this art was contemporary with the evolution, if

it may be so termed, of Chaucerian verse, the later stages of which are distinguished by love of definition and constant sensibility to colour.

The action of the *Golden Targe* is of the slenderest kind, and such as only rich poetical talent could render tolerable. The poet, still fancy-free, defends himself against a number of Venus's champions—really, personified qualities—whom his golden shield enables him to withstand until Presence casts powder in Reason's eyes, and then, with Reason blind, resistance begins to fail. The poet is delivered to Heaviness. After comes a transformation-scene. The supernatural foes retire to the ships whence they had disembarked, and the gladsome wood becomes a wilderness towards which the vindictive gods direct their artillery. Thrice happy is the poet when he wakes from the terrible dream and returns to the real sunshine, the soft air, and the birds. Towards the close of the poem Dunbar panegyrizes Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate, the first in strains of passionate and not undeserved admiration, and the two latter, it must be confessed, with overstrained and indiscriminate laudation, which, in the courtly fashion of the author and his age, accumulates such phrases as 'sugared tongues,' 'lips aureate,' and 'angelic mouths most mellifluate.' To the same class belongs another poem, *Beauty and the Prisoner*; and there are several shorter poems of a similar character.

Classification.

Speaking of Dunbar's work in general, it naturally divides itself into certain groups according to the subjects. This is much the safer method of classification, but there is clearly another mode of regarding them, which is to consider them in their chronological order. For the purpose of the present volume such a style of treatment is impracticable, as the number and variety of Dunbar's poems, many of them

quite short, preclude individual discussion. It may be mentioned, however, that Professor Schipper, of Vienna, who has paid much attention to the subject, has devised a triple arrangement: those written before 1503; those written on or after the king's marriage (1503) and before his death (1513); and those written after the king's death. Without entering into points of detail, it must suffice to observe that there is a disposition to accept this able scholar's conclusions.

A 'Flyting.'

Apart from his allegorical romances Dunbar produced many satirical pieces, a species of verse for which he possessed equal or greater facility, and in which he was perhaps most at home. As a satirist, Dunbar admits no scruples; he has an utter contempt for reticence. The confessions of the wife of Bath are completely out-Heroded by the indelicate confidences of Dunbar's *Two Married Women and a Widow*; and the *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy*, as a poetical 'mud-slinging' match would have excited the envy of Dante and his brother-in-law, Forese. Walter Kennedy, a scion of one of the gentlest Scottish families and Laird of Glentig, was the author of a religious poem on the Passion of Christ, but he was restrained by no sense of inconsistency from protracting this duel of abuse, this veritable *joc partit*, with round after round of Billingsgate. It is somewhat hard to understand how such a contest in personalities could have been supported with good-humour, but it is clear that it did not diminish the mutual respect of the parties, for in his *Lament for the Makers* Dunbar refers to his dying rival as 'good Master Walter Kennedy,' and bemoans his approaching dissolution.

Kennedy in the *Flyting* calls Dunbar a 'Lollard,' apparently on the ground of his antipathy to monks and friars, evidence of which has been already adduced. This

antipathy was doubtless due in part, if not altogether, to his personal experience of the degeneracy of the religious orders, and in one instance, at any rate, there is reason to suspect the poet of a not unreasonable jealousy. John Damian, the Abbot of Tungland, was a foreign adventurer, a quack and an alchemist, who, by his card-playing and similar tactics, obtained such a hold on the king that he received from him substantial preferment, while, with Dunbar, it was largely a case of *virtus laudatur et alget*. This unequal distribution of rewards excited the poet's wrath; and, when Damian committed himself to a sort of scientific experiment, in which he failed ingloriously, Dunbar rejoiced above measure, and completed the Abbot's discomfiture by pouring out upon him the vials of merciless ridicule. It was in the year 1507 that the churchman, as Bishop Lesley relates, 'took in hand to fly with wings, and to be in France before the said ambassadors. And to that effect he caused make a pair of wings of feathers, which being fastened upon him, he flew off the castle wall of Stirling, but shortly he fell to the ground and brake his thigh bone, but the wit thereof he ascribed to that there was some hen feathers in the wings, which yearned and coveted the midden and not the skies.' This sorry scrape provided an excellent opening for the disgusted Dunbar, who composed two poems entitled, *The Birth of Antichrist*, and *A Ballad of the Feigned Friar of Tungland*, in which he trounced the impostor in exemplary fashion. Unfortunately, for modern readers the effect is much weakened by the obscurity of the language, which is racy old Scots of a kind which becomes fully intelligible only after careful study and reference to the glossary. When this point has been reached and the reader is in a position to measure the extraordinary flights of fancy with which the poet assails, on

Dunbar and the Abbot of Tungland.

more than equal terms, the literal flights of his rival, the abbot, the exquisite humour and pungent salt of these effusions produce a lasting impression.

A Prayer for Bawbees.

After a time Dunbar grew weary of the court, or, at any rate, of his dependent situation therein, and a not insignificant proportion of his verse takes the form of petition or remonstrance directed to his royal patron. Other ecclesiastics, he says, are bishops or pluralists; he cannot obtain so much as one small living. One of the most singular of these poems is entitled, *The Petition of the Gray Horse, Auld Dunbar.*

> I am an auld horse, as ye knaw,
> That ever in dole does drag and draw;
> Great court horse puts me from the staw (*stall*),
> To fang the fog (*catch the moss*) by firth and fald.
> Sir, let it never in town be tald,
> That I should be a Yulë's yald.

The meaning of the refrain is somewhat enigmatic, but, according to a probable explanation, a Yule's yawd is a person who, being a *jade* or little esteemed, receives no Christmas gift. Dunbar, however, whose views of promotion can have met with no support from his ecclesiastical superiors, received a solatium in the doubling of his pension.

While there is no doubt that the poet was perfectly sincere in these reiterated appeals, the lack of worldly and professional success does not appear to have affected his spirits, and his philosophy of life, as expounded in *Best to be Blithe* and *Treasure without Gladness*, is of the most cheerful description.

> Be merry, man! and take not far in mind
> The wavering of this wretched world of sorrow.
> To God be humble, and to thy friend be kind,
> And with thy neighbour gladly lend and borrow;
> His chance to-night, it may be thine to-morrow.

This optimism was constitutional, but Dunbar's serene tolerance of a world that used him ill arose, one may believe, in part from consciousness of poetic power and the joy he experienced in the practice of his art. In studying his compositions we everywhere realize his entire competence for any task that he may have set himself; and the last charge that can be brought against him is that he confined himself to one string. On the contrary, he touched all the chords of the lyre from the highest to the lowest, and from each the response came strong and true. His technical accomplishments were not inferior to Chaucer's; he revelled in feats of rhyming, and he did not flinch from the less familiar perils of alliterative verse, which Chaucer declined. That is the metre of The *Two Married Women and a Widow*, in which he seems bent on proving his inexhaustible resource. In this attempt he succeeds, but at the expense of the true principles of alliteration, which had become lost and forgotten.

A Merry Heart.

The last years of Dunbar's life are enshrouded in mist. The accounts of the Lord Treasurer show that at Christmas, 1511, he received extraordinary grants, but there are no further entries, and the remainder of his career can only be subject of conjecture. His protector, James IV, was slain in the disastrous battle of Flodden Field, 1513, and it has been supposed by some that the poet perished with him. On the other hand Dr. Schipper is of opinion that an address to the Queen Dowager and a whole set of moral and religious poems, steeped in the most pious sentiments, were composed after that calamitous year, and whilst, perhaps, Dunbar was occupied with the duties of a quiet cure. In his *Table of Confession* the old courtier recants his former life in many explicit stanzas, of which the following is a specimen:

Evensong.

I know my vices, Lord, and right culpàble
In oathys swearing, leasing and blaspheming,
Of frustrate speaking, in court, in Kirk and table,
In wordys vile, in vanities expreming,
Praising myself and evil my neighbours deeming,
And so in idleness my days have spent;
Thou that was rent on rood for my redeeming,
I cry Thee mercy, and leisure to repent.

Assuming that Dunbar survived Flodden, which is probable, it is, in the absence of evidence, impossible to say how long he lived, and where he died. We know from his disciple, Sir David Lyndsay, that in 1530, at any rate, he was no more.

The *Friars of Berwick.*

It was Pinkerton's conviction that Dunbar died, must have died, about the year 1525. This conviction he expressed in connexion with a poem he attributed to that writer, although subsequent critics have been extremely critical on the subject. Whether the *Friars of Berwick* be Dunbar's or not, the performance is worthy of him, and the question of authorship has to be fought out on other grounds than those of merit. Itself suggested by certain of the *Canterbury Tales,* or possibly by an early French *fabliau,* it has been imitated in the *Famous History of Friar Bacon,* a prose romance of 1612 or thereabouts; and again, in Allan Ramsay's *The Monk and the Miller's Wife,* as to which Laing observes, 'With some disingenuousness he did not choose to acknowledge how much or even that he was at all indebted to the older and more spirited composition.' Irving's judgement on the original poem is to the following effect:

This tale, to whatever author it may be referred, undoubtedly exhibits a most admirable specimen of the comic mode of writing. Without suffering by the comparison it may be ranked with the best tales of Chaucer. The story is most skillfully conducted;

and in its progress the poet displays an extensive and accurate acquaintance with the diversities of human character. His humour seems peculiar and underived. His descriptions are at once striking and appropriate. The different characters introduced are supported with the utmost propriety and with a power of conception and delineation which has not very frequently solicited our attention.

Plainly we have to deal with a poet of very exceptional ability, but that poet, according to Dr. Schipper and some others, was probably not Dunbar. His theory is that the satire was provoked by jealousy between rival religious communities, Dominican and Franciscan, and that the spleen of the Black Friars was gratified by the triumph over the Grey Friar, whose exit is decidedly ignominious. This is plausible, but there is at least one passage in the poem which suggests that the Dominicans were no better than they should be, no holier than Friar John.

Berwick was now, and had been for some time, a possession of the English Crown, but the Scottish poet was evidently quite familiar with the *locus in quo*, and has hashed up a story out of what was in all likelihood a town scandal, although it has certainly received some embellishments from the poet, who had literary precedents to guide him. The essence of the recital is a huge joke of pretended magic whereby a couple of friars, lodging by accident at the house of one Symon, discover to the goodman the hiding-place of another friar who has entered the premises, during his absence, for the purpose of entertaining, and being entertained by, his comely spouse. Such being the substance of the plot, it is only necessary to add that it is developed with a skill which compels us to ask whether a narrative so adroit, and which loses nothing of its interest from the fact that it keeps well within the limits of decency, can have proceeded from one less a master of his art than

Dunbar himself. At one point only are we tempted to cavil, and that is the injustice of the final scene in which poor Symon comes off with a bleeding head, but it is natural to believe that he would have preferred that kind of hurt to the wounding of his honour—the blow prepared by fair Alice.

Gawin Douglas.

The worldly ambition which Dunbar's old nurse had conceived for him, and which he himself deemed by no means excessive or indefensible, was attained by his younger contemporary, Gawin Douglas, to whom, however, the episcopal dignity proved anything rather than a bed of roses. The testimony of a later poet is therefore true in a sense apparently not intended:

> A bishop by the altar stood,
> A noble lord of Douglas blood,
> With mitre sheen and rocquet white.
> Yet show'd his meek and thoughtful eye
> But little pride of prelacy:
> More pleased that, in a barbarous age,
> He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
> Than that beneath his rule he held
> The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.

The prelate's pride and pleasure in his version of the *Aeneid* were certainly exuberant, but the circumstances of his public career were such as to render the comparison somewhat meaningless and illusory. Douglas can never have said *nolo episcopari*; his repeated attempts to gain and retain important sees absolutely forbid the supposition. Had he been blest with a bishop's ordinary experience, his satisfaction might have been deemed suitably measured by Sir Walter's pretty compliment.

Gawin Douglas, who was born about the year 1475, was a member of Scotland's noblest family. He was a son of

Archibald, Earl of Angus (that powerful chief who won the strange nickname of 'Bell the Cat'), was educated, like Dunbar, at St. Andrews, and afterwards studied at the University of Paris. He entered the church, and for the first few years his career was one of increasing success and steady promotion. To the triads of Monymusk, granted him in 1496, was added, two years later, the parsonage of Glenquhorne, and about the same time the rectory of Hawche, now Prestonkirk, in Lothian. Yet more considerable preferment fell to his lot in 1501 or 1502, when he received the appointment of Provost of the Collegiate Church of St. Giles, Edinburgh. Here, with his connections, he was necessarily drawn into the vortex of the court; but for a long time his sky was outwardly serene, and he found leisure for the production of allegorical poems, the cast and colour of which indicate plainly the atmosphere in which they were composed. Allegory is the keynote of Chaucer's court-poetry; it is the air and breath of Dunbar's state verse, and Douglas could not escape the subtle temptation of idealizing and rarefying the material of the life by which he was surrounded. Chaucer and Dunbar lent their genius to some temporary aim, some transient episode. This, to vary the metaphor, was the wax for the honey of their poetry. Douglas, on the other hand, a more dignified and impressive personality, confines himself to the proper use of symbolism, as the handmaid of morals. His principal compositions in this department are *King Heart* and the *Palace of Honour*, dedicated to James IV. The latter can be proved to have been written at this period, since in his translation of Virgil, finished in 1513, he informs us that the *Palace of Honour* had been indited twelve years earlier. He does not allude to *King Heart*, and some critics, drawing an argument from silence, have concluded that it was composed subsequently. Douglas's

troubled existence, however, affords but little support to this hypothesis, and probability strongly inclines to the view that, like its fellow, *King Heart* belongs to the time when, a serious young priest, Douglas compared in sooth-fast reverie the fleeting vanities of the world with the stern realities that must be faced by all.

Of all the forms which poetry can assume the most unsatisfactory for the purpose of analysis is the allegory, the essential flimsiness of which becomes strikingly evident the moment one essays to present it in prose. Still it may be advisable to convey some idea of the contents of these poems as well as of a small satire entitled *Conscience*.

Conscience.

The last-named may be dismissed in a few words. It reflects on the decadence of the Church, which was once swayed by Conscience. Then it was Science's turn to rule, and now it is that

> the sillab Ens,
> Which in our language signifies that shrew,
> Riches and gear, that gart (*made*) all grace go hence.

The *Palace of Honour*.

Of the *Palace of Honour* Ellis remarks, 'The plan of this work was perhaps suggested by the *Séjour d'Honneur* of Octavian de St. Gelais,' and he supposes that this writer's version of the *Aeneid*, though miserably executed, may have recommended him to Douglas's notice. Modern scholarship (see *Anglia*, vi, pp. 46 *et seqq.*) confirms this conjecture as to the origin of the plan, but in so doing it does not lose sight of the great and all-pervasive influence of Chaucer's poetry, especially the *House of Fame* and the Prologue of the *Legend of Good Women*. As might be anticipated, the poem starts to the accompaniment of a May morning, a garden, and a swoon. This is followed by a dream in which the goddesses of the classic mythology appear, and the

poet climbs, after sundry adventures, by a steep and narrow path to rock-set palace, which is a sort of Walhalla. Although the light is too dazzling for mortal eyes, he is able to bear a momentary glimpse of the innermost chamber with its august and throned divinity and illustrious company, but only to fall back overcome. This is ominous of the tragedy which is to hurl him from the narrow bridge in his descent, and which ultimately brings the poem to so abrupt a conclusion. It is evident that Douglas understands by 'honour' not mere external distinction, but the permanent recompence of real and innate worth. With him 'life is real, life is earnest,' and, so far from sharing the pessimism that informs the *House of Fame*, he preaches strenuousness and the duty of pressing forward to the mark of one's high calling. At the same time modesty precludes the adventurer from conceiving of himself as one who has already attained. The tragical ending of the poem testifies not only a slight sense of his own merits, but the lively fear that, after all his preachments, he may incur the fate of the idle and pleasure-loving.

King Heart.

King Heart is, in a way, the converse of the *Palace of Honour*. One is the negative of which the other is the positive, or, dropping the figure, one is an earlier version of the *Pilgrim's Progress* as a whole, and the other a blend of the *Holy War* and that portion of the *Pilgrim's Progress* which is concerned with Vanity Fair. We learn from *King Heart* what becomes of a man, who, swerving from the path of honour, resigns himself to the gratification of his own lusts. Heart is pictured as a gallant young man who sallies forth from his castle to do battle with Dame Pleasance and her followers, is defeated by her, and afterwards marries her. All goes well till Age approaches, when Dame Pleasance forsakes him, as do also his courtiers, Youthhead, Disport, and

Fresh Delight. His castle is now assailed by the horrid rout of Decrepitude; and King Heart, foreseeing the end, makes his testament, in which he bequeaths his palfrey, Unsteadfastness, to Queen Pleasance, his belly to Gluttony, his stomach to Rere-supper, and his conscience to Chastity for the purpose of scouring.

Douglas on Caxton.

Such performances as these, though they appear to have influenced Dunbar, would not have sufficed to gain Douglas the high position he has long occupied in his native literature. He owes, in fact, much more to his translation of Virgil, which is remarkable as being not only the first direct English translation of this particular author, but the first of any Greek or Latin classic with the exception of the *Metra* of Boethius. In the circumstances it was perhaps natural for Douglas to pour contempt on Caxton for his lame effort to supply the deficiency:

> Though William Caxton of English nation,
> In prose he print a book of English gross,
> Clepand (*calling*) it Virgil in Eneados,
> Which that he says of French he did translate;
> It has nothing ado therewith, God wate,
> Nor no more like than the Devil and Saint Austin.

The Translation of the Aeneid.

Later he returns to the attack of which this is only the commencement. There is nothing perfunctory about Douglas' methods of work. When he has done with the original Aeneid, he girds himself for a new and supererogatory task—that of turning into Scottish a thirteenth book written not by the divine Maro, but by one Maphaeus (the Latinized name of Maffeo Vegio, a humanist of Lodi), who had died as recently as 1458. Even this did not suffice. Douglas was not content with the ordinary labours of

translation, and so each book is introduced with an elaborate prologue, from the first of which the above quotation has been taken. To the student of poetry these prologues are by far the most interesting and valuable portions of the work. For beauty and power of description those of the seventh and twelfth books, the former dealing with bleak winter, and the latter with the contrasting joys of summer, may be selected as the most worthy, but there is not one but possesses some element of attraction, and, taken together, they betoken a degree of versatility hardly inferior to that of Dunbar himself. The metre of the translation is the heroic couplet, but the prologues are written in a variety of measures, and one of them, that of the eighth book, is an experiment in alliterative verse.

It is deserving of note that this performance represents a wider departure from the standard English of this or the preceding period than can be found in any other Scottish writing, and it is on that account of special importance to philologers. For the same reason, many of the passages will strike average readers as being so obscure as to be practically unintelligible; and they will observe with surprise that Douglas, though nearer in time, is nevertheless much harder than such authors as Henryson, or, going back still further, than Barbour. The truth is, this poet prides himself on writing, not English, but Scottish; and he has succeeded in differencing his language from that of the Southrons partly by Latin importations, which was done also by Dunbar, and partly by making huge drafts on the Scottish vernacular, just as Browning, *e.g.*, in his *Dramatic Idylls*, has thrown together a mass of vocables, collected Heaven knows from what sources. These native terms now for the first time become literary, and many of them are so recondite that even Scotsmen are fain to turn to their Virgil so as to learn

Scottice.

their exact signification. Douglas has such a command of these, often uncouth, expressions, that he piles up mountains of synonyms and homonyms in a way which, while creating respect for his affluence, really detracts from the merit of his poetry. No contrast can be greater than exists between the wild luxuriance of his more effusive utterances and the invariable restraint and statuesque severity of the poet he delighted to honour. Another contrast, hardly less noticeable, is presented by the *Seasons* of Douglas's own countryman, James Thomson, which poems, with all their undoubted distinction, are formed on the lines of literary convention.

It is a curious instance of the caprice of Fortune that the typical Scot, the doughty champion of his country's independence in letters and politics, was at last compelled to become a pensioner of England; but, before being plunged in this abysm of humiliation, he had risen to the crest of a somewhat tumultuous prosperity. In September, 1513, the freedom of the city of Edinburgh was conferred upon him; three weeks later Flodden Field robbed him not only of his King, but of his two elder brothers. His old father, the Earl, prostrated with grief, withdrew to a monastery in Galloway, where he died the following year; and the successor to the Earldom, Gawin Douglas's young nephew, the Master of Angus, in less than twelve months became the husband of the widowed Rose. As the result of this match the popularity of the family sustained a severe blow. They were suspected of too great a leaning towards the English connexion—in short, were held traitors. This unlucky state of affairs seriously retarded the good provost's promotion. If in June, 1514, he was nominated by Queen Margaret Abbot of Arbroath, and in October of the same year Archbishop of St. Andrews, it was only to find that her influence was

Evil Days.

unavailing, for when he would have taken possession, he was prevented by force of arms. Even when the Pope, at the instance of Henry VIII, Margaret's brother, appointed him Bishop of Dunkeld, the Duke of Albany did not scruple to confine him for a whole year in Edinburgh Castle; and after his release he was employed on diplomatic missions in England, so that he was able to see but little of his diocese.

In 1521 the mad hatred of the Regent for the family of Douglas blazed forth anew, and several of its members, including the bishop, were obliged to seek refuge in England. Misfortune succeeded misfortune. On the outbreak of war between the two countries in 1522, Douglas was deprived of the revenues of his see; charges were formulated against him at the Curia, and he was cited to Rome in order that he might answer them. Before he could comply he fell sick and died at the house of his friend Lord Dacre, at the comparatively early age of forty-eight. He was buried in September, 1522, in the church of the Savoy. Whilst in London he made the acquaintance of Polydore Vergil, whom he assisted in obtaining correct views of Scottish history. But their intimacy was soon cut short. 'I did not,' says this writer, 'long enjoy the fruition of this my friend, for in the year of our Lord MDXXII. he died of the plague.'

Death in England.

The last of the race of poets that flourished during the period of Scottish independence was Sir David Lyndsay, who has more in common with Dunbar than with Douglas, and is usually and rightly regarded as the former's most illustrious disciple. Of less importance as a poet, Lyndsay met with a much ampler share of this world's goods than the ever-seeking but seldom-finding Dunbar. Born about 1490, he was the son of a country gentleman, who was the possessor of an estate

Sir David Lyndsay.

called the Mount, not far from Cupar, the county town of Fife. In this town he was instructed in the rudiments of learning; and there also he must have witnessed the performance of mysteries and moralities on a spot called to this day the 'Play-field.' In 1505 he matriculated at St. Andrews, resided four years in the university, and then entered the service of the Court—presumably as a page. Here, we cannot doubt, he became acquainted with Dunbar; though, in view of the difference in their ages, the relations may not have been close.

From this point the career of the two poets ran on somewhat parallel lines; for if Dunbar was the crony of James IV, Lyndsay was no less the friend and adviser of his successor. The connection was formed quite early, since Lyndsay was appointed to an honourable office in the royal nursery; and, in later years, he quaintly reminded the King how he bore his grace on his back, as a chapman bears his pack, and sometimes straddling on his neck, and that

> The first syllables thou did mute
> Was 'Pa-Da-Lyn.'

In 1524 James, though only a boy of thirteen, was 'erected' King; and, four years afterwards, he shook himself free of guardians, including Angus, whom he had himself selected. Lyndsay, however, remained in close attendance, and in 1530 was designated Lyon King of Arms. In 1533 he married a certain Janet, and between 1531 and 1536 was engaged in diplomatic business abroad, twice in order that James V might be accommodated with a bride. The King died in 1542, but Lyndsay continued to serve his country, partly as an envoy to Holland and Denmark, and partly as member for Fifeshire in the Scottish parliament of 1542-1546. In the latter year, on the assas-

sination of Cardinal Beaton, he openly espoused the cause of the Reformation; and in 1547, at St. Andrew's Castle, encouraged Knox to take the lead in a spiritual and political campaign against Rome. In 1556 Lyndsay presided over a chapter of heralds, who had assembled to decide a difficult point in their science; the proper understanding of which he sought to advance by the composition of technical treatises. He seems to have spent his last days at the Mount, to which property he had succeeded whilst still a collegian, and to have died there in 1558.

Poet of the Scottish Reformation.

From Lyndsay's days we pass to his works, which, though not all of the same pattern, bear for the most part the same seal and impress. In his *Flyting* Walter Kennedy had called Dunbar a Lollard without, as far as can be seen, any special reason apart from that genial writer's natural antipathy to monks and friars. If Kennedy had lived to address Lyndsay by the abusive nickname, the epithet would have deservedly stuck, since Sir David, in the arena of letters, was a lion-like exponent of reform, so that we are compelled to wonder that in a time when luckless heretics were led to the stake, a man of his prominence, capable of uttering such brave words, escaped without harm or hurt. The powers, on which he pronounced such unqualified censure, were wont to retaliate not with verbal anathemas, but with brute force, yet not a hair of the poet's head was ever touched.

This was an age of transition, and, as might be expected, Lyndsay did not arrive at the revolutionary stage at a bound. Still it will be correct to think of him as before all else the poet of the Scottish Reformation; for it is precisely the element of political courage combined with moral earnestness that distinguishes Lyndsay from Dunbar, though for sheer brilliance and creative energy the older

writer remains unapproached. So far is this the case that the Scottish master had evidently ousted Chaucer as a pattern of style and source of immediate inspiration. What Chaucer was to King James I, and, in less degree, to Dunbar himself, that Dunbar was to Lyndsay and probably to many versifiers of the age—John Davidson, Alexander Cunningham, Earl of Glencairn, and others. For lack of evidence we cannot speak with certainty regarding the others, but with Lyndsay it is different. The volume of his writings has been preserved, and in it we can trace with something like botanical accuracy the unfolding of his literary life as an offset of the splendid genius that had blossomed with the *Thistle and the Rose.*

Lyndsay's *Dream.*

Lyndsay's first poetical effort of any importance is conjectured to have been his *Dream,* which has much that reminds us of Dunbar, from whom indeed he has taken the very title. The rhyme royal, in which the main body of the poem is written, shared by Dunbar with Chaucer and others, is the identical metre of the *Thistle and the Rose*; but more noteworthy in this respect is the nine-line stanza used in the epilogue—the stanza of the *Golden Targe.* The language, too, is so similar as to be almost coincident with that of Dunbar's court poetry. One may mention also the exhortation addressed to the young King and the attacks on the clergy, both echoes of notes previously sounded by Dunbar. The scenes in hell, to which Lyndsay boldly assigns reverend ill-doers, and other descriptions, have been compared with passages in two thirteenth-century Old French poems, *La Voie ou Le Songe d'Enfer,* by Raoul de Houdanc, and its continuation, *La Voie de Paradis*; but it does not seem beyond the bounds of possibility that the spiritual pilgrimage on which the dreamer sets out under the conduct of Dame Remembrance and John Commonweal, may have been sug-

gested, at any rate in part, by Dante's *Comedy*, either directly or indirectly through 'Dant in English' (Lydgate), or, in other words, Chaucer's *House of Fame*. Dunbar, too, saw Heaven and Hell in the *Dance of the Seven Sins*. Of John the Commonweal we shall hear again; he was Lyndsay's Piers Plowman.

The *Complaint*. The *Complaint*, which is next perhaps in point of time and was composed apparently in 1529, is somewhat closely modelled on Dunbar's kindred verse, more especially his *Solistaris at Court* and *To the King*. The octosyllabic metre and the contents alike correspond. The motive is a double one. Lyndsay, after all his faithful services, feels himself a little neglected; while he glances back with disdain and indignation on the prelates and temporal lords, from whose undesirable tutelage the King had but lately effected his escape. As regards the former he contests their right to interfere at all with secular concerns.

> Why should they mell with court or session,
> Except it were in spiritual things?

Nothing can be more caustic and humorous than the conclusion in which he requests the loan of two thousand pounds, promising to repay when spiritual persons no longer seek after honours and dignities, women after rule, or when a winter passes without rain, frost and snow, or at the latest a week after Doomsday. All these conditions may be regarded as equally favourable to the borrower.

Papingo and the *Complaint of Bagshe*. Dunbar's influence is no less discernible in several of the shorter poems, of which the most notable are the *Testament and Complaint of our Sovereign Lord's Papingo* and the *Complaint of Bagshe*. The master, not only in the *Thistle and the Rose*, but in *The Tod and the Lamb*, and in

his two satirical poems addressed to James Doig, had adopted the form of the animal fable, under which thin disguise he portrays more or less vividly human personages. Without perhaps intending to indicate special actors on the stage of Scottish politics, Lyndsay seizes on this ancient type of parable to enforce his rapidly crystallizing views on the state of the nation. In the *Testament of the Papingo* the heroine is the King's parrot, which being 'right fat and not well used to fly' falls from the top of the tree she had climbed and is mortally hurt. A raven, a kite, and a magpie, personifying religious orders, swoop down to confess her and profit by her bequests; and this enables the poet to introduce a tirade against the clergy, who are so devoted to Dame Sensual that they

> Thought but pain poor people for to teach.

The *Complaint of Bagshe* concerns rather the Court than the commonalty. It professes to recount the experience of an old hound so named, who had been discarded to make room for a new favourite. Bagshe had not been a good dog, so, having barely escaped the rope, he desires to warn his successor against similar abuse of his day of power. This was written in 1536, in which year also he wrote an *Answer to the King's Flyting*. James, in a poem now lost, had twitted Lyndsay with his strait-laced sentiments concerning chastity, and this is the courtier's playful rejoinder.

Kitty's Confession.

Kitty's Confession is also Lyndsay's. In the *Testament of the Papingo* he had shown that his position differed from that of Dunbar, who, like Chaucer, had attacked the corruptions of churchmen without for that reason ceasing to be orthodox in his beliefs and sound in his attachment to the forms and institutions of the Church. From assailing the celibacy of the priests,

in which he discovers the principal cause of their immorality, he, in *Kitty's Confession*, proceeds to mine another stronghold of Roman practice, which is also, in his opinion, another cause of clerical, and indeed laical, indulgence of the flesh. Although the poem winds up with praise of the confessional, as it was conducted in old times of godly innocence, he has clearly been forced to the conclusion that, in the prevailing dissoluteness of manners, it is expedient that females should confess their sins to the 'great God Omnipotent,' who alone could absolve them, instead of subjecting themselves to the gross impertinences of a father confessor's string of questions, to say nothing of the peril of hypocritical company, which was neither small nor rare.

Various. *A Supplication in Contemption of Side Tails* is a humorous indictment of the fashion of wearing long trains —a fashion which had taken possession not only of court ladies, but even of nuns. Merely mentioning the *Deploration of Queen Magdalene*, the consumptive bride of King James, and the eldest daughter of the French King Francis; and the *Jousting between James Watson and John Barbour*, plainly suggested by one of Dunbar's poems and composed in honour of Queen Magdalene's successor, let us proceed to what is beyond question the brightest and most popular of Lyndsay's poetical attempts—his *Squire Meldrum*. In this we escape for the moment the rather oppressive atmosphere of theological controversy and breathe the cool, sweet air of romance which is yet not all romance. The adventures of the worthy squire both in love and war, though founded in some measure on fact, are of the most exaggerated description, but the internal consistency of the poem and its joyous disregard of mere probability soon produce a sense of sympathy for the hero, who, if enjoying more than his fair share of the

martialist's luck, and not over nice in his morals, redeems all by the superb defiance of his last fight, in which he approves himself every whit as stout as Withrington in *Chevy Chase*. In pure charm none of Lyndsay's poems equals this gay and gallant rhyme, and it is all his own, for we may search in vain among Dunbar's genuine compositions for a model, the nearest approach to it being perhaps the hilarious *Friars of Berwick*, once ascribed to him, but now considered to be of different authorship. *Squire Meldrum* is written in short couplets—the traditional metre for narrative poems in the days before Chaucer, and certainly the best that could be chosen for so sprightly a composition. No specimen could do justice to the merits of the poem, which requires to be read through in order to be properly appreciated. One of its most conspicuous marks is the incessant *élan* with which episode after episode is retailed, and one may well believe that Lyndsay was thinking of his own aim and ideal when he wrote of the 'pleasant dulce talking' of the young squire.

Squire Meldrum.

As a master of many rhythms Dunbar had displayed a genius for versification by no means equalled by his disciple, who for the most part confined himself to such conventional forms as rhyme royal and yet royaller rhyme of the *Golden Targe*, the short couplet, heroic verse, and so forth. Still Lyndsay manifests considerable insight into the right use of metres, always selecting those which are by nature best adapted to the particular theme, and in his longer poems, *e.g.*, the *Satire of the Three Estates* and *The Monarchy*—varying the rhythms in conformity with changes in the subject-matter. It may be added that in these more extensive works Dunbar's influence is not so apparent as in the poems of which account has been already taken.

Metres.

The *Satire* is a 'morality,' the first and the last in Scottish literature. The general character of morality plays will be examined in another place; here some idea of their quality may be gathered from this example, the performance of which, including an interval for refreshments, occupied no less than nine hours. It speaks well for the endurance of the king and his court that they sat out this long play, which bristles with allusions to contemporary abuses, and contains not a few jests offensive to good taste. In spite of that the *Satire of the Three Estates* is a moral drama of tremendous energy and efficacy, inasmuch as the allegorical characters, amongst whom we again find John the Commonweal, are as real as any of Langland's; and the uncompromising exposure of all that was rotten in the State and detestable in the Church must have produced an instant and lasting impression on the king and the higher orders no less than on the auditory of common people. Pinkerton's remark, therefore, that 'Sir David was more the reformer of Scotland than John Knox; for he had prepared the ground, and John only sowed the seed', is hardly an exaggeration. John Commonweal actually promulgates, as in Parliament, certain proposals for the reformation of the country, and in 1540—the very year in which the play was performed before king, queen, and council—a moderate act was passed by the Estates for abating 'the unhonesty and misrule of kirkmen baith in wit, knowledge and manners.'

The *Satire of the Three Estates.*

This brings us to the somewhat complex question of the date of the play. Tradition affirms that it was first acted in the Play Field at Cupar in 1535, but there is absolutely nothing that can be called evidence to support this belief, and Laing frankly renounces it. 'I do not,' he says, 'hesitate to assert that it was first exhibited at Linlithgow at

the feast of Epiphany on the 6th of January, 1539-40, in the presence of the King, Queen, the Bishops, and a great concourse of people.'

As a spectacle there can be little question of its effectiveness, for the manifold distinctions of the real world are thrown into sharp contrast in this microcosm, in which Chastity and Verity, essentially court ladies, rub shoulders with such harridans as the tailor's and the shoemaker's wife, whose conversation is much in the style of Dunbar's gossips.

The Monarchy.

Lyndsay's last great effort was *The Monarchy*, in which he returns to the stately manner of his *Dream*. Once more it is a glad May morning, which is described at length and in a way that may well be thought to prelude a romantic tale rather than a world-epic—an anomaly which the poet, to do him justice, perceives and acknowledges. Lyndsay is in a thoroughly pious mood, and betakes himself to Calvary, where he prays to be bathed in the fountain of Christ's blood, and thereafter to write nothing save to His high honour. All this in the prologue. In the first book he encounters in the park old Father Experience, who unravels to him the whole course of the world's destiny from the fall of Adam to the ultimate reign of Christ, and Lyndsay determines to commit the recital to paper in the vulgar tongue. The narrative is interrupted by occasional question and answer, and by digressions on the state of things in Lyndsay's own time, which, in his view, had touched the nadir of degeneracy.

We find in *The Monarchy* hardly any new ideas, and Lyndsay has no fear of repeating himself. For example, we have once more brought under our notice the hard case of the poor man ridden by the Vicar, who, as Pauper, had expounded his wrongs in the *Satire of the Three Estates*.

At his father's death the best cow had gone as perquisite to the Vicar, who, when his mother died, claimed the next best beast. His wife Meg pines away for very sorrow of heart, and soon a third cow will fall to the vicar, to say nothing of the outer garments, the portion of the clerk. That was Pauper's story. In *The Monarchy* this crucial instance of ecclesiastical oppression is again brought forward with the difference that a case is supposed in which the survivors would be orphan children, cast on the mercy of the world.

It is by the constant iteration of notions which had become solid, indestructible convictions that Lyndsay hoped to advance his ethical, religious, and political aims, but in this and other ways he sacrificed his potential greatness as a poet. The idea of *The Monarchy*, vaultingly ambitious, could hardly be reduced to effective presentation owing to historical vagueness and resultant lack of colour. To-day it might be different, but Lyndsay knew little about Babylon, and, had he known more, he must have passed, before he had time to make the Babylonian empire real, to the other monarchies, whose downfall he purposed to record, and which would have had the same title to accurate portrayal. The best part of the poem is the prologue, and, after that, those passages of prophetic earnestness in which he lashes the depravity of his age. The rest is relatively tame, dull, and poverty-stricken. Lyndsay is emphatically one of those writers who, on the whole, shine most in selections, his *Squire Meldrum* being, as we have implied, an exception. He had talents of a far higher order than Gower, the satirist of Plantagenet England, but in him, as in Gower, the moralist was forever disputing with the poet for expression and supremacy, and in his latter days had fairly arrived at the throne of his soul. However, his romance, a model of elegant and brave narration, will always

live to remind us of what he might have achieved in times less afflicted by the consciousness of social, political, and ecclesiastical turpitudes.

Squire Meldrum again.

We have said that *Squire Meldrum* deserves to be fully perused, but it seems unsatisfactory to bid adieu to this writer without having given a single quotation from his best poem. Here, then, is a description of the parting of the lovers:

> Yet something will we commune 'mair'
> Of this lady, which made great care,
> Which to the squier was more pain
> Nor all his woundis, in certain.
> And then her friendis did conclude,
> Because she might do him no good,
> That she should take her leave and go
> Till her country; and she did so.
> But thir (*those*) lovers met never again,
> Which was to them a lasting pain;
> For she against her will, was 'maryit.'
> Wherethrough her 'weird' she daily 'waryit'
> Howbeit her body was absent,
> Her tender heart was aye present,
> Both night and day, with her 'Squiar.'
> Was never creature that made such care.
> Penelope for Ulysses,
> I wot, had never more distress;
> Nor Cressid for true Troilus
> Was not tenth part so dolorous.
> I wot it was against her heart
> That she did from her love depart.
> Helen had not so mickle noy,
> When she perforce was brought to Troy
> I leave her, then, with heart full sore,
> And speak now of this Squier more.

CHAPTER V.

THE SPENSERIAN VANGUARD.

Three Poets under Two Kings.

The trinity of poets who between them share the chief honours of the reigns of Henry VII and Henry VIII illustrate three types of their order. The first, Stephen Hawes, is a court-poet with a high moral tendency; the second, Alexander Barclay, is a priest, orthodox in doctrine and a rigorous censor of his fallible fellows, while Skelton, though of the court, is in his truest manner not courtly. Neither is he a satirist, in Barclay's style, but rather when he is most sincere, most himself, a pasquiler. Of the three, Skelton, who could turn his hand to anything, was the most talented. One may even claim for him some degree of genius, for he elevated doggerel into a fine art and invented a species of verse so characteristically his own as to be called after him. There are, however, good reasons for dismissing the question of intellectual priority and treating these writers in the succession named.

Stephen Hawes.

Concerning Hawes we hear something, not very definite or certain, from Anthony à Wood, the gossip of Oxford, who conjectures that he was a Suffolk man, one of the Hawes of Hawes in the Bushes. If this was so, it will help to explain a notable idiosyncrasy of the poet, who laboured under the delusion, not indeed confined to him, that Lydgate was an extraordinarily great writer, well worthy to be followed as a

model and only to be mentioned in accents of timid veneration. Now Lydgate was of Suffolk and probably, in Hawes' boyhood, the glory of the county. Anthony à Wood goes on to affirm that the poet studied at Oxford, though no register shows that he took a degree; and that on quitting the University he set out on a sort of grand tour, embracing Scotland and the Continent, haunting especially 'receptacles of good letters' and returning a complete gentleman and master of several languages. With such excellent recommendations, what wonder that he gained admission to the court of Henry VII and was appointed groom of the chamber to that monarch? Owing to his 'facetious discourse' and 'prodigious memory' he rose high in the opinion of his royal master; and, when Henry VIII followed his father on the throne, he received from him also marks of esteem. Speaking first of Henry VII, it has been observed of this sovereign that, while extravagance was not a fault that could be fairly laid at his door, his household accounts prove that he could be liberal to the nobler sort of parasite. To Master Bernard, a blind poet less famous than the Scottish Harry and otherwise forgotten, was paid the sum of a hundred shillings, presumably in recognition of his poetical accomplishments; and Hawes is the subject of similar entries. 'For a ballet that he gave to the King's grace' he obtained from the seventh Henry ten shillings. When Henry's queen died—it was in 1502—four yards of black cloth were presented to Hawes, that he might make a becoming appearance in mourning weeds. But when in 1509 the King himself was laid to rest in dull cold marble, Hawes was apparently forgotten in the apportionment of funeral cloth—a small instance, perhaps, of the truth

Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on prince's favours!

But if a Pharaoh had arisen that knew him not, Hawes did not accept these things as necessary or permanent. Again the accounts speak, informing us that Henry VIII or his deputy assessed a play of his at exactly seven pounds, thirteen shillings and four pence, or, in other words, eleven marks and a half.

The date of the poet's birth is unknown, and that of his death is hardly more certain, although there is a fair degree of probability that the will of one Stephen Hawes, who had property at Aldborough, was that of our Stephen Hawes. This was proved in the Archdeaconry court of Suffolk on January 16th, 1523, and the testator bequeathed his earthly possessions to his wife Katherine, so that on this assumption the poet was married. In Thomas Felde's *Conversation between a Lover and a Jay*, published in 1530, 'young Stephen Hawes,' who had 'treated of love so clerkly and so well,' is spoken of as dead. At the time of his decease he was perhaps forty-six or so, and, seemingly, the last ten years of his life had yielded little in the shape of literary production. From Wynkyn de Worde's edition we learn that the *Pastime of Pleasure* was written in the twenty-first year of Henry VII (1505-6), when Hawes was literally a young man; and, as we have said, his literary career appears to have closed at the age of thirty-six, when he retired to the peaceful seclusion of his Suffolk home, where, perchance, he acquired local fame as an authority on polled cattle and Southdowns.

As to Hawes' extraordinary retentiveness, Anthony à Wood tells us that it 'did appear evidently in this, that he could repeat by heart most of our English poets, especially John Lydgate, Monk of Bury, whom he made equal in some respects with Geoffrey Chaucer.' This statement is assuredly true, as is shown, for instance, in the prologue of the *Example of Virtue*, and although a tribute of admira-

tion cannot be withheld from a memory as powerful as Macaulay's, we are at the same time compelled to recognize that taste in literature was still undeveloped. Hawes was, in this sense at least, a child of his time. Ten Brink, indeed, holds that the very modesty of his achievements may be set down in part to the spirit of repose that took possession of the nation on the conclusion of the War of the Roses, and is the poetical counterpart of the practical, unheroic temper of its ruler.

The *Pastime of Pleasure.*

The work by which Hawes is best known to posterity is his *History of Grand Amour and La Belle Pucelle, called the Pastime of Pleasure.* At first sight this might seem to promise a romance of the Isolde type, but the finish of the title is disillusioning. 'Containing,' it says, 'the Knowledge of the Seven Sciences and the Course of Man's Life in this World.' This makes us certain that we are in another circle of ideas, and whatever the fable may turn out to be, we know now that it will be, rather more than less, a species of lay-figure for the display of moral and intellectual bravery. Still, ourselves were lacking in discernment, should we find neither interest nor value in the clumsily advertised poem. For here, unfolded to our view, is a fifteenth-century clerk's interpretation of life in its higher aspects; and the truth cannot be repeated too insistently that no changes or improvements in material environment have altered the essentials of conduct which remain precisely what they were then. Now, as then, when we stand in the fair meadow of youth, there extend before us the divergent paths of the Active and the Contemplative Life. For most it is no longer a question of shutting themselves up in a cloister; a measure of activity is exacted by pressing needs or the duties of a certain station, in consequence of which absorption in contemplation or study is possible

only within limits. Yet the difference in temperaments renders the distinction eternal, elemental.

However, Grand Amour has no inclination for the noiseless tenour of conventional discipline; he pronounces for the Active Life. Fame brings him tidings of La Belle Pucelle, and she, or what she represents, becomes henceforth the object to the acquisition of which all his efforts are directed. First he must betake himself to the Tower of Doctrine, whose daughters, the Seven Sciences, are mediaeval equivalents of the Muses. We shudder at their collective appellations, Trivium and Quadrivium, but one of the latter bevy inspires a passage on which St. Cecily herself might bestow a benison. The hero discovers Music playing on an organ in the tower, and is by her introduced to the charming Pucelle, with whom he holds loving discourse and dances. Here, surely, is a subject for a Pre-Raffaelite painter! The fair creature is only a momentary visitor. All too soon she departs for her far-away home, and Grand Amour has to pass through many a tough adventure before he can obtain her hand. But on the whole—and the point seems important—his course of life is prospered by Fortune. He meets with no stunning or incurable reverses; and the poet, when setting him a stern task, takes care to provide him with extraordinary means for achieving success. Thus the companionship of Godfrey Gobilive, a sorry customer who strives to poison his mind against the fair, is effectually counteracted by Lady Correction with her knotted whip, who identifies him as an escaped prisoner from the Tower of Chastity. So, too, when he has to quell the three-headed giant, Falsehood-Imagination-Perjury, he has his trenchant blade Claraprudence to do it with. A stormy voyage brings him to the islet of La Pucelle, where a worse fight awaits him, and Claraprudence alone would not have availed against his monstrous adversary, but, the sword

having been smeared with the ointment of Pallas, all goes well, and the hero, after a gracious reception, is wedded the next morn to the lady of his quest by Lex Ecclesiae, or the Law of the Church.

At this point a common romancer, whose sole aim was to please, would doubtless have checked his lay, for, the harmony of life having been established, there would have been nothing more to say, and any addition would have seemed an anti-climax. Hawes, however, with his philosophic bent and outlook, could not conceal from himself, or his readers, that all human bliss is by its very nature brittle and transitory, and, like the Scottish maker, he requires us to accompany his hero into the chilly scenes of age, with its infirmities and temptations. No special originality marks this portion of the poem, which, in an artistic sense, might well have been omitted. It may be remarked, however, that Grand Amour is mercifully preserved from the moral disfigurements incidental to advanced life, which is further evidence that in the *Pastime of Pleasure* Hawes does not reflect common experience, never so scrupulously guarded from disabling falls and mortifying failures. He takes the view that the highest type of character, like the highest type of physical beauty, can only be evolved under favouring conditions, actually realized in the case of a fortunate minority, to whom the world is rather a palaestra than an arena or a battlefield. For the vast majority immersed in what is called the realities of life, who rise early and late take rest, and whose ideals, be they what they may, are too often shattered by contact with joyless facts and the narrowing adamantine wall of circumstance, these pleasant studies have no message, and hardly any meaning. Truth to tell, Hawes writes for the gilded youth. The *Pastime of Pleasure* is a court-poem.

This accounts for the air of unbounded leisure which

marks it. It is not every son or daughter of Adam who will bear with, much less derive amusement from, the quaint stanzas in which Hawes, led captive by an ill-regulated enthusiasm for the minutiae of learning, describes with animation a lesson of good Dame Grammar:

> 'Madam,' quoth I, 'forasmuch as there be
> Eight parts of speech, I would know right fain
> What a noun substantive is in his degree,
> And wherefore it is so callèd certain.'
> To whom she answered right gently again,
> Saying alway that a noun substantive
> Might stand without help of an adjective.
>
> The Latin word which that is referred
> Unto a thing which is substantial
> For a noun substantive is well averred,
> And with a gender is declinal.
> So all the eight parts in general
> Are Latin words, annexèd properly
> To every speech, for to speak formally.

It is only fair to add that the *Pastime of Pleasure* is not throughout of this quality, since it includes passages of spirited description. Warton, indeed, no mean judge, is disposed to think highly of the composition. 'This poem,' he says, 'contains no common touches of romantic or allegorical fiction; the personifications are often happily sustained, and indicate the writer's familiarity with the Provincial school.' And comparing him with his master and model, he declares, 'Hawes has added new graces to Lydgate's manner.' Ellis notwithstanding, there is no sort of doubt as to the general soundness of these criticisms, although they must not be understood to imply blindness to Hawes' defects, which are partly personal, and partly those of his age and school.

The *Example of Virtue* is a poem written, like the *Pastime of Pleasure*, in Chaucerian stanza, and is of much the same form and character. It is, if possible, even more courtly in tone, but, on the other hand, it is more distinctively Christian. With a few modifications the *Pastime of Pleasure* might pass as a presentment of the highest pagan philosophy, but the *Example* is deeply tinged with mediaeval asceticism, and in it virtue almost spells virginity. Again the hero is a youth surrounded by every sort of helpful nurture. Nature, Fortune, Hardiness (or Courage), Wisdom, Discretion—with such dames to counsel him, could youth go astray? Discretion is his first mentor. He meets her, a beauteous lady of middle height and clad in garments glistering with pearls, in a lovely mead enamelled with flowers and shaded with trees. Next, the scene changes to a haven, and Discretion conveys her charge on the sea of vainglory to a wealthy island—all gold and gems and diamonds. Of the opulent allegory that follows—as opulent almost as this Eldorado—we can furnish but a faint impression, and the pity is that the moral element is always so aggressively evident, or that modern taste has grown so intolerant of this special blend of instruction and entertainment. 'Twere easy to imagine that a child, or a person of childlike intellect, might suck infinite gratification from the perusal of the *Example of Virtue*, which lacks neither variety nor incident, and abounds in little cameos. Hawes, if he had no splendid gift of imagination, was endowed with a prolific fancy which enabled him to vie with Dante in symbolic profusion.

The *Example of Virtue*.

The knight, like his comrade in the *Pastime of Pleasure*, is encouraged to persevere in the path of Discretion by the promise of a glorious bride—the Princess Cleanness (or Purity), but before he wins her, he has attained the age of

sixty! In spite of this fact, the elderly, but still hale and hearty suitor, is not suffered to clasp the prize without a final test of his merit. He may not be excused a fight with the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, consolidated in the form of a dragon with three heads, whose lair is a foul black marsh at the foot of the heavenly hill. For this dreadful encounter he is armed in the manner prescribed by St. Paul, and, though not without sore difficulty, emerges from it victorious. This is one of the earliest premonitions of Spenser, for, doubt it not, the dragon is the same loathsome fiend with which the Red Cross knight has to battle in the *Faëry Queen.*

But if Hawes anticipates Spenser, he also looks back to the father of his line—Geoffrey Chaucer—seeing that on her wedding morn Cleanness presents her lover with a marguerite or daisy:

> Which is a flower right sweet and precious,
> Indued with beauty and much virtuous.

Clearly Hawes had not forgotten the prologue of the the *Legend of Good Women,* nor, perhaps, is this his only reminiscence. Another suggestion that may have come from the same source is the name of the bride's father—the King of Love.

The marriage rite is now celebrated. In a chapel richly dight, with high embowered roof aflame with emeralds and rubies, assembles a strange congregation of angelical substances, personified virtues, and beatified humanity. Bede is there, and Lady Prayer, and Michael, Gabriel, and their fellows,

> To help Saint Peter the masses to sing.

The holy ceremony is succeeded by a nuptial feast, whither the bride is conducted by a pair of venerable

Anglo-Saxon kings—St. Edmund the Martyr and St. Edward the Confessor. Virtue, with a sexagenarian's longing for quietude, now requests to be shown the more perfect garden whereof Cleanness had told him earlier, and after a vision of the nether regions and those who had come to be denizens of the same by reason of lasciviousness and pride, he is caught up with the whole celestial retinue to the palace of the King of Love. The poem variously concludes with a prayer for the King, the Queen-Mother, and Prince Henry; gratulations on the reconciling of the Roses, White and Red; and appeals to the mighty departed, Gower and Chaucer and Lydgate, to intercede with the Almighty for the illumination of their rude successor.

The poem must have been composed after 1502, or mention would have occurred of Prince Arthur, who died in that year. Otherwise there appears to be no clue as to the date of the allegory.

Two other writings of Stephen Hawes must be recorded: his *Conversion of Swearers* and his *Joyful Meditation on the Coronation of Henry VIII.* The former, a protest against profanity, is chiefly remarkable for a metrical experiment of gradually expanding stanzas, which may be ingenious, but has nothing to recommend it on the score of rhythm or propriety. Later English literature can show plenteous examples of mechanically constructed verse, which reminds one of nothing so much as the lopping of trees and clipping of poodles, in order to produce an artificial configuration. And it is hardly creditable to Hawes to have created the precedent.

The *Conversion of Swearers.*

The *Joyful Meditation*, introduced by the customary tribute to Lydgate and a note of self-disparagement—Hawes had never dwelt near Helicon—embodies at least one singular feature, in that the avarice of the late King is frankly envisaged. That it

The *Joyful Meditation.*

is also apologized for, may under the circumstances be taken for granted.

Hawes' place in Literature.

As a versifier Hawes cannot be rated high, although Ten Brink credits him with a decided talent for the art. It is possible, as he suggests, that Wynkyn de Worde's type-setters may have corrupted the text, and this more especially in the case of the *Example of Virtue*, but it is certain that Hawes, in common with the other poets, experienced the disorganizing effects of a rapid change in pronunciation combined with a desire to maintain the traditions of the school to which he belonged. From a writer thus situated it would be as unreasonable to expect attractive rhythm as to demand faultless music from a performer whose instrument is becoming more and more out of tune. A noticeable point in the *Pastime of Pleasure* which proves Hawes to have been not without feeling for the metrical fitness of things, is the transition from the stately stanza, when the interlude of Godfrey Gobilive would give an air of parody to the measure, to the easy 'riding rhyme' of the *Canterbury Tales*.

Taking a wider view of his place in the economy of literature, we cannot fail to mark two of its features. The first is his relation to the contemporary morality play, for which he has all the materials, and from which he is separated only by his abjuration of dialogue and scenery. The second is the way he prefigures Spenser. When the *Faëry Queen* was inditing, chivalry, as a social institution, was dead, and all its romantic associations were requisitioned for the service of allegory. In Hawes's time it still lingered in some attenuated form, but was already enjoying the sort of regard always willingly paid to that never-dying type—the gentleman of the old school. Hawes was the first of English moralists to exploit the paraphernalia of

the feudal system in the interest of symbolism. Langland's ploughman, hitherto the accepted mouthpiece of moral wisdom, is now definitely deposed in favour of the better-born and better-educated knight, who fights no more for human damsel with human name, but for a visionary entity. He himself also is dissolved into an abstraction—Grand Amour.

Alexander Barclay.

Alexander Barclay, to whom we next pass, was almost certainly a Scot. Both Christian and surname bespeak a northern origin, and a writer not very far distant from his own time—Dr. William Bullein—unhesitatingly locates his birthplace 'beyond the cold river of Tweed.' However, the latter question cannot be regarded as determined. Other authorities, such as Bale and Holinshed, had been content to say 'Scot,' which is consistent with a different interpretation. He might have been born anywhere on the face of the planet without forfeiting his nationality. In his first eclogue Barclay himself alludes to an early residence at Croydon,

> While I in youth in Croydon town did dwell,

and stress has been laid on the fact that his first preferment was at Ottery St. Mary in Devonshire, from which it has been conjectured that he may have been a native of that county. As against this evidence we must set a certain infusion of Scottish terms in his vocabulary and the passage in praise of James IV in his *Ship of Fools*, which would not have proceeded so naturally from one who was virtually an Englishman as from a liegeman of his own. There is, at any rate, no doubt that later Barclay was thoroughly domesticated in England, which was for all the purposes of life his country. The date of his birth cannot be precisely fixed. Probably the event occurred about the year 1474. Whether Barclay studied at Oxford or Cambridge

has not transpired, but he knew something of the latter university, since in his first eclogue we meet with the words 'Once in Cambridge I heard a scholar say.' Moreover, he allows that he had visited Trumpington. When he translates Sallust, he assumes the style of 'Sir,' which may be tantamount to B.A.; and in his last will and testament he figures as a full-blown Doctor of Divinity. Barclay, however, was an extensive traveller, and it is not impossible that he obtained these degrees abroad. His first eclogue preserves the names of many an English town, from Berwick in the north to Dover in the south, in which he had set foot; and Rouen, Paris, and Florence were cities of his remembrance. To this it may be added that Barclay's earliest literary effort, evidently the fruit of his Continental wandering, was an anonymous translation, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1506, of Pierre Gringoire's *Château de Labour*, which had been published some seven years before.

For a would-be man of letters there was then no satisfactory prospect outside the Church; and Barclay was doubtless well pleased to accept the office of chaplain at the College of St. Mary Ottery, founded nearly two centuries before by the, locally, great Bishop Grandisson. The warden of the college was Thomas Cornish, suffragan Bishop of Bath and Wells; and to him, as his principal, Barclay dedicated his famous translation of Brant's *Ship of Fools*, which he accomplished in 1508 and which was published by Pynson at the close of the following year—the year, by the way, of Henry the Eighth's accession.

Brant's *Narrenschiff*.

The author of the Suabian *Narrenschiff* was still in the flesh, and not even an old man, but his work was already classical. It had been turned into Latin under the name of *Navis Stultifera* by Jacob Locker, and thence into French by Pierre Rivière of Poitiers, not to mention a Low German version.

An English translation yet lacked, and that was now forthcoming. It is no disparagement of Barclay's linguistic talents to assume that he made as free use of the renderings as of the original; indeed, he informs us that he translated the poem 'out of Latin, French, and Dutch into English tongue'; and of the three languages we can fancy that he found Latin the most serviceable, especially as he gives it the first place in his list. Nor does Barclay dissemble another circumstance by no means slight or unimportant —namely, that he boldly inserted new matter of his own, so that the poem, as it left him, was very distinctly Brant's *Ship of Fools* with variations.

One of the chief attractions of the original was its series of woodcuts, which Brant himself may have designed, and which consisted of sensational character-drawings of all sorts and conditions of fools to the number of one hundred and fourteen. These drawings were copied by Pynson, some being practically reproduced, and in this way Barclay was enabled to profit by a device which, quite as much as the poetry, had made the fortune of Brant's essay on man. With this last we have no further concern further than to point out that it was suggested by the carnival processions of Shrove Tuesday. On such occasions one of the pageants perambulating the streets was not seldom a waggon, on which was supported a ship with a crew of harlequins.

The English *Ship of Fools.*

On turning to Barclay's adaptation—for the translation is anything rather than scrupulous or exact —one is immediately reminded of Carlyle's celebrated dictum branding his fellow-countrymen as 'mostly fools.' This severe estimate had been, in a large measure, forestalled by Barclay, who announces in his prose prologue that his purpose and desire is 'to cleanse the vanity and madness of foolish people, of which over-great number is in this realm of England.' Unlike

the original, which is written in the conventional octosyllabic couplet, Barclay employs Chaucerian stanzas in the main, though some of the fools are fitted with special metres for the sake of variety. What led Barclay to select the stanza-form for his poem is not certain. It may have been merely its vogue, or he may have deliberately intended a burlesque. At any rate, one result was to render the poem more distinctively English. Barclay, however, knew of other, and perhaps better, methods of naturalization, such as, for instance, the insertion of the names of insular localities, London, Hull, and so forth. As he imposed on himself no vow of literal fidelity, confessing indeed that he added and subtracted as he judged fit, we might reasonably look for specimen fools surprised in their Westcountry habitat, and in this expectation we are not disappointed. More than once in the course of the poem he alludes to one Mansell of Ottery, apparently a dishonest tailor who, he says, 'polled' the poor, adding that were it not for his great belly, he should have an oar in the Ship of Fools. In a later passage Mansell is associated with a certain Soper, of the same craft and mystery, and with Robin Hill (a common name in that mountainous country) is promised a berth in a Universal Ship which looms on Barclay's penal imagination. The poet has an abundance of fools, paraded in no particular order, but, while recognizing the wide extent of the epidemic, he is not seduced into caricaturing worth when satisfied of its genuineness. For Sir John Kirkham, sheriff of Devon in 1507 and 1523, he prescribes instant manumission, dismissing him in terms of generous applause and humble subjection:

> My master, Kirkham, for his perfèct meeknèss
> And supportation of men in poverty,
> Out of my ship shall worthily be free

I flatter not—I am his true servitour,
His chaplain and his bedeman while life shall endure,
Requiring God to exalt him to honoùr
And of his prince's favour to be sure;
For, as I have said, I know no creatùre
More manly and righteous, more discreet and sad.
But though he be good, yet others are as bad.

Barclay's conception of a fool is, to a great extent, the Scriptural one, since he is impressed with the idea that covetousness, in its different forms, is the most glaring and general manifestation of mental instability. In the eyes of the world the typical fool is a man who neglects opportunities of gain and self-advancement, but the ship-master declines to make riches the standard of wisdom. A young man who marries an old woman for her money is, in his estimation, as wanting in sense as the proverbial old fool, who is depicted in this work arrayed in a fool's cap, with a staff in each hand, and one foot in the grave. The poet does not except himself from the long list of the indiscreet; he knows and deplores that he is indolent, which is to be unwise. This attitude does not characterize many of his companions, who are either blind or recklessly indifferent. They are enslaved by avarice or pleasure or a reprobate mind, which will not pause to consider its ways. The folly of some of these people is transparent, and such as other fools will readily contemn. Everyone, for instance, must perceive the silliness of 'chargeable curiosity,' symbolized by a fool stooping beneath the burden of the world. Addison has sketched such a character in his *Political Upholsterer*. Again, the misfortune of a temper easily incensed at trifles, though Charles Lamb archly demurs, must be evident enough to the possessor. But a very large proportion of the fools are so only in a technical or spiritual sense. Priests and clerks, who tell gestes of Robin Hood in

the choir, are doubtless fools before God, but not necessarily before man. If superior authority makes them suffer for their levity, if they lose their cures, then they become fools-in-ordinary. As regards this poem, sin and folly are for the most part convertible terms; and, apart from it, it may be conceded that vice of all kinds denotes intellectual as well as moral imperfection. But the converse will not hold. Not all folly is criminal, and when Barclay inveighs against dancing and serenading and suchlike amusements, he is unconsciously weighing them against the 'heavenly life' of monk and friar when conformed to their rule. There is not much of toleration in the poem, which amounts to an indictment, but Barclay, or his author, contrives to say many shrewd things, including some telling criticisms on the diseases of society and the corruptions rampant in the Church. Who would suspect that the gibe of the 'fool of the family' being selected for holy orders was already current in the sixteenth century?

Barclay's Eclogues.

Of Barclay's remaining works the most important is his set of eclogues. If we except Henryson's *Robin and Makyn*, of which an account has been given previously, Barclay's quintette represents the first serious experiment in English pastoral poetry; and, though less popular than his *Ship of Fools*, it will be judged to possess far higher literary value. The story of the poems is a little romantic. They appear to have been originally composed in early life, after which they were mislaid, and more than one fruitless search was made for them. Meanwhile the writer had passed from Ottery St. Mary to the great Benedictine monastery at Ely, where the missing eclogues—three of them, at any rate—were discovered. These were published without date or imprint. A fourth was printed by Richard Pynson, and a fifth by Wynkyn de Worde. Like their predecessors, the two latter

compositions are undated; and the time of their production must be gleaned from internal evidence, which in this instance is unusually insecure. With regard to the fourth eclogue, it contains an allusion to the 'noble Howard,' who was killed in an attack on the French fleet near Brest, in 1513. Probably, therefore, we shall be safe in assigning the completion of the series to the year 1514; but it cannot be questioned that between the period when they were first sketched and the date of their eventual publication the eclogues underwent considerable revision. Hence they may be said to exhibit Barclay's powers in their maturity.

That the poet not merely revised the style, but added to the content of the eclogues is proved both by the passage in the fourth relating to the Lord High Admiral, and by interpolations in the first and third, which lead to the conclusion that Barclay had got clear away from the associations of Ottery and was now fully steeped in the more congenial atmosphere of Ely. In the former he pronounced a warm eulogy on John Alcock, who had occupied the see some few years before his coming (*i.e.* from 1486 to 1500), and in the latter he pays a similar compliment to Alcock's immediate predecessor, who had quitted Ely for the archiepiscopal chair of Canterbury. Barclay's tribute to Alcock takes the form of a punning allusion to his name—a style of panegyric which would not commend itself to all men, but then the subject had himself set the example:

> A cock was in the fen;
> I know his voice among a thousand men.
> He laughed, he preached, he mended every wrong;
> But, Corydon, alas! no good thing bideth long.
> He all was a cock. He wakened us from sleep,
> And while we slumbered, he did our folds keep.
> No cur, no foxes, nor butchers' dogs wood
> Could hurt our folds, his watching was so good.

> The hungry wolves, which that time did abound,
> What time he crowed, abashèd at the sound.

It is at once singular and significant that Barclay's eclogues, though based on Latin models, are yet not direct imitations of Virgil. This demonstrates that he was still in the thraldom of the Middle Ages, when men professed great admiration for Virgil, but, in general, were fain to study any writings but his. As the Renaissance had not yet dawned for Barclay, he followed the usual routine and turned to contemporary Italy, where two Latinists, one living, the other not long dead, supplied him with subjects and stimulus. The first three eclogues were founded on the *Miseriae Curialium* of the accomplished Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini, who succeeded to the Papacy in 1458 as Pius II, and died in 1464. Barclay's other guide was Giambattista Spagnuoli, of whom Roscoe remarks: 'The applause which his works excited was not confined to Italy, but extended throughout Europe, where under the name of Mantuanus, or Mantuan, he was considered as another Virgil, whose writings might stand in competition with those of his immortal countryman.' This was so much the case that during the sixteenth century the poems of Mantuan, who died in 1515, were introduced into English schools as a Latin reader. The fact of Barclay's imitating the facile Carmelite rather than the fastidious laureate of Augustus is thus explained; he succumbed to the literary fashion of the day.

Great, however, as was Barclay's debt, we must beware of supposing it to have been greater than it really was. His fifth eclogue numbers one thousand lines as against two hundred in the corresponding poem of Mantuan; and, while expansion does not always signify improvement, it certainly points to a measure of independence, which Barclay unquestionably possessed. In his shorter poems, as in

the *Ship of Fools*, he acknowledges no obligations to the writers from whom he borrows, and assumes full responsibility for tone and form and matter. The impressions of the world, the judgements on men and things, may be considered therefore his own; and they prove him to be the same Barclay whose characteristics had already stamped themselves on the *Ship of Fools*. He is still the stern opponent of vice and irreligion, but joined to his love of rectitude and refinement is a very genuine sympathy with the shepherd swains whose life he depicts in its natural colours. With reference to the metre, the eclogues are all in 'riding rhyme,' so obviously adapted to familiar dialogue; the single exception being the elegy on the heroic Howard, where he reverts to the stanza.

Other Works.

During his lifetime Barclay won a wide reputation, which caused eminent personages to take an interest in his work. One of his less distinguished patrons, Sir Giles Alington, urged him to abridge Gower's *Confessio Amantis*. This task he declined, but he made amends to the good knight by accepting another suggestion and producing a rhyming version of Domenico Mancini's Latin poem on the cardinal virtues, which was printed by Pynson under the title of the *Mirror of Good Manners*, at the instance of Richard, Earl of Kent. Another great nobleman, Thomas Duke of Norfolk, persuaded him to publish an *Introductory to Write and Pronounce French*, which came out in 1521. Nine years later Palsgrave issued his *Lesclaircissement de la Langue Françoyse*, in which he took he took exception to Barclay's *k's*, and avowed his belief that the substance of the work was a century old, he having seen ancient parchments whose contents were almost identical. Perhaps, then, Barclay edited a venerable manuscript he had found at Ely.

If the *Introductory* be not original, the translation of

Sallust's *Jugurthine War*, with respect to which he again received encouragement from his grace of Norfolk, was without doubt Barclay's own handiwork. The earliest rendering of Sallust in our language, it is also one of the first translations from the classics in a period which has never been excelled, or even approached, for robust and idiomatic Englishing.

Two or three other works attributed to Barclay are lost. These are *The Figure of the Holy Mother Church oppressed by the French King*; a *Life of the Glorious Martyr, Saint George*, taken from Mantuan; and a *Book against Skelton*, which is vouched for by Bale, and which was probably in verse. Barclay, it is certain, had no love for Skelton, whose *Philip Sparrow* he pillories in the *Ship of Fools*.

Living in the reign of Henry VIII, and a famous man in his vocation, Barclay could not but share in the events of the time. Sir Nicholas Vaux, relying on his historical erudition, applied to Wolsey for the loan of the Black Monk to aid him in elaborating the details of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Then for some reason Master Barclay left Ely, doffed his black habit, and went to reside at Canterbury as a Franciscan. The dissolution of the monasteries put an end to all that, but Barclay still managed to keep his head above water. He was appointed vicar of Much Baden in Essex and Woking in Somerset; and, finally, rector of Allhallows, Lombard Street. He died in 1552 at the age of seventy-six, and was buried at Croydon, in which town, as we have seen, he had sojourned for some time in his youth.

Latter End.

Mention has been made of Wolsey. We do not know precisely to what extent Barclay was acquainted with the great Cardinal; but in the field of letters, if not in the Field of the Cloth of Gold, the relations between Henry's chief minister and John

John Skelton.

Skelton appear to have been, for good or ill, much closer. Born either in Cumberland or Norfolk, and not earlier than 1460, he was educated at Cambridge, where he took his Master's degree in 1484. Here also he penned a moralizing poem *On the Death of Edward IV*, the scope of which is sufficiently indicated by the Latin refrain: *Quia, ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio.* This was followed in 1489 by an *Elegy upon the Death of the Earl of Northumberland*, written in Chaucerian stanza, and with a Latin proem addressed to the 'little book' (*libellus*), in which he styles himself 'poet-laureate,' at that time a recognized academic distinction. The earl had been killed by a mob of insurgents in Yorkshire, and Skelton, in lines of strenuous reproach, censures and expostulates with the 'villains' for their crime, while not sparing the nobleman's attendants, who had been cowardly enough to desert him—so at least says the elegy.

From the preface to Caxton's *Eneydos*, published the following year, we find that Skelton had already achieved a high reputation as a scholar and translator:

> For this book is not for every rude and uncunning man to see, but to clerks and very gentlemen that understand gentleness and science. Then I pray all them that shall read this little treatise to hold me excused for the translating of it, for I acknowledge myself ignorant of cunning to emprise on me so high and noble a work. But I pray Master John Skelton, late created poet-laureate in the University of Oxenford, to oversee and correct this said book and to address and expound, wherever shall be found fault, to them that shall require it. For him I know for sufficient to expound and English every difficulty that is therein; for he hath lately translated the epistles of Tully, and the book of Diodorus, and divers other works out of Latin into English, not in rude and old language, but in polished and ornate terms craftily, as he that hath read Virgil, Ovid, Tully, and all the other noble poets to me unknown. And also he hath read the nine Muses and understands their musical sciences,

and to whom of them each science is appropred. I suppose he hath drunken of Helicon's well.

Whether this handsome recognition induced Skelton to form a more lenient opinion of Caxton's work than Gawin Douglas, we shall never know, but the printer's compliments were probably well deserved. Skelton must have been an extremely good Latinist, as he was poet-laureate of three universities, Oxford, Cambridge, and Louvain. Meanwhile he was pushing his fortunes at court. In 1489 he indited a poem in honour of Prince Arthur, newly created Prince of Wales; and, five years later, when Prince Henry became Duke of York, he marked the occasion with a set of Latin verses. No wonder the poet rose in favour with the prince's father, and with their grandmother, the Countess of Richmond and Derby, who loved learning. No wonder either he was appointed Henry's tutor, and could boast in after years,

> The honour of England I learned to spell,
> In dignity royal that doth excel.

Skelton, however, did not confine himself to 'primordial learning.' He composed for the special behoof of his pupil a Latin treatise entitled *Speculum Principis* (the *Prince's Mirror*), which has perished. In 1499, when Henry was nine years old, Erasmus happened to pay a visit to Eltham, where the royal children were being brought up, and Sir Thomas More presented the prince with a poetical effusion. The learned foreigner had not prepared anything literary, an omission which proved somewhat embarrassing; but he promised to make good his deficiency, and in a subsequent lyric congratulated the future monarch on having as his teacher a unique light and ornament of British letters.

So far, it has been mainly a question of Latin. Without professing certainty on the point, it may be that Skelton made his first considerable essay in English poetry towards the end of Henry VII's reign, that essay being the *Bowge of Court*, conceived in the fashionable allegorical style. The title has a singular and even mysterious appearance to any one not acquainted with its meaning; but the mystery, such as it is, is soon resolved. The term 'bowge' is merely the French *bouche*; and the whole phrase is one which expresses in technical language the right to feed at the King's table.

The *Bowge of Court.*

'Twas an autumn eve, and Skelton was musing in Power's Quay, an hostel in the port of Harwich. The subject of his meditation was the craft of old poets who, with fresh utterance, could 'touch a truth and cloak it subtily.' At last he falls asleep and beholds in a dream a goodly ship that sails into harbour and casts anchor. She is forthwith boarded by traffickers, who find therein royal merchandize, and the poet, not to be behind the rest, pays a visit to the barque, which proves to be the *Bowge of Court*, owned by Dame Saunce-peer (Peerless). Her freight, of no mean value, is called Favour. The nautical metaphors may have been suggested by Brant's *Ship of Fools*, but the simile of a vessel is perfectly natural and obvious in this connection, as is shown by the common saying of what shall be done 'when my ship comes home.' It is also sufficiently accounted for by the circumstances of the hour, as recorded by the poet himself. Certain it is that the poet is throughout thinking of John Skelton and his experiences, which have been not entirely agreeable. The very name he chooses for himself is significant, and befits a novice. It is Dread, and the sequel demonstrates that, if he fears, his fear is not without reason.

In answer to her query, he informs Danger, a grand

dame in this Vanity Fair, that he has come to buy her ware, and encounters her scorn. However, another lady, Desire, takes him by the hand, counsels boldness, and having given him a jewel, *bonne aventure*, warns him to make friends with Fortune, who stands at the helm. In truth, all the traffickers seek to her, and favour is obtained, but 'under honey oft lies bitter gall.' The fact is, there are on board seven passengers known as the Seven Sins of the Court, great friends of Fortune, with whom she often dances, and who bear no goodwill to Dread. One is the mediaeval character, Favel, who has already figured in *Piers Plowman*, and the others are Suspect, Disdain, Riot, Dissimuler, Subtlety, and Harvey Hafter, who, like Godfrey Gobilive, may be reckoned the clown. These secret foes approach him in turn and draw their meshes round him, so that he is on the point of jumping overboard to escape death at their hands. At this moment he awoke, 'caught pen and ink, and wrote this little book.'

Skelton's true province is satire, and, as we shall see more plainly hereafter, his powers of anathema are but feebly exposed in this conventional poem. The circumstance will hardly pass unnoticed that in this leading parts are taken by ladies, although the poet does violence thereby to the traditions alike of seamanship and of commerce. But we must not forget this is a picture of the court in which female influence has ever been paramount. Apart from that Skelton had not only a decided spice of feminine caprice, not to say, malice; and he was, very certainly, what is called a ladies' man. His interest in the sex was not invariably benevolent; but, at any rate, he was studiously attentive, and, when he listed, could write love-songs. He approved himself also an adept in society verse. The beautiful Jane Scrope, who, with other young ladies, was being educated by the Black Nuns at Carow, near Norwich,

had the misfortune to lose Philip, her pet swallow. She may or she may not have called him Philip, as this would seem to have been a proverbial name for sparrows, and, as such, appears in one reading of *Piers Plowman*. However that may be, the poor biped was killed by a cat, and Skelton, to comfort his mistress, decided to follow the precedent set by Catullus and others. Soon he was immersed in a whimsical composition, as much a tribute to the lady as an elegy on the slain bird, which concludes with the words:

Philip Sparrow.

> It were no gentle guise
> This treatise to despise,
> Because I have written and said
> Honour of this fair maid.
> Wherefore should I be blamed
> That I Jane have named,
> And famously proclaimed?
> She is worthy to be enrolled
> With letters of gold,
> *Car elle vault.*

Mistress Scrope is assuredly overwhelmed with praise; but a critic has no difficulty in perceiving that her grief and person are merely pretexts for a surprising display of metrical skill and fluency. Not every one will admire the brief measure for which this poet had so strong a predilection, but its brevity greatly added to the ordinary trials of rhyming, which Skelton treats with positive contempt. The verse is, in classic parlance, iambic trimeter, but the accentuation varies, as do also the number of the feet. As for the rhymes, Skelton is apt to double them and triple them, and even quadruple them. Strictly regarded, there is something in such metres which tends to superfluity and redundance; and it must be confessed that in bulk and

ostentation *Philip Sparrow* is out of all proportion to the theme and the occasion. But strictness and seriousness are beside the mark. We have to do with a sort of elemental force that cannot be restrained. The wilfu' man must have his way at all costs, and the costs include parodies of Church prayers and the Psalter. These insertions of Latin rhymes produce peculiar effects on the poem. They serve as relief; they create an impression of false grandeur. This, however, is only part and parcel of the exuberant playfulness which is the essence and spirit of the whole.

Probably about the year 1519 Skelton composed in the same rhythm a satire called *Colin Clout*, and reminding us at once of Langland and David Lindsay, for in it the poet lashes out at the bishops and clergy in the name of the lower orders of both town and country. It has been supposed that the combination, 'Colin Clout,' represents the solidarity of interest of mechanics and husbandmen in this great question of ecclesiastical abuse, 'Colin' standing for *colonus* and 'clout' (or patch) being the outward and visible sign of much sitting. Be that as it may, Skelton discharges his task with unction, punishing the offenders severely for their luxury and indifference. The vigour of the attack was so keenly felt by the subjects that they successfully obstructed the printing of the piece, and thus drew from the poet the following sarcastic reference:

> And so it seemeth they play
> Which hate to be corrected,
> When they be infected,
> Nor will they suffer this book
> By hook nor by crook
> Printed for to be,
> For that no man should see
> Nor read in any scrolls
> Of their drunken rolls,

Nor of their noddy polls,
Nor of their silly souls,
Nor of some witless pates
Of divers great estates,
As well as other men.

By 'great estates' is meant especially Wolsey, who in the latter part of the poem meets with considerable attention. It is well at this point to consider what were the actual relations between the two men. And first it must be pointed out that Skelton was himself in holy orders. He was ordained in 1498, and later became rector of Diss, in Norfolk. Here he secretly married his *focaria* or housekeeper, by whom he had a family. In those lax times the birth of children in the home of a celibate priest would have provoked no great scandal, but it was a different matter when the Dominicans discovered the facts. They denounced him to the Bishop, and he was in consequence suspended from his office, but not deprived of his living, which he continued to hold till his death in 1529.

In these remarkable circumstances Skelton removed from his parish to London, where the King showed himself well-disposed to his quondam instructor, and the poet frequently appeared at court. For a long time Wolsey and Skelton were friends; Skelton, in fact, dedicated more than one of his pieces to the prelate, and seemed anxious to secure his favour. But Wolsey was growing into something more than a prelate; and although Skelton's consideration for him survived his appointment as Archbishop of York, Lord Chancellor, and legate *a latere* of the Pope, the oppressiveness of the all-powerful minister, of which so many complained, from the Archbishop of Canterbury downwards, began to excite the resentment of the undaunted satirist, who from that hour constituted himself the spokesman of an indignant nation. In *Colin Clout* he enters a sufficiently

stern protest against Wolsey's usurpation, and in *Speak Parrot*, otherwise rather obscure, he is still more emphatic. There are two dogs in the poem, Bo-ho, and Hough-ho, the former being intended for the King, and the latter for the churchman, whom Skelton again depicts as uppermost:

Speak Parrot.

> Bo-ho doth bark well, but Hough-ho he ruleth the ring;
> From Scarpary to Tartary renown therein doth spring,
> With He said and We said, I wot now what I wot,
> *Quod magnus est dominus Judas Scarioth.*

Here, too, begins to flow the turbid stream of coarse vituperation, in which Wolsey is taunted in no very recondite terms with his father's trade at Ipswich. Skelton actually reviles the Cardinal himself as a 'bragging butcher' and a 'fat maggot bred of a flesh-fly.' This insulting strain is resumed in another poem of about twelve hundred lines entirely devoted to Wolsey, and entitled, *Why come ye not to Court?* This inquiry is addressed to the noblest in the land, who, if they had so liked, might well have been incensed with the poet for the ridiculous position in which he places them. Skelton's idea is to exhibit Wolsey in the most odious light imaginable as a grand vizier who will not allow anyone else to 'live.' Great nobles, like the Earl of Northumberland, shrink into impotence and insignificance before the worthless, but imperious upstart:

Why come ye not to Court?

> Our barons be so bold
> Into a mouse-hole they would
> Run away and creep,
> Like a meyny of sheep;
> Dare not look out at door
> For dread of the mastiff cur,
> For dread of the butcher's dog,
> Would worry them like a hog.

On the bench he is a very Judge Jeffreys, deeming and speaking lightly of his colleagues and the bar. While, however, he says in his courteous style to a pleader:

> Thou huddypeke,
> Thy learning is too lewd,

his method of determining cases is by no means complicated by legal argument:

> Straw for law canon,
> Or for the law common,
> Or for law civil!
> It shall be as he will.

Perhaps Wolsey could not do better, since, as the poet insists, he is not highly educated, being

> No doctor of divinity,
> Nor doctor of the law,
> Nor of none other saw:
> But a poor master of art.

However, Skelton's main charge, a charge to which he always returns, is Wolsey's greasy genealogy:

> He came out of a sank (*blood*) royal,
> That was cast out of a butcher's stall.

This 'wretched original' is a thing which the cardinal, if there were any modesty left in him, ought to bear in mind if only out of gratitude to his sovereign lord who had raised him from his low degree and set him nobly in great authority. But alas! Wolsey cannot see it. It is perhaps rather strange that Skelton, on his part, was unable to see the awkwardness of this train of reflections. If Wolsey was, in fact, so unconscionably bad, it was surely a poor compliment to King Henry to describe the monarch as the 'chief root of his making,' and while trusting that Almighty

God has provided against disloyalty in the Chancellor, to bring up, as apposite, the old proverb concerning cat and mouse:

> Yet it is a wily mouse,
> That can build his dwelling-house
> Within the cat's ear
> Withouten dread or fear.

These risks remind us that scurrility is a double-edged weapon, liable to wound the striker; and if Skelton did not suffer, he owed it rather to his good fortune than to any special adroitness. Still the effectiveness of the poem as invective cannot be called in question. Skelton deals sledge-hammer blows; his thrusts are cruelly keen; and until one has read his scathing and pitiless effusion one hardly knows what satire is, or rather, what satire can be.

One of the mouse-holes into which Henry's courtiers might have crept was a tavern near Leatherhead, and about six miles from Nonsuch.

The *Tunning of Elinor Rumming.*

In the *Tunning of Elinor Rumming* Skelton turns his powerful artillery on this paltry ale-house, the resort of dissolute women, who, to obtain the strong brew foul Elinor vends, are prepared to sell themselves and all they possess –hose, and shoes, and furniture, husband's clothing, and even the rosary. Sharply contrasting with this sordid and realistic picture are the scenes of *A Delectable Treatise upon a Goodly Garland or Chaplet of Laurel*, wherein Skelton commemorates a pleasant episode in his life. In speaking of Barclay reference was made to the Duke of Norfolk as a patron of literature. This nobleman had the grant for life of Sheriff Hutton Castle, some ten miles from York, and then the property of the Crown. Skelton appears to have visited there, and so far ingratiated himself with the ladies that

A Goodly Garland of Laurel.

they and certain juvenile companions embroidered in coloured silks, with gold and pearls, a garland of laurel for the poet's robe worn by Skelton at Court. The recipient testified his appreciation by 'devising' an allegory, variegated with poetical tributes to the fair dames and perhaps children, to whose industry he was indebted, but mainly occupied with a personal problem of the highest importance and concern.

Somewhat in the manner of the *Book of the Duchess* the poet feigns himself in the woods adjacent to the castle, where the note of the horn proclaims that a hunt is in progress. But, unlike Chaucer, Skelton does not join in the pursuit. Supported against a great tree, he falls asleep and dreams of his literary affairs. In a rich pavilion the question is hotly debated between Pallas and the Queen of Fame, whether Skelton deserves to be crowned. The latter holds that he does not, taxing him with idleness. Pallas, however, stands firm, and eventually the Queen relents, but on condition that he appears in his own person and defends his claim. Next follows a description of a huge procession of poets, beginning with Orpheus, whose presence has a disturbing effect on Skelton's tree. All are athirst for fame, and among the rest, there arrive Gower, Chaucer, and Lydgate, with arms interlaced. These have the entry to the palace of Fame, and after exchanging a few kind words with Skelton, commit him to the care of the registrar, one Occupation, who finally escorts him to a chamber in a lovely plesaunce:

Where the noble Countess of Surrey in a chair
Sat honourably, to whom did repair
Of ladies a bevy with due reverence;
'Sit down, fair ladies, and do your diligence.'

'Come forth, gentlewomen, I pray you,' she said;
'I have contrived for you a goodly wark,

And who can work best shall be essayed.
A cronel (*coronal*) of laurel with verdures light and dark
I have devised for Skelton, my clerk;
For to his service I have such regard
That of our bounty we will him reward.

Occupation apprises Skelton that he must recompense the kind workers, and this he accomplishes by a chaplet of dainty compliments in verse. Hereupon his guide wends with him to the Queen of Fame, and, producing her Book of Remembrance, enumerates a list of Skelton's works as an answer to objections. The cry of Triumpha! rising from the lips of thousands, and the blare of the clarions afford ample assurance that he will be suffered to wear his garland. And amid the din he awakes.

In the catalogue of writings just referred to, mention is made of certain compositions now lost. This was the untoward fate of not a few poems of the age, including several by a gentleman-usher, Sir Christopher Garnesche, who boldly challenged Skelton to a scolding-match. The King took a lively interest in this duel, but as only Skelton's contributions have been preserved, that interest is not likely to be shared by posterity, a good deal of the curiosity which might have been felt having been baffled. It would have been worth something to see so hard a hitter as the poet-laureate paid back in his own coin, and we might also have gleaned valuable information for his personal history, which is none too long. All, however, has not yet been told.

The *Necromancer.*

The *Garland of Laurel* specifies as two of the poet's works his 'sovereign Interlude of Virtue,' and his 'Comedy Achademiss called by name.' These are believed to have been morality plays, as was likewise his *Necromancer*. The two former have perished totally; the *Necromancer*, too, has perished, but not totally. A copy of it, which belonged in the eighteenth century to William

Collins, the poet, has since disappeared, and no other copy is known to exist. Fortunately Warton obtained a sight of Collins' treasure, and he has described its contents. The title of the work, which was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1504, is quaint and appetising: 'The Negramansir, a moral enterlude and a pithie, written by Maister Skelton laureate, and plaid before the King and other Estatys at Woodstoke on Palm Sunday.' The characters were a necromancer, the Devil, a notary public, Simony and Philargyria (*i.e.*, Love of Money). The prologue was spoken by the necromancer, who at the conclusion raised the Devil, and was well kicked for his pains. Simony and Philargyria were then placed on their trial, in the setting forth of which various metres were requisitioned and French and Latin phrases paraded *à l'outrance*. Taking different lines, Philargyria cited Seneca and St. Augustine, while Simony essayed to corrupt the Devil with bribery. This attempt evoked an outburst of wrath, and the Devil swore a great oath that Simony should be fried with Mahomet, Herod and Pontius Pilate. According to Warton, the last scene terminated with a vision of hell and a dance between the Devil and the necromancer, after which the Devil tripped up his partner, and vanished in a cloud of fire and smoke. The 'inwardness' of this drama is revealed by its characters. The necromancer and the Devil, it is true, furnish no particular clue, but Simony is a crime peculiarly ecclesiastical, and thus the subject must have been the worldliness of the church.

A morality of Skelton, which has survived and is regarded as one of the best in the whole cycle of these plays is his *Magnificence*, the purpose of which is to show,

> How suddenly worldly wealth doth decay,
> How wisdom, through wantonness, melteth away,

How none estate living of himself can be sure;
For the wealth of this world cannot endure.

In order the best way to press home these lessons he personifies Magnificence, really a great lord of noble disposition and ample means, and he it is who has to master the stern truths above mentioned in his own experience. In its most general outlines the drama reproduces the story of Job, but tricked out and modernized by those expedients which belong to the morality play as a class, and which will be considered more at length presently.

Magnificence.

At first all goes well. Magnificence chooses as his associates

Wealth with Measure and pleasant Liberty.

By-and-by, however, he gets into the company of bad people with specious *aliases*, is parted from his former friends, visited with poverty, and cast into prison, where Mischief and Despair provide him with the means of committing suicide. Ere he can perform the deed, he is surprised by Good Hope, who is followed by Redress and Sad Circumspection; and, in the end, he is enabled, with the help of Perseverance, to rise to a position superior to that which he had before occupied.

As a dramatist, Skelton is remarkable rather for style, humour, and fancy, than delineation of character and translation of motive into action, so that his satires must be reckoned more typical of the man, and of greater intrinsic value in themselves. By them he succeeded in drawing upon himself the irreconcileable enmity of Wolsey, which compelled him to take sanctuary in Westminster Abbey, where he remained under the protection of Archbishop Islip. And there he died in June, 1529.

The name 'Colin Clout' must have struck students of

Elizabethan poetry as familiar. It is, of course, Spenser's mask in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, in the notes to which series the writer's friend, Edward Kirke, betrays a certain dislike to recognizing the precedent as material. We, on the contrary, can hardly doubt that Spenser chose the appellation advisedly, since in the fifth eclogue and elsewhere he renders it evident that he is in complete accord with Skelton's opinions—and something more. Clearly, by this time, 'Colin Clout' had come to signify much the same as 'Piers Plowman.'

William Roy.

As an adversary of Wolsey and champion of reform the poet-laureate had an able seconder in William Roy, a Minorite friar, who, in conjunction with another Minorite, Jerome Barlowe, published a satire entitled *The Burying of the Mass.* This poem, which was printed at Strasburg in 1528, was adorned with a woodcut representing a grotesque coat of arms with two fiends as supporters. The shield was charged with such heraldic devices as axes, bulls' heads, a club; and in the centre is blazoned:

> The mastiff cur bred in Ipswich town,
> Gnawing with his teeth a kingës crown.

The poem itself is described as 'A Brefe Dialogue between two Preest's Servants named Watkin and Jeffraye'; and the language is often as coarse as the invective is bitter. Roy, however, cannot be denied the merit of vigour and directness. Wolsey is thus pictured, riding in state:

> A great carl he is, and a fat;
> Wearing on his head a red hat,
> Procured with angels' subsidy;[1]
> And, as they say, in time of rain,
> Four of his gentlemen are fain
> To hold over it a canopy.

[1] *Angel:* a coin.

CHAPTER VI.

POETS OF THE ENGLISH RENAISSANCE.

The New Court Poetry.

The most important, as well as the earliest, representatives of the English Renaissance, on its poetic side, were Sir Thomas Wyatt and Lord Surrey, who though always mentioned as *aequales pietate*, are by no means really so. Of both it may be said that they typified the distinguishing qualities of the movement—its association with court life and breeding, its regard for form, and its broad culture. Whatever is local and national in their work has passed through the crucible of contemporary European taste and emerges quite different from what it would have appeared, if conformed to the measures and models wherewith previous generations had been content. Chaucer had indeed been a great master, profoundly acquainted both with the technique of his art and the secret springs of poetical efficiency, but his successors, as we have often had occasion to note, had been unable to perpetuate his music, which, from an imperfect understanding of its principles, now sounded strangely. Against the decadence of the age Skelton asserted himself strongly and successfully, but in a way that could not be recommended for imitation. However admirable we may hold his meteoric genius, the fact cannot be gainsaid that he excelled in a kind of verse which from its very nature soon palls and is too abrupt to be beautiful; and accordingly he was ill-suited to become the founder of a school. As there is only one Niagara,

so there could only be one Skelton, and this the younger writers instinctively recognized. Other influences were at work, that were not negative. First and foremost were the subtle, pervasive spirit of the time, which could not fail to make itself felt in England, and the special circumstances of the poets themselves—Wyatt especially, since he came more directly in contact with Continental example, and, as the practical agent in imbuing his native letters with the new tendency, served as intermediary in another sphere than that of diplomacy. In lyric poetry, and perhaps generally, Surrey was superior, but Wyatt has solid claims to distinction, and, if only on chronological grounds—and, as Professor Hales has shown,[1] these grounds are of great importance—must be first dealt with.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

The life of Thomas Wyatt, who was a man of action as well as a man of letters, is full of interest. Born in 1503 at Allington Castle, Kent, he was the son of Sir Henry Wyatt, a favourite courtier of Henry VIII; entered St. John's College, Cambridge, when only twelve years of age; proceeded bachelor of arts at fifteen, and master of arts at seventeen. To us these may well seem signs of extraordinary precocity, but in those days people began life earlier than at present. Wyatt had not only courted the Muses, but Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Cobham, of Brook, whom he married; and at seventeen was already a father. As his son was also named Thomas, he paid the penalty for this early assumption of responsibility by being known through the greater part of his life as Thomas Wyatt *the elder*. Like his sire, Sir Henry, the poet was destined for a career at court. He obtained the post of Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber, officiated as ewerer at the coronation of Anne Boleyn, whom

[1] See *Folia Litterarum*, p. 152.

he knew, in 1533; and, four years later, received the honour of knighthood. After a brief incarceration in the Tower, Wyatt was sent on an embassy to Charles V, and the next two years were passed, grudgingly, in Spain. This prolonged absence was occasioned, to a large extent, by the diplomatic effects of Henry's matrimonial escapades; and although the work was not much to his liking, Wyatt appears to have managed the delicate negociations with considerable tact and address. His services were so well appreciated that not many months had elapsed after his return to Allington when he was called upon to resume them. Meanwhile his father had died and the family possessions had been augmented by the house of the Friars at Aylesford, adjoining Allington, by a grant from the Crown. Wyatt's new appointment was that of Ambassador Extraordinary to the Emperor Charles, now occupied by the revolt of Ghent; and the special duties of the English diplomatist were to keep a sharp eye on the course of events, and to send home confidential reports, together with such observations and advice as he might deem suitable. Again Wyatt acquitted himself excellently, and although it had not been intended that he should remain abroad for more than four months, it was not until May, 1540, that he was permitted to return to Allington. The fall of Thomas Cromwell in the ensuing July involved that of Wyatt, who during the winter was imprisoned in the Tower on a charge of *lèse Majesté* and complicity with Cardinal Pole. It was while in this situation that he penned the lines:

> Sighs are my food; my drink they are my tears;
> Clinking of fetters such music would crave;
> Stink and close air away my life wears;
> Innocency is all the hope I have.
> Rain, wind, or weather, I judge by mine ears;
> Malice assaults that righteousness should have.

Sure I am, Bryan, this wound shall heal again;
But yet alas! the scar shall still remain.

The person addressed was Sir Francis Bryan, himself a courtier and a poet. When the trial came on, Wyatt had as his accuser Edmund Bonner, Bishop of London, with whom, and Dr. Haynes, Chaplain to the King, he had been associated in his embassy to Spain. The whole trend of English foreign policy at this time was to prevent an understanding between Francis I of France, and the Emperor Charles; and when a truce between these monarchs for ten years proclaimed the failure of that policy, an attempt was made to throw the blame upon Wyatt. The 'malice' of which he complains consisted in this—that the steps taken by him to procure information as to the intentions of those opposed to him were misrepresented as collusion and 'intelligence with the King's rebel and traitor, Pole.' It was no doubt a dangerous game, but Wyatt had just ground for maintaining that 'the King should send for ambassadors such as he trusteth or trust such as he sendeth.' Not that Henry and his envoy had lost all faith in each other. In the peroration of his defence Wyatt observed: 'It is a naughty, if any man have such, to think a quest dare not acquit a man of treason when they think he is clear; for it were a foul slander to the King's Majesty. He, God be thanked, he is no tyrant; he will not such things against men's conscience. He will but his laws, and his laws with mercy.'

That Henry was no tyrant, is a questionable proposition, but Wyatt pleaded his cause with effect. He was acquitted, and the King a few days later made him a present of certain lands in Lambeth. In the spring of 1542 Wyatt was appointed High Steward of the Manor of Maidstone; and Henry, evidently on the best of terms with him, arranged for an exchange of property, Wyatt to receive lands that

had belonged to suppressed priories in Somerset and Dorset in return for estates in Kent. Friendly transactions like these were soon followed by Wyatt's rehabilitation as a statesman. As so often happens, the ten years' truce proved to have little or no binding force, and in 1542 Henry VIII. and Charles V were already concerting measures against the King of France. An ambassador, despatched from Spain for the purpose, landed at Falmouth without warning, and Wyatt was commanded, as the person best qualified, to proceed with all haste to meet him. Unluckily, on reaching Sherborne, he was struck down with a fever, which turned out to be malignant; and, though tenderly nursed by Edward Horsey, whose acquaintance he had made abroad, succumbed. This event befell in October, 1542, and he was buried in the conventual church of Sherborne, in the family vault of the Horseys.

Modes and Models.

These being the material circumstances of Wyatt's life in the world, we turn now to his poetry, on which those circumstances produced decisive effects. Just as the intellectual supremacy of Greece was never so felt at Rome as when she was politically a subject province of the empire, so in the sixteenth century, as the Spaniard established his rule in Italy, the poetical fashions of the conquered land took firm hold of the western peninsula, to which indeed they were not confined. Beyond the Pyrenees, they appealed equally to the French, sick of their old chansons. It does not belong to the present work to trace at any length the influence of Italian genius on Europe in general, but the facts of Wyatt's poetical career will sufficiently demonstrate its potency. Like most writers in what may be termed the educational periods of our literature, Wyatt leaned very heavily on his foreign models, and although he was not a mere translator in the sense of writing verse as a pastime without com-

pelling it to reflect the movements of his own thought and feeling, still he achieved no large quantity of purely original work. The authors whom he flattered by imitation are definitely known, and the extent of his obligations can be indicated by the simple method of parallel quotations. The poet to whom he owed most is undoubtedly Petrarch, from whom he borrowed the sonnet hitherto unknown in England, while out of the twenty-six examples of this form that came from his pen no less than sixteen are direct translations from Petrarch. Others are reminiscent of Petrarch, and yet others are grafts from Italian or Spanish writers trained in his school, leaving but two or three which can be attributed to Wyatt's unassisted efforts. In the sphere of satire also he was not, like Skelton, a law unto himself, but, falling a victim to the prevailing admiration for Luigi Alamanni, constructed his poems as nearly as possible on the lines of that estimable writer.

Speaking first of Wyatt's contributions to lyric poetry, it is important to observe that though he has adhered more strictly than Surrey to the mechanism of the sonnet, he has not studied to reproduce, and can hardly have appreciated at their worth, characteristic features which render it so delicate and yet so perfect an instrument in the hands of those who have sounded its meaning and realized its capacity. Whatever may have been its origin, the sonnet acquired in course of use certain aesthetic properties. The square-built quatrains resemble the entrance towers to some well-kept park; the terzines the winding drive which, viewed from without, gradually dies away. The element of 'tone,' however, suggests a better metaphor, that of the regular advance of a sea-wave and its recession, with murmur so sweet, so gentle and so sad. If it were a question of singing them, we should mark the quatrains *mezzo forte* and the terzines *diminuendo*. But in order that such marking may

be reasonable, one point is essential: the rhymes of the terzines, commonly three in number, may be arranged in various ways but not so as to produce a couplet, especially at the conclusion, since this cannot fail to impart an epigrammatic turn to the poem. It is to be regretted that most of our earlier English sonnets are constructed on radically false principles; indeed, the larger number is of the bastard type patronized by Shakespeare, which represents a still wider declension from Petrarchan form, inasmuch as the first dozen lines are in alternate rhyme.

Wyatt and his companions brought English poetry into line with Continental schools of verse by a more scrupulous observance of syllabic precision, and by a marked preference for strict iambic measure. This may be seen, for instance in their use of Alexandrines, which was not all an improvement. The old English variety of this metre possessed a charming lilt and afforded far greater scope for freedom and variety of rhythm, owing to the admission of anapaests. The Alexandrine of the Renaissance poets, however, is not unmusical, and is decidedly more stately. Sometimes it is joined to a septenar (or line of fourteen syllables), with which it forms a couplet, just as in later times it was the practice to interpolate an occasional Alexandrine into the midst of heroic verse. It must not be supposed that Wyatt and the other court poets aimed at cutting themselves loose from native precedent; on the contrary, they reverenced and imitated Chaucer and adopted the old measures, though always with that new-born, conscientious regard for scansion which was the hall-mark of their guild.

As might be expected in a court poet, the subject of Wyatt's lyric is almost uniformly the same—love. The master passion is dealt with in all its phases and under all its aspects, as in Petrarch's legacy of song, but in general it is the pains, rather than the pleasures, of love

that command attention. Although the poems are, for the most part, distinctly conventional both in manner and matter, some of Wyatt's pieces have all the lightness and grace of an Elizabethan madrigal. Take, for example, the following:

Since love will needs that I shall love,
  Of very force I must agree;
And since no chance may it remove,
  In wealth and in adversity
I shall alway myself apply
To serve, and suffer patiently.

Though for good will I find but hate
  And cruelty my life to wast(*e*),
And though that still a wretched state
  Should pine my days unto the last;
Yet I profess it willingly
To serve, and suffer patiently.

For since my heart is bound to serve,
  And I not ruler of my own,
Whatso befall, till that I sterve,
  By proof full well it shall be known,
That I shall still myself apply
To serve, and suffer patiently.

Yet, though my grief find no redress,
  But still increase before mine eyes;
Though my reward be cruelness,
  With all the harm hap can devise,
Yet I profess it willingly
To serve, and suffer patiently.

Yet though fortune her pleasant face
  Should show to set me up aloft,
And straight my wealth for to deface,
  Should writhe away, as she doth oft,
Yet would I still myself apply
To serve, and suffer patiently.

There is no grief, no smart, no woe,
  That yet I feel or after shall,
That from this mind shall make me go,
  And whatsoever me befall,
I do profess it willingly
To serve, and suffer patiently.

Several of Wyatt's compositions are written in the Italian *ottava rima*. Eight-line stanzas were not entirely new to English literature, having been employed by Chaucer and others, but Wyatt re-introduced them and that in a way that was altogether novel—namely, as independent poems. He was indebted for this notion to Serafino Cimino, a writer of *strambotti* who died in 1500, and from whom he borrowed also some of the matter of his verse. Such bijoux, with their couplet ending, suggest rather epigrams than love-ditties, and certain of them do in fact possess that character; but Wyatt, for the most part, invests these little things with more charm than ingenuity, as witness the following:

A face that should content me wondrous well
  Should not be fair, but lovely to behold;
Of lively look, all grief for to repel
  With right good grace; so would I that it should
Speak, without word, such words as none can tell.
  The tress also should be of crispèd gold.
With wit and these perchance I might be tried,
And knit again with knot that should not slide.

Satire.

It is as a satirist, however, that Wyatt achieved his greatest success. Here also he figures as a pioneer, since his essays are really the first English poems in this style—the urbane and cultivated style of a man who knows the world, yet has preserved his taste for the pleasures of the mind, who is versed in all the base

arts by which men seek and attain promotion, yet refuses to stoop to them.

> I cannot with my words complain and moan,
> And suffer nought; nor smart without complaint;
> Nor turn the word that from my mouth is gone.
> I cannot speak and look like as a saint,
> Use wiles for wit, and make deceit a pleasure;
> Call craft counsail, for lucre still to paint.

How delightful is Wyatt's contrasting picture of his life as a sportsman, which is quite in the spirit of Horace's Epistle to Aristius Fuscus.

> This maketh me at home to hunt and hawk
> And in foul weather at my book to sit;
> In frost and snow, then, with my bow to stalk.
> No man doth mark whereso I ride or go,
> In lusty leas at liberty I walk.

This is just 'vivo et regno simul ista reliqui' writ large. But it is not Horace that Wyatt copies here, at any rate directly. The *terza rima* appears to point, does point, to an Italian master, who is not the great poet with whom that metre is eternally associated, but a distinguished contemporary, Luigi Alamanni, who, like Wyatt, was familiar with the atmosphere of courts, living as he did for twenty-five years at the Court of France, and, one may almost add, dying in it—in 1556. The particular satire from which both quotations have been taken is based on Alamanni's tenth. But—and this is the odd thing—the *terza rima* ceases in the case of the other two satires (we have only three) to be significant. Having once tried it, Wyatt found it so much to his liking that he continued to use it, even when he had deserted Alamanni for a Latin poet. Probably, however, he thought of his three satires as a kind of trilogy.

A Latin poet! Horace is not far off now. The fifth satire of his second book furnished the hint for *How to Use the Court*, and the sixth for the re-telling of the certainly rather hard-worked fable of the Town and Country Mouse. As the knowledge of Latin is much more common than that of Italian, it may be worth a man's while to compare Wyatt's versions with the writings on which they are founded. It will then be seen how far the English poet can lay claim to originality. In our opinion the claim is easily made good. Wyatt's satires have both a modern air; there is nothing about them that suggests the translator's hand, nothing crude, nothing stiff. In fact, the principal point of resemblance between *How to Use the Court* and the Roman satire is the deliberately cynical and sarcastic tone of the two poems. Horace no doubt, being prior in time, first heated the curative iron, but iron and irony are nobody's privilege, and Wyatt, in applying the same sort of remedy to the sick anatomy of London society, exercises a large freedom of phrase and fancy. It is in his satires that we get the best impression of Wyatt's talents and character. That he should have commented so boldly on the shortcomings of the Court of Henry VIII is a sure proof of his courage, which supported the test of an ordeal the most searching and severe which the treachery of courtiers could institute. At the same time he was not wanting in discretion, forbearing to attack individuals; and this wise restraint, while it did not lessen the moral effect of his writings, must have contributed to his personal security. The cap might fit a hundred times, but only a fool would hasten to put it on, and these satires suggest that, whatever else they may have been, these courtiers were at least not fools.

How to use the Court.

We now come to Surrey, with whom Wyatt, as it were, ran coupled. It is unnecessary here to dilate at any length

on the noble family of Howard, but it may be well to go back a little on our traces, so as to render clearer the position it occupied in the literary annals of the period, and in the almanac of the court. The grandfather of the poet was the Earl of Surrey, who commanded the English army at Flodden, and to whom, as the consequence, the forfeited Dukedom of Norfolk was restored. His eldest son, Thomas Howard, was the poet's father; another of his sons was Admiral Lord Edward Howard, the hero Barclay has applauded in one of his eclogues, and yet another—Edmund—was father to Catherine Howard, one of the many wives of Henry VIII. Among the ladies who helped to embroider Skelton's Garland of Laurel were two named Howard, the elder of whom may have been the poet's aunt, who married Thomas Boleyn, while the younger—Muriel Howard—was certainly his sister. His father, the Earl, was twice married, first to Lady Anne Plantagenet, who died in 1511, and secondly, to Lady Elizabeth Stafford, daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, whom he took, much against her inclination, from her betrothed, Ralph Nevill. From this unhappy union—so begun, how could it well be otherwise?—there sprang five children, of whom Henry, the eldest son, appears to have been born in February, 1518. He became Earl of Surrey (by courtesy) at the age of six, at which time his father succeeded to the dukedom.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

To the original cause of his wife's dissatisfaction the Duke added a criminal attachment to Elizabeth Holland, his daughter's governess, and this led to the eventual separation of the couple. Henry Howard was brought up in country houses belonging to the family, principally by his mother, since his father was almost constantly employed on the King's service either on the Continent or at Court. He, however, took an interest in his son's education, and

gave him for tutor John Clerke, a graduate of Oxford, who not only knew Latin, but was an excellent linguist. Amongst other accomplishments he was a good Italian scholar, having resided for several years in Italy; and it can hardly be questioned that from him Surrey derived that taste for Italian poetry, which was to manifest itself in his writings.

In 1529 the King's love-son, Henry Fitzroy, was consigned to the care of the Duke of Norfolk, and according to a report of Eustache Chapuys, the Imperial ambassador in London, who had it from the Duke himself, expressly that the boy might profit by the friendship of the youthful Earl of Surrey, some sixteen months his senior. The two lived together at Windsor till October, 1532, and in later years Surrey looked back with a feeling of enchantment to his early days in that splendid residence,

> Where in lust and joy
> With a king's son my childish years did pass
> In greater feast than Priam's son of Troy;
>
> Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour:
> The large green courts where we were wont to rove,
> With eyes cast up unto the Maiden's tower,
> And easy sighs such as folk draw in love:
>
> The palm-play where, despoilèd for the game,
> With dazèd eyes oft we, by gleams of love,
> Have missed the ball and got sight of our dame,
> To bait her eyes which kept the leads above.

Surrey, as is shown by the inscription on his portrait at Arundel Castle, only lived to be twenty-nine, but into that short span he succeeded in packing so many romantic episodes and stirring adventures (with which his poetry is intertwined) as are a source of considerable embarrassment

to a biographer whose space is limited. The sorrowful allusion in the lines just quoted may serve as an illustration. They were written in 1537, when he was confined at Windsor for striking a Seymour within the precincts of the court, an offence for which he was liable to the loss of his right hand; nor was this the only occasion on which he struck, or on which he was imprisoned. However, we may well make his intimacy with young Fitzroy, whom his attached father had created Duke of Richmond, the starting-point of his active career, which puts Wyatt's precocity to shame.

The poet's ambitious and unscrupulous father sought to advance the fortunes of the family in various ways, and amongst others, by contracting his children, whilst of tender age, in marriage. In this pursuit he was seconded, during her short period of ascendancy, by his relative Anne Boleyn, who was desirous of uniting the boy-earl to her step-daughter, Mary Tudor, till dread of the King's displeasure drove her to decist from the project; and, on her advice Surrey was wedded, at the legal minimum of fourteen, to the Lady Frances de Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford. In another direction the queen obtained her wish by bringing about an alliance between the Duke of Richmond and Surrey's sister Mary, in the teeth of the bride's mother. Three years after their wedding Surrey and his wife came together, and the union, unlike that of his parents, proved happy. Some have cast doubt on the point, but without reason, on the ground of Surrey's conventional addresses to a little lady whom he calls Geraldine, and who was the youngest daughter of a luckless Earl of Kildare. Her real name was Elizabeth Fitzgerald, and the string of love-sonnets, of which the fair child is the subject, stands for no more than an intellectual pastime introduced from

Geraldine.

Italy, with which country the Fitzgeralds claimed an hereditary connection. They professed descent from the Giraldi of Florence; and to this real or imaginary tie Surrey is well pleased to accord full recognition in his verse:

> From Tuscane came my lady's worthy race,
> Fair Florence was sometime their ancient seat,
> The western isle whose pleasant shore doth face
> Wild Camber's cliffs did give her lively heat.
> Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast:
> Her sire an Earl, her dame of Prince's blood.
> From tender years in Britain doth she rest
> With king's child, where she tasteth costly food.
> Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyne;
> Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight;
> Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine,
> And Windsor, alas! doth chase her from my sight.
> Her beauty of kind; her virtues from above:
> Happy is he that can obtain her love.

The husband who actually obtained her hand—we dare not say, her love—at the age of fifteen, was Sir Anthony Browne, a knight of sixty.

Sport on the Thames.

One of the oddest incidents of Surrey's life occurred in 1543, when in company with Thomas Wyatt the younger, whose father he had solemnly praised for his metrical version of the penitential psalms, and a William Pickering, he went out on the Thames by night. All three were armed with cross-bows, from which they discharged pebbles at the brothels, and not only at the brothels, but at the upper windows of respectable citizens. This escapade, together with the crime of eating meat in Lent, led to citation before the Privy Council and committal to the Fleet Prison. Here Surrey solaced himself with versifying, and in a strain of

grim and scarcely condonable humour compared his roistering serenade to a prophetic warning:

> That as the fearful thunder-clap
> By sudden flame at hand we know,
> Of pebble-stones the soundless rap
> The dreadful plague might make thee see
> Of God's wrath that doth thee enwrap.

Meanwhile Surrey, like his father and sometimes with his father, was frequently engaged in responsible public offices. In 1536 he was in the Midlands in command of the royal forces assembled to put down 'Captain Cobbler's' rebellion. Three years afterwards, when the country was menaced with invasion by a Continental alliance, he was commissioned to put Norwich in a state of defence. In 1542, the very year in which his cousin Catherine Howard was beheaded, he was ordered to York that he might take part in the repulse of the Scots, who were reported to be advancing thirty thousand strong. Nothing came of these formidable preparations except the surprise and defeat of ten thousand of the enemy by a small body of three hundred horse. In 1543 the treaty with Charles V, which had cost Thomas Wyatt his life, was ratified, and Surrey set out on a fighting expedition to France, where not so many years before he, with his friend Richmond, had experienced the courtesies of King Francis I. Very little was accomplished in this campaign, but in 1544 the war was conducted with more vigour. The chief English success was the taking of Boulogne, but as against this must be set the disastrous assault on Montreuil, in which Surrey, always impetuously brave, had a narrow escape from death or capture. He was saved by the devotion of his page Thomas Clere, who there and then received a wound, from the effects of

The gallantry of young Clere.

which he died the following year. Surrey wrote a touching sonnet to his memory, concluding with the words:

> At Montreuil gates, hopeless of all recure,
> Thine earl, half dead, gave in thine hand his will;
> Which cause did thee this pining death procure,
> Ere summers four times seven thou could'st fulfil.
> Ah, Clere! if love had booted, care, or cost,
> Heaven had not won, nor earth so timely lost.

In 1545 Surrey was despatched with five thousand men to the relief of Boulogne, which was being beleaguered by the French, and fought several actions, in one of which—that at Saint-Etienne—he was severely defeated. As his achievements did not come up to his hopes and promises, he was, in March, 1546, recalled to England in disgrace; and in June a treaty of peace was signed between England and France, one of the conditions being the surrender of Boulogne. But for Surrey this result might have been attained much earlier.

Howards and Seymours.

Surrey had never shown himself very diplomatic; and, though on the whole a better man than his father, had far less of that worldly wisdom which, in those slippery times, was so necessary to men in high place. It must, of course, be remembered that he was still a young man; but, even allowing for that, rashness, rather than prudence, was one of his most striking constitutional traits. He was now to pay dearly for his lack of astuteness. The Duke of Norfolk, still busy at his old trade of match-making, proposed to the King a double matrimonial alliance between his own family and that of the powerful Seymours. His daughter, the widowed Duchess of Richmond, was to marry Sir Thomas Seymour; and Surrey's elder son a daughter of Lord Hertford. Surrey, influenced probably by the antipathy of his class to a race of parvenus, energetically re-

sisted the project, which came to nothing; and, by so doing, incurred the mortal enmity of his own sister.

Thus the Howards and the Seymours, instead of being united by ties of affinity, were thrown back into their old position of rivals and antagonists; and as the days of the reigning monarch were evidently numbered, it was a question whether the leaders of the ancient nobility or Henry's favourite advisers were to hold power during the minority of his successor. On this point Surrey again displayed a singular lack of caution by publicly declaring that the regent would be the duke, his father. As Edward VI was a son of Jane Seymour, such a solution was hardly practicable. It was violently opposed by the Seymours, who represented the party of ecclesiastical reform, and Henry himself desired nothing better for his son than the protection of his mother's kindred. Accordingly a charge of treason was trumped up against Surrey and his father on the pretext that the assumption of the arms of Edward the Confessor and that of the Scottish crown, which had been granted to the Howards by royal favour for zealous and valuable services, pointed to designs on the throne. The Duchess of Richmond, meanly and wickedly, accepted this explanation, and Surrey and the duke were both arrested. During the whole of the proceedings the poet defended himself with a haughty courage; but nothing that he could say by way of challenge or remonstrance was of the least avail. He was tried by a packed jury before judges selected by his foe, Lord Hertford; and, having been found guilty, was sentenced to death. His execution took place in January, 1547, on Tower Hill. Whilst awaiting his almost certain doom Surrey turned into English verse two of the Psalms (the seventy-second and eighty-seventh)—a becoming exercise—and, one may say, a *praeparatio mortis*.

A sister's crime.

The Duke of Norfolk, owing to his legal status, could only be tried by his peers, and as the procedure was more cumbrous, involving appreciable delay, he was rescued from his son's untoward fate by the death of Henry VIII, whose sign-manual it was essential to obtain.

Life and letters.

We have treated Surrey's poetry in connection with his life, because that seems to be the right method in dealing with one whose whole life was a poem. His verse, most of it, was spontaneous enough, and the high-mettled earl charmed away many a dull hour by describing his moods in language that must have cost him but little labour. At the same time he was an artistic poet. Already we have left far behind the rude and rugged attempts of Lydgate and his admirers. As Puttenham says in his *Art of English Poetry*: 'Sir Thomas Wyatt and Henry Earl of Surrey were the two chieftains, who, having travelled [metaphorically] into Italy and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and style of the Italian Poesy. . . . greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesy from what it had been before, and for that cause may justly be said to be the first reformers of our English metres and style.'

Wyatt and Surrey.

The literary relations of the two poets, whose personal relations had always been friendly, have now to be considered. Wyatt, as we have seen, was many years senior to Surrey, who stood in somewhat the position of a disciple to him. As regards metre, this is the case. If Wyatt employed terzines, Surrey also demonstrated his ability to cope with this difficult metre, which since their time has been represented hardly at all in English poetry. He even surpassed Wyatt in his love of what seems to have been the elder poet's invention —namely, the combination of Alexandrine and septenarian verse. In daring and variety, however, Surrey is less note-

worthy than his master, confining himself to comparatively few forms and exhibiting his skill not so much in the building of elaborate measures as in the perfection of his rhythm. Wyatt had aimed at smoothness and metrical accuracy; but he never accomplished his object with quite the success of his younger compeer, who must therefore be regarded as the true progenitor of our later poets, and the first to utter his thoughts in a way that strikes one as cultivated and easy and classically modern.

Blank verse.

We have stated that Surrey was not, on the whole, any great innovator; but this was perhaps an accident due to the fact that Wyatt had done the work for him, and so there was no need. His conversion of the sonnet into a short poem with alternate rhymes and concluding couplet may be attributed partly to misconception of its nature, and partly to the instinct for simplicity which reveals itself in a truly important experiment—his rendering of parts of the *Aeneid* into decasyllabic blank verse. This was, as might be anticipated, no 'happy thought' of Surrey. English versification was now fully abreast of Continental practice, and it was, as Puttenham remarks, taste of Italian poesy that decided the choice of metres on the part of the 'new company of courtly makers.' In Italy blank verse of one kind or another had for some time been recognized as a legitimate type of verse. We need not go back to St. Francis of Assisi's *Cantico del Sole*, because that poem is not likely to have exerted much influence on later Italian writers, and, through them, on Surrey. But Ariosto in his comedies, Trissino in a tragedy and an epic poem, and Alamanni in his elegies had all dispensed with rhyme; and there was extant in Italian blank verse a translation of two books of Virgil, credited to Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici. The custom was already spreading to other European countries—

for instance, Spain—and the first English poet to adopt it was the Earl of Surrey. The step is memorable rather for its ulterior than for its immediate results. Surrey's translation, which here and there betrays acquaintance with Douglas's, is not in true blank verse, of which the charm consists in the artful change of pause and subtle refinements of rhythm; it runs rather like heroic couplets with the rhymes taken out. Still, this does not lessen the important consequences of an example imitated by Shakespeare and Milton, and flowering again, most beautifully, in the *Idylls of the King*.

Description of Spring.

Surrey's misunderstanding of the sonnet and mishandling of blank verse are matters of small moment in estimating his merits as a poet. Amongst these we should place, if not first, among the first, his extraordinary gift of melody. To no poet can we more properly apply the epithet 'tuneful,' and the music of his verse must be regarded as echoing the music of his soul. Of the causes which go to produce this inner music none is more potent than sympathy and accord with external nature. Here Surrey is at one with Chaucer, and his *Description of Spring* is thoroughly happy, thoroughly English, and like nothing so much as that delightful old ditty *Summer is a-coming in*. But the reader shall judge for himself:

> The sweet seasòn, that bud and bloom forth brings,
> With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
> The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
> The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.
> Summer is come, for ev'ry spray now springs,
> The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
> The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
> The fishes fleet with new repairèd scale.
> The adder all her slough away she slings.

The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;
The busy bee her honey now she mings;
Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant things,
Each care decays; and yet my sorrow springs.

Tottel's Miscellany.

A striking feature of this Renaissance period in England is the widespread interest in poetry, which had many practitioners who, if they made no great name, yet were able to indite occasional verses of very respectable merit. As if for the benefit of these minor bards there came into existence a succession of miscellanies stored with charming pieces which are either of unknown or uncertain authorship, or proceeded from men otherwise of the slightest account. It is remarkable that Surrey's poems were first published in a book of this description, and commonly known (after the name of the printer) as 'Tottel's Miscellany.' The actual title was: 'Songs and Sonnets, written by the Right Honourable Lord Henry Howard, late Earl of Surrey, and other. Apud Riccardum Tottel. 1557. Cum privilegio.'

The editor of this collection was Nicholas Grimald, believed to be the son of an Italian clerk, and a graduate of both Oxford and Cambridge. He was himself completely English; and his mother Anne, on whom at her decease he wrote a funeral song, was perhaps a native of Huntingdonshire, in which county he was born in 1519. The first version of Tottel's Miscellany appeared early in June, 1557, and the second on the last day of July following. The chief difference between them lay in the disappearance of thirty poems by Grimald and the substitution of others. The total number of distinct pieces in the two editions exceeds three hundred.

Hand in hand with the love of poetry went intense delight in music. The King—Henry VIII—was a song-writer

in both senses; and his favourite, William Cornish, a musician of the Chapel Royal, contributed to his song-book, as did likewise a score or so of men of talent, some of whose names have been preserved, and others not. It is not always easy to distinguish the writer of the poem from the composer of the music. Thus in Tottel's Miscellany, a piece commencing 'Ah, Robin, gentle Robin,' is assigned to Wyatt; in the King's book it is given to Cornish, who may simply have invented the melody. This, however, is by no means certain, as the editors of collections appear to have found great difficulty in allocating poems to their rightful owners. Henry's song-book belongs, perhaps, rather to musical than to literary history; but his *Pastime with Good Company*, written for three voices, may be cited just to show what that extraordinary monarch was capable of:

Henry the Eighth's Song-book.

Green groweth the holly, so doth the ivy,
Though winter blasts blow never so high
Green groweth the holly.

As the holly groweth green and never changeth hue,
So am I, and ever hath been, unto my lady true.
Green groweth the holly, etc.

As the holly groweth green with ivy all alone,
When flowers cannot be seen, and greenwood leaves be gone.
Green groweth the holly, etc.

Now unto my lady promise to her I make,
From all other only to her I me betake.
Green groweth the holly, etc.

Adieu mine own lady, adieu my special,
Who hath my heart truly, be sure and ever shall.

Green groweth the holly, so doth the ivy,
Though winter blasts blow never so high.
Green groweth the holly.

This is evidently a 'catch,' a short libretto, but we should be very sadly mistaken were we to suppose that verse of its elusive, half-rhapsodical nature is easy or devoid of poetical merit. It is redolent of an age when England was Merrie England still, and could hardly be produced nowadays. It makes its way by suggestion rather than by full and determinate expression; its charm lies in its airiness and gaiety. These are such songs as Oberon and Titania might have sung, or hearkened to, all night long in the moonlight. They are not of the earth, but of a finer element, and mock the slower inspiration of mechanical bards, who abide by grammar and deem some measure of sense indispenable to serious poetry. Serious — yes, but these efforts are not serious. They are thrown off in a frolic and always with the anticipation of lightsome melody, or with a musical fantasy for a lead.

But it is time that we returned to our miscellanies. Tottel's collection ran into eight editions, and its success naturally provoked imitations, the best or, at any rate, the most popular of which was the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*. The reader will conclude from this example that poets, or publishers, were beginning to study what is now regarded as the all-important question of titles; and the succeeding miscellanies—hateful term!—will confirm this inference with a brave show of variously attractive nomenclature—*The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions, A Handful of Pleasant Delights, The Phoenix Nest, England's Helicon,* and *A Poetical Rhapsody*. Most of these works are so late as to be outside our present province, but the *Paradise of Dainty Devices,* though not printed until 1576, demands attention, inasmuch as it is largely retrospective, and embraces many poems of an earlier date.

The *Paradise of Dainty Devices.*

We have, however, not yet done with Tottel. Among the authors whom for some reason he has thought fit not to name were Thomas Churchyard, Thomas Lord Vaux, John Heywood, and Sir Francis Bryan. The last-named has already been mentioned in these pages in connexion with Sir Thomas Wyatt, and we now add that he received his knighthood from the Earl of Surrey during the campaign in Brittany. Thomas Lord Vaux is represented in the 'Miscellany' by two poems, the *Assault of Cupid*, and another beginning, 'I loathe that I did love,' three stanzas of which are quoted in the grave-diggers' song in *Hamlet*. John Heywood is the famous writer of interludes, and Churchyard the soldier of fortune, who contributed to the *Mirror for Magistrates*. It is possible also that George Boleyn, Lord Rochford, the darling of the ladies at the court of Henry VIII, and beheaded in 1536 on suspicion of incestuous intercourse with the queen, his sister, has a niche in the collection, since a poem commencing, 'My lute, awake,' which is given by Tottel to Sir Thomas Wyatt, is attributed in the *Nugae Antiquae* to the ill-starred young nobleman.

Concerning the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, which was dedicated to Lord Compton of Compton, we are told by the printer, Henry Disle, that it 'was collected together through the travail of one both of worship and credit for his private use, who not long since departed this life.' The reference is to a Richard Edwards, who had died ten years before at the age of forty-three, and who was a musician educated at Oxford, and appointed at the outset of Queen Elizabeth's reign one of the gentlemen of her chapel. He was a man of versatile talent, being reputed the best fiddler, the best mimic, and the best sonneteer of the court. He was the author of three theatrical pieces, namely, *Damon and Pythias*, and *Palamon and Arcite* in

two parts; and his *Soul's Knell*, composed almost in his last moments, was once very generally admired.

The poems of the *Paradise* appear to have been selected largely on the score of their aptness for musical setting; and this point is duly brought forward in the preface: 'The ditties are both pithy and pleasant, and will yield a far greater delight, being as they are so aptly made to be set to any song in five parts, or sung to any instrument.' Like Tottel's, this 'Miscellany' sprang into great favour, edition following edition to the number of seven in less than twenty-five years. The second issue contains a good many corrections, and the names of several of the authors are more exactly stated, altered, or printed at length, instead of being indicated by initials. It is not certain that in every instance the revised editions are nearer the truth; and Ellis freely expresses his belief that Lord Vaux ('the elder') was the real author of a poem—*Complaint for the Loss of a Friend*—originally ascribed to him, but afterwards transferred to W. Hunnis.

Like Edwards, Hunnis was a gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and wrote a quantity of devotional poetry very popular in its day. Another versifier, ten of whose compositions are inserted, was Francis Kinwelmarsh, of Gray's Inn, who was associated with George Gascoigne in a translation of a play of Euripides. Some of the signatures are in hieroglyphics, and we cannot say for certain that George Gascoigne is the 'G. Gaska' or George Cavendish (author of the *Life of Wolsey*) is the 'M. (*i.e.* Master) Candish' of the *Dainty Devices*. These attributions, however, are not improbable. One of the oddest names is 'Yloop,' which has been supposed to be an inversion of Pooly, but who Pooly was, cannot even be conjectured. Without entering more deeply into the subject, these hints will afford an insight into the quality of the book, which

is in a way an accident, but a very fortunate accident, since it has been the means of preserving much charming verse, and is a permanent memorial of the general culture of the age, as distinct from the genius of its principal writers. This consideration induces us to instance a poem by Richard Edwards, the originator of the anthology and an adept at numbers, but not found in his book. There is an old satire on women by Simonides of Amorgos, of which the following seems in some sort an echo:

When women first Dame Nature wrought,
'All good,' quoth she, 'none shall be naught,
All wise shall be, none shall be fools,
For wit shall spring from women's schools.
In all good gifts they shall excel,
Their nature all no tongue can tell.'—
Thus Nature said—I heard it, I.
I pray you ask them if I do lie.

By Nature's grant this must ensue,
No woman false, but, ah! most true:
None sow debate but love maintain,
None wish to see their lover's pain.
As turtles true, their chosen one
They love, and pine when he is gone.
This is most true, none can deny;
I pray you ask them if I do lie.

No lamb so meek as women be,
Their humble hearts from pride are free;
Rich things they wear, and wot you why?
Only to please their husband's eye!
They never strive their wills to have;
Their husbands' love, nought else they crave.
Vain tattle in them none can espy,
I pray you ask them if I do lie.

The eagle, with his piercing eye,
Shall burn and waste the mountain high.

Huge rocks shall fleet as ship with sail;
The crab shall run, swim shall the snail,
Springs shall return from whence they came;
Sheep shall be wild and tigers tame;
Ere these my words false you shall try.
Ha, ha! methinks I make a lie.

The *Mirror for Magistrates.*

What Tottel's Miscellany and the *Paradise of Dainty Devices* are in the realm of lyric poetry, that the *Mirror for Magistrates* is in the domain of narrative verse. A cyclic work, it grew with every new edition until at last it came to form a tolerably continuous compendium of English, or rather British, history from the primitive mythical dawn to the date of the composition. The idea, originated by Edward Whitchurch the publisher, fructified in the brain of William Baldwin, who, although a graduate of Oxford and an ecclesiastic, had an hereditary connection with the printing-press, and himself acted as proof-reader to Whitchurch. He was even expert enough to be his own type-setter, when he had rhymed the *Canticles of Solomon* and desired to issue his version in all the glory of print. Baldwin's principal lieutenant in the larger enterprise was George Ferrers, an Oxonian, who had studied in Lincoln's Inn, sat in Parliament in Henry's reign, supported Cromwell, and in 1542 made acquaintance with the interior of a gaol. He may be described without disparagement as one who 'dabbled' in literature, since he had no confirmed tastes, and turned from translating Magna Carta and other documents, French and Latin, to collaborating with Grafton in his *Chronicle.* His share in the work was the reign of Queen Mary, and seeing that he had been attached to the Protector, the Duke of Somerset, the direction of his sympathies may be easily conceived. He wrote, besides other verse, a number of fashionable interludes, and, in one year,

was the King's Lord of Misrule, so that, altogether, Master Ferrers may be reckoned a man of no mean accomplishments, and endowed with much mental energy and initiative. Baldwin records an interesting conversation which took place between himself and this courtier of parts, when the main lines of the work had been laid down and agreed upon:

> Master Ferrers (after he had found where Bochas left, which was about the end of King Edward the Third's reign) said thus: 'I marvel what Bochas meaneth to forget among his miserable princes such as were of our own nation . . . Bochas, being an Italian, minded most the Roman and Italian story, or else, perhaps, he wanted the knowledge of ours. It were therefore a goodly and notable matter to search and discourse from the first beginning of the inhabiting of the isle, but seeing the printer's mind is to have us follow where Lydgate left, we will leave that great labour to other that may intend it, and (as one being bold first to break the ice) I will begin at the time of Richard the Second, a time as unfortunate as the ruler therein.'

The tenour of these observations suffices to show the character of the undertaking. The Mirror (or Speculum) was a common type of mediaeval writing, the object of which was to place before the readers a faithful description of the duties and dangers of their station. These could be best illustrated by the experiences of those who had occupied that station before them, and who, in these examples, had been 'set in slippery places,' and 'cast down suddenly.' Ferrers inaugurated the work with the fall of Robert Tresilian, Chief Justice of England, choosing for the purpose a species of Chaucerian stanza in Alexandrines. This precedent was not maintained throughout, other measures being employed, in addition to which the series is variegated with prose colloquies between members of the company. The first edition, which appeared in 1559, comprises nine-

teen 'tragedies,' of which Baldwin supplied the largest share. Ferrers wrote three, and Phaer, the translator of Virgil, one—that on Owen Glendower. The earliest 'tragedy' is 'Tresilian' and the latest 'Edward IV.' In 1563 there came out a second edition, enriched with eight new recitals, but the numerical addition was the least important factor in the case. Far more significant was the quality of Baldwin's recruits, one of whom, Thomas Sackville, contributed an *Induction*, which alone has rendered the work immortal.

Thomas, Lord Sackville.

Thomas Sackville was the son of Sir Richard Sackville, and was born at Buckhurst, in Sussex, in 1536. He was educated first at Oxford and then at Cambridge, and afterwards entered the Inner Temple. Before leaving the University for the Bar, he had already made for himself a reputation as a poet—a matter to which Jasper Heywood so kindly alludes:

> There Sackville's sonnets sweetly sauced
> And featly finèd be.

However, the young lawyer had ambitions, or his friends had ambitions for him, outside the court of the Muses. His was to be a full, an honourable, and a useful life, in which literary achievement was to play a subordinate part, and yet a part testifying how great an artist perished in him. Married at eighteen, Sackville, like Ferrers, obtained seats in the House of Commons, commencing his public career at twenty-one and approving himself no idle or indifferent Member of Parliament. His father died in 1566, and the following year Thomas Sackville was knighted and raised to the peerage as Baron Buckhurst. Still gaining in importance, when Burghley died—which was in 1599—he was chosen to take his place as Lord High Treasurer of England. In 1604 he was created Earl of Dorset, and

four years later death, with dramatic suddenness, removed him, at the age of seventy-two, from his seat at the Council table.

In his young days, as a Templar, Sackville, in conjunction with Thomas Norton, composed the first English tragedy, which was entitled *Gorboduc* and produced, in 1561, at the Christmas Revels of his inn. Here we need say no more of the play than that it was written in blank verse—of an infantine description, 'tis true, but still not barren of effect in the practice of later dramatists.

Coming now to Sackville's contributions to the *Mirror for Magistrates*, we may observe at once that the *Complaint of Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham*, whilst filling its allotted place in the series for which it was designed, suffers, and inevitably, from the limitations imposed by this very circumstance. In the intention of its editor, the *Mirror or Magistrates* was nothing if not historical, and thus Sackville was compelled to hold in check the falcon flights of feeling and fancy, lest they should ascend too far from the *terra firma* of literal accuracy and established fact. In his *Induction* he was hampered by no such restrictions, and, as he there deals with an ideal realm of his own creation, he is able to demonstrate how far he has advanced from the crude and callow symbolism of Stephen Hawes, how far he has travelled towards the truly poetical conceptions of Edmund Spenser.

The *Induction*.

The poem is a remarkable union of mediaeval allegory with ideas derived from the sixth book of Virgil's *Aeneid*, and may in that sense be compared to an infinitely greater work—the *Comedy* of Dante Alighieri. Nor does the resemblance end here, for Sackville possessed a similar gift of gloomy portraiture. His pictures are in one sense even more impressive, because unrelieved, as in Dante, by out-

breaks of savage humour and the ever-recurring thrill of theatrical curiosity.

The *Induction* opens with a picture of a winter eve, full of classical allusion, as became a Renaissance poem, but containing many natural touches and some really fine metaphors, such as

> The naked twigs were shivering all for cold.

Sackville has gotten out into the fields, and, in despite of the unfavourable conditions, which render him a prey to gloomy thoughts, continues his peregrination. He encounters a miserable and disconsolate form, which reminds us of Niobe, but it is Niobe in grim exaggeration. The poet is horrified at the sight of her anguish, and bids her unfold the cause of her inordinate woe. She proves to be Sorrow incarnate, and, when both have recovered a measure of their self-control, undertakes to be his guide to the nether regions. The imagination displayed in the ensuing stanzas, particularly in the description of the allegorical figures—Remorse, Dread, Revenge, Misery, Heavy Sleep, Old Age, Malady, Famine, War—will bear comparison with anything in the *Faëry Queen*, and, indeed, anticipates a yet greater poem. Some of the lines have a distinctly Miltonic ring. For instance:

> In dreadful fear amid the dreadful place.

In sheer intensity, Sackville's poetry has seldom been surpassed. What can be more awe-inspiring than his portrait of Old Age?

> Crook-backt he was, tooth-shaken and blear-eyed,
> Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four,
> With old lame bones that rattled by his side,
> His scalp all piled (*bald*), and he with eld forlore,
> His withered fist still knocking at death's door.

Fumbling and drivelling as he draws his breath
For brief, the shape and messenger of death.

The purpose of this visit to the loathly lake Averne and the realm of Pluto is that the poet may see and hear the plaint of those who had borne sway amongst the best, but are now reduced to the worst straits of grief and disappointment. In reality he has only one interview—that with the Duke of Buckingham, whose aspect and gestures are as dolorous as it is possible to conceive, and affect his beholder with profound melancholy. Sackville's two contributions to the *Mirror for Magistrates* represent apparently a mere instalment of his original design which, according to the prose prologue, was far more comprehensive.

'I have here the Duke of Buckingham, King Richard's chief instrument, written by Masser Thomas Sackville.' 'Read it, we pray you,' said they. 'With a good will,' quoth I, 'but first you shall hear his preface or induction.' 'Hath he made a preface?' quoth one. 'What meaneth he thereby, seeing none other hath used the like order?' 'I will tell you the cause thereof,' quoth I, 'which is this. After that he understood that some of the Council would not suffer the book to be printed in such order as we had agreed and determined, he purposed with himself, to have gotten at my hands all the tragedies that were before the Duke of Buckingham's, which he would have preserved in one volume. And from that time backward, even to the time of William the Conqueror, he determined to continue and perfect all the story himself, in such order as Lydgate (following Bocchas) had already used. And therefore, to make a meet induction, he devised this poesy, which in my judgment is so well penned that I would not have any verse thereof left out of our volume.'

For this second edition of the *Mirror for Magistrates* Churchyard wrote the tragedy of *Jane Shore*; he had indited for the first a story of Mowbray's banishment by

King Richard, which was in subsequent editions acknowledged as his. Some of this poet's pieces had been previously published in Tottel's Miscellany, and he was destined to write and publish more. As a soldier of fortune, Churchyard's life was rich in incident, and he carried some of this pugnacity into letters, as is proved by his 'flyting' match with Camell, begun with *Davie Dycar's Dream*. His, however, is rather an interesting than great or important personality; and, therefore, instead of sketching his biography, we prefer to proceed with our account of the *Mirror for Magistrates*.

Thomas Churchyard and the *Mirror for Magistrates*.

This work had evidently become a public institution, somewhat resembling the *Spectator* in the days of Addison, save that it did not deal with matters of topical interest, and merely ministered, in the most general way, to the thirst for information and desire for moral improvement. There could be no question of copyright in the idea; and although the early 'tragedians' worked harmoniously together, the scheme appears to have appealed to the clerical and antiquarian mind, and very soon wide periods of national history were filled in by writers acting independently. Thus in 1574, John Higgins, a clergyman who kept school at Winsham, in Somerset, produced *The First Part of the Mirror for Magistrates*, which accounted for the interval between the advent of Brut and the birth of Christ. It was impossible to go further back, and so Higgins ventured to prefix a general 'induction,' suggested by Sackville's, and, like it, in Chaucerian stanza. In 1578 Thomas Blennerhasset printed twelve more 'tragedies,' ranging from the invasion of Britain by Julius Caesar to the Norman Conquest; and in 1587 Baldwin's and Higgins' edition were united in one volume. In this form the collection served through the reign of Elizabeth as a magazine, to which the

dramatists of the time had recourse for their plots. A feature in this joint edition was a new 'tragedy' by Churchyard, on the subject of Cardinal Wolsey. Apart from the *Mirror for Magistrates*, this writer, almost as busy with his pen as with his sword, put forth a collection of poems under the modest title of *Churchyard's Chips*, various items of which are tragical in name and quality, while others are courtly and ceremonious.

George Gascoigne.

Leading the life of Churchyard and sharing his aims, but possessing far higher claims to poetical distinction, was George Gascoigne, who is commended by Puttenham for 'a good metre and a plentiful vein,' of whom Nash declares that 'he first beat the path to that perfection which our best poets have aspired to, since his departure,' and who, in the opinion of Warton, 'has much exceeded all the poets of his age in smoothness and harmony of versification.'

Born about 1525, the eldest son of Sir John Gascoigne, a Bedfordshire knight, the poet seems to have had some early connection with Westmorland, where, he tells us, he stole such English as he had. From Trinity College, Cambridge, he passed, without taking a degree, to the Middle Temple, was admitted an ancient of Gray's Inn in 1555, and was member of Parliament for Bedford from 1557 to 1559. In 1567 Gascoigne, who had lived in the gay world and 'misgoverned his youth,' married the widow of a William Breton, whose son Nicholas gained some credit as an author. Five years later he embarked for Holland, and entered the service of the Prince of Orange, who was conducting a desperate struggle against Alva and the Spaniards. On the voyage from Gravesend the vessel in which he sailed was wrecked off Briell, and the poet, with all on board, was in imminent danger of drowning. His experiences on this occasion are vividly narrated in a poetical

epistle to Lord Grey of Wilton, to whom also he describes in allegorical verse his impressions of war. Gascoigne, to be sure, had no lack of matter, for he was present at all manner of engagements both by land and sea, tasted the rapture of assault and the tedium of the siege, and in the course of a twelvemonth earned not merely the thanks of the Dutch prince, but a very acceptable gift of three hundred guilders, over and above his pay, by means of which he was able to pay off his creditors:

> Where good Guillam of Nassau bade me be,
> There needed I no other guide but he.

At length, having been posted at Valkenburg, he was compelled by stress of circumstances to capitulate to the Spaniards, who, though they had proved themselves a cruel enemy to their revolted subjects, treated Gascoigne and his officers with distinguished courtesy during the four months they remained in their hands.

On procuring his release, towards the end of 1574, Gascoigne made his way back to England and took up his quarters in what he calls in the preface of the *Steel Glass* his 'poor house at Walthamstow.' He did not return to the wars, of which he had probably seen enough, but, content with the company of his wife and his son William, devoted himself to those poetical pains which he had never entirely intermitted. His wife had five children by her first husband, who had secured the property to them, but Gascoigne's marriage, though it did not help him much to free his estate from embarrassment, appears to have been fairly happy, and a lawsuit instituted in the favour of the Bretons speedily ended in a friendly arrangement. Gascoigne died at Stamford on October 7th, 1577, at the age of fifty, or thereabouts. The truth is, the date of Gascoigne's birth is very uncertain, so uncertain that Professor

Morley makes him no more than forty at the time of his death. This is in accord with Anthony à Wood's account, which would be consistent with still fewer years. On the other hand, Gascoigne himself refers to his 'crooked age and hoary hairs.' To be sure, these may have been among 'the fruits of war,' but the natural interpretation is that he was growing elderly, and by the use of such phrases anticipated the younger bards, who, when his style of verse had gone out of fashion, were wont to allude to him, half-irreverently, as 'old Gascoigne.' Whatever his age, he accomplished, it would seem, a most edifying departure from the world. His contemporaries were instructed in his manner of leaving them by George Whetstone, who, ere the breath was well out of his body, published a poem, entitled, 'A Remembrance of the Well Employed Life and Godly End of George Gascoigne,' the narrator purporting to be his ghost. He died poor, bequeathing to his wife and son little more than his love and a request to the Queen to befriend them, not for any services of his own, but for Christ's sake.

The *Complaint of Philomene.*

The chronology of Gascoigne's poems is not nearly so obscure as that of his life, since it is burdened by no initial difficulty vitiating the whole problem. If the reckoning be made on the basis of publication, the task is simplicity itself, but the date of composition also is sometimes established by autobiographic evidence. Let us take the case of the *Complaint of Philomene*, begun in 1562, but not completed or published until 1575, when, in a dedication to Lord Grey of Wilton, Gascoigne told the story of its inception. 'Twelve or thirteen years past,' he says, 'I had begun an elegy, or sorrowful song, called the *Complaint of Philomene*, the which I began to devise riding by the highway between Chelmsford and London; and being overtaken with a sud-

den dash of rain I changed my copy, and struck over into *De Profundis*, which is placed among my other poesies, leaving the *Complaint of Philomene* unfinished, and so it hath continued until this present month of April, 1575, when I began my *Steel Glass*. And because I have in mine exordium to the *Steel Glass* begun with the nightingale's notes; therefore I have not thought amiss now to finish and piece up the said *Complaint of Philomene*, observing nevertheless the same determinate invention which I had propounded and begun (as is said) twelve years now past.' It is fair to infer from this testimony that the *Complaint of Philomene* and the *De Profundis* really belong to the close of the year 1562. So far as the latter is concerned, there is no intimation that it was not finished in the course of the ride and subsequently committed to paper—indeed, the contrary is implied—yet it was first published in a collection of Gascoigne's poems, which his friends caused to be printed, with his knowledge and consent, during his absence in the Low Countries, or, more precisely, in 1572. On his return to England, he set about revising this volume of verse, which bore the quaint title of *A Hundred Sundry Flowers Bound up in one Small Posy*, and was republished in a revised edition, dated February, 1575.

A Hundred Sundry Flowers.

The particular poem which called forth these remarks—Gascoigne's version of Psalm CXXX—has no special interest or value. The circumstances which led to its composition are stated in some prefatory lines; and in a set of poems printed in the same volume, and entitled, *Gascoigne's Memories*, his habit of 'devising,' or thinking out, his verse on horseback—'writing none till he came to the end of his journey'—is again mentioned. These *Memories*, so called from his having carried them for some time in his head, comprise five

Gascoigne's Memories.

different poetical—or, we may say, metrical—experiments on themes set by friends at Gray's Inn, when in the midst of his youth he had determined on reformation and the study of Common Law. The *Posy*—we refer to the primitive edition—held yet other poems: Gascoigne's *Good morrow* and *Good Night, The Lullaby, The Divorce, The Recantations of a Lover*, etc. Those specified had all been set to music, for which *The Lullaby* especially might be deemed peculiarly adapted. It is, however, no ordinary lullaby such as mothers love to croon over cradles, but a grave admonition to George Gascoigne. The witching rhythm and skilful construction of the stanzas, with their semi-refrain, makes us almost forget this.

Sing lullaby, as women do,
  Wherewith they bring their babes to rest;
And lullaby can I sing too,
  As womanly as can the best.
With lullaby they still the child,
And if I be not much beguiled,
Full many wanton babes have I
Which must be stilled with lullaby.

First lullaby, my youthful years:
  It is now time to go to bed:
For crooked age and hoary hairs
  Have won the haven with my head.
With lullaby then, youth, be still,
With lullaby content thy will;
Since courage quails, and comes behind,
Go sleep, and so beguile thy mind.

Next lullaby, my gazing eyes,
  Which wonted were to glance apace;
For every glass may now suffice
  To show the furrows in my face.
With lullaby then wink awhile;
With lullaby your looks beguile;

Let no fair face, nor beauty bright,
Entice you 'efte' with vain delight.

And lullaby my wanton will,
  Let reason's rule now rein thy thought,
Since all too late I find by skill,
  How dear I have thy fancies bought.
With lullaby now take thy ease;
With lullaby thy doubts appease;
But, trust to this, if thou be still
My body shall obey thy will.

* * * * *

Thus lullaby, my youth, mine eyes,
  My will, my ware, and all that was;
I can no more delays devise;
  But welcome pain, let pleasure pass.
With lullaby now take your leave;
With lullaby your dreams deceive;
And when you rise with waking eye,
Remember then this lullaby.

The second edition of Gascoigne's works contained a number of new poems, one of which was a long account of 'Dan Bartholomew of Bath,' a lover's tale indited in the Netherlands. Other items were *The Supposes*, *Jocasta*, *The Fruits of War*, and a prose narrative translated from Bartello and entitled *The Pleasant Fable of Ferdinando Jeronomi and Leonora de Velasco*. The *Supposes*—a bad rendering of *I Suppositi*, rendered worse by a self-inculpating gloss—and *Jocasta* were both versions of Italian plays, by Ariosto and Lodovico Dolce respectively, and will be considered when we come to deal with the drama and prose. Meanwhile we proceed with our notice of Gascoigne's achievements in poetry.

In the April of 1575 he penned a 'commendation' in

fifty-eight lines of 'The Noble Art of Venery' for George Turberville's *Book of Falconry or Hawking*. At the same time that he began the *Steel Glass*, his best work, he carried his *Complaint of Philomene* a step further. Both were complete in about a year. These tasks must have been seriously interrupted by occupations connected with royalty, since Gascoigne was commissioned by the Earl of Leicester to 'devise' masques, and so on, for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, when she visited Kenilworth. Printed the following year under the title of the *Princely Pleasures, or the Court at Kenilworth*, they, with a letter of a certain *bon vivant* R. Laneham, or Langham, furnish a perfect picture of hospitalities as magnificent as it ever fell to a sovereign to receive or to a subject to offer.

Hemetes the Hermit.

At the new year Gascoigne presented Elizabeth with a copy of his own *Tale of Hemetes the Hermit*, 'pronounced before the Queen's Majesty at Woodstock,' *i.e.*, in the previous September. This was written in four languages—English, French, Latin, and Italian; Dutch, which he also knew, being passed over. Such a linguistic feat inclines one to wonder somewhat at Webbe's criticism of the poet in his *Discourse of English Poetry*: 'Master George Gascoigne, a witty gentleman, and the very chief of our late rhymers, who and if some parts of learning wanted not (albeit is well known he altogether wanted not learning) no doubt would have attained to the excellency of those famous poets. For gifts of wit and natural promptness appear in him abundantly.' Neither is it true that he neglected the theory of his art as is proved by 'Certain Notes of Instruction concerning the making of Verse or Rhyme in English,' published between 1572 and 1575. However, even Webbe's praise is better than Professor Arber's epigrammatic dismissal of Gascoigne as an 'esquire in poetry.'

The *Steel Glass* and the *Complaint of Philomene*, though sufficiently unlike if we regard their essential qualities, have yet something in common. It is a reasonable supposition that the prologue of the *Complaint of Philomene* was written *pari passu* with the exordium of the satire, which, by Professor Arber's leave, is not the first in our language. The choice of metres has some bearing on the question; and it is to be noted that, while not in every respect identical, the verse is in both cases decasyllabic. The 'fable' of *Philomene*, on the other hand, is written in what is known as Poulter's measure, *i.e.*, a combination of Alexandrine and septenarian lines arranged in a quatrain. Thus the opening stanza of the poem runs as follows:

The *Complaint of Philomene.*

In Athens reigned sometimes
A king of worthy fame,
Who kept in court a stately train;
Pandion was his name.

This is, on the whole, not a satisfactory rhythm. While suitable enough for a serio-comic tale, it is better fitted for ballad poetry than anything else. Perhaps it was this feeling that led Gascoigne to drop or suspend the poem. When he resumed it he chose a nobler measure—decasyllabic verse, with alternate rhymes, not arranged in stanzas, but carrying on the sense, if need be, to a point beyond the limit of each fourth line. Subsequently the pause at the conclusion of the quatrain was enforced, and in this altered form Davenant recommended the adoption of the metre as the English heroic verse.

As has been intimated, doubtless it was on the narrative portion that Gascoigne commenced, for the prologue indicates a considerable ripening of poetical experience, and the coincidence between the 'April' of the dedication and

the 'April' of the introductory lines cannot have been casual. It will be noted that in the prologue Gascoigne represents himself as *walking* out alone 'to hear the descant of the nightingale.' This can in no sense be reconciled with the ride between Chelmsford and London, where, as we have seen, the *Complaint* was originally begun. The epilogue, written in the same metre as the prologue, also belongs to the later period; in it the poet addresses, though not by name, Lord Grey of Wilton, to whom the work, like so many more of Gascoigne's compositions, was dedicated on its publication.

The *Complaint of Philomene* overflows into the *Steel Glass*, and the *Steel Glass* into the *Complaint*. The latter, which is merely the old Greek legend done into modern verse, does not naturally lend itself to satirical uses, but Gascoigne compels it to yield all of which it is capable in this way in the epilogue, where we meet with such lines as the following:

> Yet God above which can both loose and bind
> Will not so soon appeasèd be therefore.
> He makes the male of female to be hated,
> He makes the sire go sighing wondrous sore
> Because the son of such is seldom rated,
> I mean the sons of such rash-sinning sires
> Are seldom seen to run a ruly race,
> But plagued (belike) by fathers' soul-desires
> Do gad abroad and lack the guide of grace.
> Then (lapwinglike) the father flies about
> And howls and cries to see his children stray,
> Where he himself (and no man better) mought
> Have taught his brats to take a better way.
> Thus men, my Lord, be metamorphosèd
> From seemly shape to birds and ugly beasts:
> Yea, bravest dames (if they amiss once tread)
> Find bitter sauce for all their pleasant feasts,

> They must in fine condemnèd be to dwell
> In thicks unseen, in mews for minions made,
> Until at last (if they can bride it well)
> They may chop chalk, and take some better trade.

This is good, but the prologue, which is blither and in sympathetic accord with the musical denizens of the wood, brings back the atmosphere in which the old-world story took shape.

The *Steel Glass.*

The invocation of the nightingale at the commencement of the *Steel Glass* is explained by the circumstances which we have just reviewed. Rather later in the poem there occurs an awkward attempt to justify it on proper grounds, but Philomel, commonly associated with amorous strains, has no natural connection with satire, and we may rest assured that she would not have been thought of as an adjunct of any steel glass but for the accident already noted.

Steel preceded glass mirrors in general use, and Gascoigne affirms what seems to have been the common belief that burnished steel reflects a truer image than the flattering crystal which had been recently substituted. Here we see the point of the title. The satire is to present the plain truth in contradistinction to the deceptive gloss which men in their folly are eager to mistake for it. The poem is in blank verse, and compensates for the lack of rhyme by abundance of rhetorical emphasis. It embodies Gascoigne's mature opinions on the state of the kingdom, dealing *seriatim* with the principal classes with which he had been brought into contact—kings, knights, soldiers, merchants, priests—and illumining its progress with many allusions to classical story. As its author professes to have received his glass by will and testament from old Lucilius, this ostentation of learning is not to be wondered at. But the composition is not in its essence pedantic. It is a strong

and skilful indictment of human weakness and human wickedness studied at first hand; and, though there are occasional faults of style, the literary quality of the poem is undoubtedly high. We may specify, for instance, Gascoigne's apt use of alliteration, as in the lines:

> I see not one within this glass of mine,
> Whose feathers flaunt and flicker in the wind,
> As though he were all only to be markt,
> When simple snakes, which go not half so gay,
> Can leave him yet a furlong in the field,
> And when his pride of all his peacock plumes
> Is daunted down with dastard dreadfulness.

Other Works.

We must run rapidly over the remainder of this writer's works. In April, 1576, he superintended the publication of Sir Humphry Gilbert's *Discourse of a New Passage to Cataia*, with regard to which he wrote to Sir John Gilbert an epistle disclosing incidentally his relationship to Sir Martin Frobisher. In the following May he lit on a mutilated copy of a treatise *De Miseria Humanae Conditionis* by Lothario Conti (afterwards Pope Innocent III), and, not knowing it to be his, proceeded to make from it an English poem in three parts entitled the *Droom of Doomsday*. In the autumn of the same year, 1576, he published *A Delicate Diet for Dainty-mouthed Drunkards*. On New Year's Day, 1577, he presented the Queen with 'certain elegies' which he termed collectively *The Grief of Joy*. The seriousness and even melancholy of his latest writings harmonize with his infirm state of health, but the terminal note of his elegiac volume —'left unperfect for fear of horsemen'—is not a little mysterious. Probably his outspokenness had embroiled him with persons of consequence. But his work was done. His sickness grew apace, and from this date to his death

in the ensuing October he produced nothing that has reached us.

Verse translations of the Classics.

There yet remain two kinds of poetical production on which it is needful to bestow regard. These are translations from the classics by scholar-poets, and the first attempts at modern English psalmody. Versions of Seneca engaged the attention of several writers, working independently. Jasper Heywood, one of the two clever sons of John Heywood, Alexander Nevill, John Studley, Thomas Nuce, and Thomas Newton, all took part in this labour, and in 1581, the last-named published in one volume the ten translations accomplished by them in varying proportions. The versions were in rhyme, and the metres of the dialogue ranged from the septenarian couplet to short stanzas of four decasyllabic lines, rhyming alternately. The translations were embellished with original choruses—an innovation introduced by Jasper Heywood and imitated by the others.

Thomas Phaer.

Septenarian couplets were employed also by Thomas Phaer in his version of 'the nine first books of the Eneidos.' Phaer was not only a tolerable versifier, but a writer on law and medicine; and in his time was advocate for the Marshes of Wales, and doctor of medicine at Oxford—a singular combination of gifts and offices. His translation of the Virgilian epic was completed, in a less satisfactory fashion, by another physician—Thomas Twyne of Lewes.

Arthur Golding.

Again, septenarian couplets were the metre of Arthur Golding's rendering of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, finished in 1567, and destined to be long a favourite. Golding was an enthusiastic man of learning, who had already given an English dress to Caesar's *Commentaries*, Seneca's *De Beneficiis*, and Justin,

and his enthusiasm appears nowhere more evidently than in the preface to his Ovid, in which he attributes to that author much more than he would have presumed to claim for himself, for there was certainly no cabalism in his poems. That, however, was not Golding's opinion.

> For this do learned persons deem of Ovid's present work,
> That in no one of all his works the which he wrote do lurk
> Mo dark and secret mysterios, mo counsels wise and sage,
> Mo good ensamples, mo reproofs of vice in youth and age,
> Mo fine inventions to delight, mo matters clerkly knit,
> No nor more strange variety to show a learned wit.

Sternhold and Hopkins.

We meet with other instances of the septenarian measure in the *Whole Book of the Psalms* associated with the names of Sternhold and Hopkins, and familiar to many generations of church-folk as an appendix to the Prayer Book. The work was first published in its entirety by John Day in 1562. Sternhold, however, a piously-inclined courtier, had died in 1549, and his psalms, fifty-one in number, had been printed the same year. John Hopkins, a Suffolk clergyman in holy orders, added fifty-eight more, and Thomas Norton, Sackville's collaborator in the *Trayedy of Gorboduc*, twenty-seven. Of the other translators the most learned and considerable was the Dean of Durham, William Whittingham. The common and just estimate of the merits of the collection is bluntly expressed in Rochester's lines to a parish-clerk, whose voice was past its meridian and lacked training:

> Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms,
> When they translated David's psalms,
> To make the heart full glad;
> But had it been poor David's fate
> To hear thee sing, and them translate,
> It would have made him mad.

Thomas Tusser.

Likewise poor old Thomas Tusser may be granted a place in this poet's corner. Not indeed that he was any great poet, hardly, indeed, a poet at all. But always unlucky from the day he entered Eton, where he was beaten with many stripes by Nicholas Udall, to the day of his death he found his principal solace in rhyming. After a term at Cambridge, he tried farming operations in different places in East Anglia, and endeavoured to establish relations between the Muse and practical agriculture. His ambition was low enough, and possibly, if his object was purely utilitarian, he may be judged to have succeeded, for his *Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, afterwards five times multiplied, cannot be denied the virtues of perspicuity and good sense. Elegance, however, is another matter, and here honest Tusser, who at one time figured as singing-man in Norwich Cathedral, breaks down. There was no need for this failure, as the Georgics sufficiently testify, but the failure was a fact. Occasionally Tusser's advice is dry, but excellent. He had spoken of syrups, 'which easeth the sickly so much,' but he has no mind to be a quack, so he adds with shrewd humour:

> Ask Medicus' counsel, ere medicine ye make,
> And honour that man for necessity's sake.

Barnaby Googe.

Among the published works of Barnaby Googe is a translation of the *Four Books of Husbandry*, by Conrad Heresbachius—a work which reached a second edition, but is of no particular interest to us now. The translator, however, deserves some notice as one of the pioneers of Elizabethan literature. Born about 1540, and educated at both Oxford and Cambridge, he woke up one morning, if not, like Byron, to find himself famous, yet with fame before him. On his return from

travel in Spain and elsewhere, he discovered that his friend Bundeston had caused his youthful poems to be printed, and it is on this volume, published when he was twenty-three years of age, that his reputation mainly depends. It contains a number of eclogues imitated from Italian models, idealizing country life, but with very distinct allusions to the Marian persecutions which made Googe a determined Protestant in prose as well as verse:

> Such sheep as would not them obey
> But in their pasture bide,
> (With cruel *flames*) they did consume
> And vex on every side.

The collection is noticeable also for its 'sonnets' to Bishop Bale and 'Edwards of the Chapel,' and its epitaphs on Phaer and Grimald.

George Turberville.

In 1570—probably, however, there were earlier editions, though no copy of them is now extant—appeared a similar volume, entitled, *Epitaphs, Epigrams, Songs and Sonnets*, by George Turberville, who was born about 1530 at Whitchurch in Dorset, educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, and at one time acted as secretary to Sir Thomas Randolph, English ambassador at Moscow. Turberville is known also for his metrical translations of Ovid's *Epistles* and Mantuan's *Eclogues*, his works on hunting and falconry, and his ten *Tragical Tales* from the Italian, besides minor productions.

Neither Googe nor Turberville can be compared with that sadly-neglected genius, Thomas Watson, whose work hardly comes within our sphere, but they were both men of talent who kept the torch of English poesy ablaze in the early part of Elizabeth's reign, and are decidedly interesting as links between *Tottel's Miscellany* and the *Shepherd's Calendar*.

CHAPTER VII

BALLADS AND SONGS

An Age of Ballads.

The days between Chaucer and Spenser produced no English poets—if we except Dunbar, the Scotsman—that can be regarded as worthy of serious comparison with the two great pillars of our literature, which, like Termini, close the epoch at each end. As compensation for this stint of divine afflatus in the authentic and legally-attested bards, it may be confidently affirmed that this was the golden age of the English ballad. Whatever other times may have yielded in this kind, never, we are certain, were there such royal effusions as *Chevy Chase* and *Robin Hood*, which, in their own way, are every whit as important as Shakespeare's plays, being integral parts of the national heritage without which England would stand shorn of a large portion of her traditional glory. The conditions of life to which they point—the men and the manners—are to the last degree romantic, but nothing in the matter can exceed the native charm, the opulence of spirit, of the ballads themselves, manifestly the compositions of minstrels, who, without much urging, would have stolen deer in the King's forests, or rained heavy blows on the bodies of his enemies. *Chevy Chase* represents sport at its wildest; *Robin Hood*, a cycle of outlawry, makes poaching an occupation for a gentleman. There are other writings to be considered, but we may

well begin with these magnificent specimens of anonymity.

Sir Philip Sidney on *Chevy Chase.*

In his *Apology for Poetry*, Sir Philip Sidney remarks of the former: 'Certainly I must confess my own barbarousness. I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet is it sung but by some blind crowder [fiddler], with no rougher voice than rude style; which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobwebs of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?' The obvious reply to this question is that a thing which is good of its kind does not of necessity become better for being transformed into something different, and the ballad, however rude its style, must have possessed no common virtue to have stirred the poet-critic so mightily. Nevertheless, Sidney laid his finger on a characteristic which all must acknowledge to be a stumbling-block in the later as well as in the earlier version. The versification is not nearly so smooth as in the kindred ballads recounting the Battle of Otterbourne, about which more will be said presently. Sidney's allusion to 'some blind crowder' may have been no more than a chance reminiscence of a somewhat pitiful scene, but it is noteworthy that we owe the ballad in its most ancient form to one of that order, who lived in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, and whose name appears at the end of the manuscript, now in the Bodleian Library. This does not intimate that he composed the ballad, but rather that he wrote it out or dictated it for his own use, or that of others, or merely that it was his particular copy. If he were blind, of which there is no evidence, it would have been by so much less serviceable to him. Theale's trade was recitation, and in the rough scansion of many of the lines we may trace the ignorance or careless-

ness of a strolling minstrel, who by his manner of chanting and fiddling was able to disguise their metrical imperfections.

At the conclusion of the ballad we meet with the stanza:

> This was the hunting of the Cheviot,
> That tear began this spurn:
> Old men that knowen the ground well enough
> Call it the battle of Otterburn.

Unhistorical.

Chevy Chase, which is the name of a locality as well as of a poem, and not, as some mistakenly suppose, a corruption of *chivachie*, has no connection with Otterbourne or the battle fought there. In the strictest sense the ballad is unhistorical, the details being purely imaginary, but it seems not improbable that it took its rise from a confused report of the battle of Piperden or Pepperden, which was the outcome of a raid by Sir Henry Percy, and in which, according to Scottish accounts, the victory was gained, after great slaughter, by William Douglas, Earl of Angus, and his meyny. This battle, however, took place in 1436, whereas there are plain intimations in the poem that the date of the engagement it commemorates falls in the reigns of James I of Scotland and Henry IV of England. The battle of Homildon or Humbleton, in which Henry is stated to have avenged the loss of Percy, occurred in the year 1402, before James ascended the throne, and the names of the principal heroes, which are given differently in the two versions, are difficult or impossible to identify.

All this shows that the ballad, as regards its particulars, is of no historical value, and that it should be viewed as a romance founded on the turbulent conditions of border life, and the bloody rivalry between Scots and English ever

likely to assume the form of private war levied on their immediate neighbours. Such a state of affairs cannot be considered otherwise than deplorable, but it was consistent with a fine spirit of generosity and mutual respect, to which the ballad bears testimony. Percy is the aggressor, since, in sheer despite, he kills and carries off the fattest bucks in all Cheviot; but Douglas is loth to involve 'guiltless men' in the fighting that must ensue, and defies the English lord to single combat. The challenge is readily accepted, but the fierce pride of a 'poor squire of land,' unwilling to stand aside and look on, brings about a general *mêlée*, which begins an hour before noon, and at evensong is not half done. Out of two thousand Scottish spearmen but fifty-five escape, and not more than seventy-three of the fifteen hundred English archers. Percy and Douglas both fall, and the 'poor squire' with them. The bard especially laments this valorous hero:

> For Withrington my heart was wo,
> That ever he slain should be,
> For when his legs were hewn in two
> He kneeled and fought on his knee.

The whole cast of the poem is Homeric, and there are single points, like the use of the standing epithet in the style of 'the doughty Douglas,' the enumeration of the captains, etc., which powerfully remind us of the *Iliad*. Addison, who had as great a love for the ballad as Sidney, has discovered traits that link it with the *Æneid*, which may be called an echo of the older epic. But while it is interesting to trace generic resemblances, it is no less delightful to observe specific differences. One distinction is the absence of mythology from the English poem, which deals with a recent past. It is a plain tale of a stand-up fight; it has

Epic quality.

no supernatural sanctions. The fighters are not invulnerable or nearly so, and purchase reputation with their lives. Lust of adventure, desire for the upper hand, fear of shame—such are the motives that impelled the 'barbarians' to the havoc again and again. In courage and endurance they were ten times better than the bravest Greeks or most resolute Trojans.

We have relapsed into the historic tense, for it must not be forgotten that *Chevy Chase*, though it represents no actual encounter that we know of, is a reflex of general truth. It is redolent, to borrow Professor Hales' apt quotation, of

> old unhappy far off things
> And battles long ago.

The Otterbourne Group.

Other ballads, and notably the Otterbourne group, reflect particular or literal truth. There are three of them. One is to be found in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, another in Scott's *Mintrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and a third in Hurd's *Scottish Songs*, the first being the English, and the two latter the Scottish versions of a raid into England in 1389, undertaken in revenge for Richard II's invasion of Scotland two years previously. The date of these compositions is necessarily uncertain, but Professor Hales is of opinion that they came into existence about the time of the events they so minutely and accurately depict. So far as the mere details are concerned, it is worthy of note that at line 130 of the Percy poem reference is made to the 'Chronicles,' and written accounts of the battle were available. But the ballads relate circumstances otherwise unrecorded, which, it is suggested by the first editor of the *Reliques*, were ascertained from oral sources, from the lips of old people. Possibly, however, some MS. has perished.

The point is important, because the two ballads of the Percy folio have lines in common. It is hardly possible to decide the question of priority, as the retentive memories of ancient men and women and consulted annals sufficiently explain the greater historicity of the genuine Otterbourne ballads as compared with *Chevy Chase*, which claims to be of their company. For aught we can see, the ballads may have arisen contemporaneously, but it is evident that they were produced or handed down under widely different conditions. It should be noted that an appeal to 'mine author' is a very old 'trick of the trade,' so that the 'Chronicles,' after all, may be purely imaginary. In that case the Otterbourne poems were almost certainly the more primitive, and *Chevy Chase* was in part formed upon them.

Over Ottercap Hill they came in
  And so down by Rodclyffe crag,
Upon green Leyton they lighted down,
  Stirring many a stag;
And boldly brent Northumberland,
  And harried many a town,
And did our Englishmen great wrong,
  To battle that were not bown (*ready*).

However, as the affair is a surprise, the Scottish earl, in withdrawing, deems it but due to his rival of Northumberland, as well as to his own sense of chivalry, to offer him fair conditions. They appoint Otterbourne for a tryst, the champions meet, and Douglas falls, mortally wounded. The manner of his dying, as related in the Scots ballad, is noble and affecting:

But Percy with his good sharp sword,
  That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas in the brow,
  Till he fell to the ground.

Then he called on his little foot-page,
And said 'Run speedily,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery.'

'My nephew good,' the Douglas said,
'What recks the death of ane,
Last night I dreamed a dreary dream,
And I ken the day 's thine ain.

'My wound is deep, I fain would sleep,
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the bracken bush,
That grows on yonder lilye lea.

'O bury me by the bracken bush,
Beneath the blooming briar;
Let never living mortal ken
That e'er a kindly Scot lies here.'

Afterwards the English are beaten off, and Earl Percy, after fine resistance, is taken prisoner. The last of the above stanzas but one was deservedly a favourite of Sir Walter Scott.

He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested: poor men's goods he spared, abundantly relieving them with that which by theft he got from abbeys and the houses of rich carles: whom Maior (the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all thieves he affirmeth him to be the prince and the most gentle thief.

Such is Stow's account of *Robin Hood*, of whose character it shadows forth the traditional lines. Whether the forester ever existed in the flesh, and, if so, when, are questions not easily resolved. The later fabulists, clearly convinced of his personality, assigned him to the eleventh century, that great age of outlaws, while the more comparative, but per-

Robin Hood.

haps not more scientific investigators of our own time seek to establish a connexion between the bandit and Woden. Here what concerns us more nearly is the folk-verse of which this archer is the hero, and which also is not devoid of mystery. Robin Hood, Little John, George à-Green, Friar Tuck, Maid Marion, are friends to whom English people will be long in bidding adieu, and their circle of acquaintance is wide. From the May-games of the village-green, Ben Jonson lifted them to the higher region of the Muses' hill, Sir Walter Scott makes room for them in *Ivanhoe*, and another great romancer, Victor Hugo, has cast his charm over them. Thus they form an immortal group, as important as any in the world's literature.

If we go back to the beginnings of the story, we find it humble enough As a gleeman's song at Whitsun ales, it is mentioned with scant respect. In *Piers Plowman*, it is Sloth who confesses:

> I can nought perfectly my Paternoster,
> As the Preest it singeth,
> But I can rhymes of Robin Hood
> And Randolph, Earl of Chester.

Again, in Chaucer's *Troilus*, Pandar speaks of the hazel-wood, where Jolly Robin played. Sorry patrons, these—Sloth and Pandar! After an interval of a hundred and fifty years or more, Bishop Latimer joins a fytte of *Robin Hood* and the *Canterbury Tales*, as types of unprofitable reading. During this interval the invention of printing had taken place, and Caxton's successor, Wynkyn de Worde, published, as one of his early ventures, a set of Robin Hood ballads, entitled, 'A Little Geste of Robin Hood and his Meiny; and of the Proud Sheriff of Nottingham.' The eight fyttes have the advantage of being telescopic; they run one into the other, and so constitute a complete story or serial tale.

The date of the collection is seemingly 1500-1510; and the poems of which it is comprised may be considered to have assumed their present shape during the previous half-century. Herr Brandl suggests that the fermentation of ideas in Wyclif's days, which led to the peasant rising of 1381, was a factor in the production of this poetry, and that another influence was the story of Hereward, as it had come down from mouth to mouth, or, in written form, as *Gesta Herewardi*. Manuscript copies of *Robin Hood and the Potter*, still extant, are not much older than the printed geste of Wynkyn de Worde, but at least one Robin Hood poem goes back to the reign of Edward II, which knew nothing of peasant risings. The original nest of the legends was, without doubt, somewhere in the Midlands.

Returning a little, the communism of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw is present in the poem; but the vulgarity of Demos is not to be traced in it. Far from that, what strikes us first and most forcibly is the loyalty and courtesy of Robin Hood, who is a gentleman every inch of him. Towards his betters he has not an atom of churlishness or malice; and if the ballad is severe on the avaricious Abbot, the unchaste Prioress, or the proud Sheriff, this is not on account of their station, but because advantages are abused. The poem is not precisely moral, since theft is necessarily condoned; at the same time it sets before us fine examples of honour and manly simplicity. Churchmen were apt to be crafty; but Robin is not prejudiced even against churchmen as such, for when the King visits him in Abbot's weeds, he is greeted heartily and complimented as a 'stalwart frere.' Strange as it seems, these yeomen of the greenwood can reconcile with absolute disregard for his forest laws the strongest attachment to the person of the king. This comes out with charming *naïveté* in Robin's acceptance of the monarch's invitation to court.

'I make mine avow to God!' said Robin,
'And right so shall it be,
I will come to your court
Your service for to see!
And bring with me of my men
Seven score and three.
But me like well your service,
I come again full soon;
And shoot at the dun deer
As I wont to done.'

Adam Bell.

There is but one word to describe the relations subsisting between king and forester; it is 'sportsmanlike.' In the outlaw ballads your robber is ever a sportsman, and the ministers of the law scurvy knaves who seek to interpose obstacles in the way of his loved freedom, and even to compass his unmerited death. The *Robin Hood* set has not the character of gruesomeness—it is blithe with the life of the woods—but the ballad which recounts the Brobdingnagian adventures of Adam Bell, Clym o' the Clough, and William of Cloudesley, presents a combination of its special characteristics with the carnage of *Chevy Chase*. According to a rhyming *Pedigree, Education and Marriage of Robin Hood*, Adam Bell was contemporary with the more famous forester's father, who beat him and his companions in a shooting match. The statement is of no value historically, but it suggests the conjecture that the ballads concerned with the two heroes were not separated by any great interval of time. They have many elements in common. For instance, just as Robin Hood rescues Little John when about to be hanged, so Adam Bell delivers William of Cloudesley from a similar mischance, only with more difficulty. On the other hand, the scene is changed.

Adam is a north-country yeoman, who attempts to dis-

suade his comrade in outlawry, William of Cloudesley, from visiting Carlisle. William, however, yearns to see fair Alice and his children, and, at the peril of his neck, ventures within the gates. Unluckily there lies by the hearth an old wife, whom seven years before William had taken in out of charity, and all this long time she had never set foot to ground. Now she recovers strength to inform against her benefactor. The result is that a mob, headed by sheriff and justice, besiege the house, to which they ultimately set fire. The outlaw, having first let down his wife and children with a rope, himself leaps out of window, and, with sword and buckler, charges his foes where they swarm. His courage avails him nothing. He is taken and committed to a cell, with the promise of a speedy hanging on a new gallows. Meanwhile the city porter receives instructions to admit nobody until after the execution.

William's two friends vow to release him. Feigning they are King's messengers, they claim admittance at the gate, and thus deceive the porter, whose neck they wring, whose keys they seize, and whose body they fling into a deep dungeon. Adam Bell and Clym o' the Clough then proceed to the market-place, where they find William, bound hand and foot, lying in a cart with a rope round his neck. Even in this desperate plight his heart fails him not. Forthwith his comrades loose their shafts, and sheriff and justice fall mortally wounded. To free Cloudesley is the work of a moment, after which the three good yeomen fight their way out. The odds are terrific. No sooner have they disposed of one party than an outhorn is blown, bells are rung, and the mayor arrives with a second rout. In order to forge a passage through the opposing mass, the outlaws begin by using their bows; then, when all their arrows are spent, their trusty blades. With no fringed

aegis thrown over their shoulders, and with no 'dread unweariable fire,' they paralyze their foes by sheer daring and thin them with massacre. When they arrive safe at 'English wood,' far from congratulating themselves on their fair escape, they actually lament that the sport is at an end:

> 'So God me help,' said Adam Bell,
> And Clym o' the Clough so free,
> 'I would we were in merry Carlisle
> Before that fair meinȳ.'

The third fytte conducts the outlaws to court, where they confess their sins as regards the fallow deer, and, through the intercession of the queen, obtain the desired charter of peace. Then come messengers from the north with grievous news of what has occurred, and, to appease the monarch's wrath, William performs the feat associated with the name of William Tell. After this exhibition the seemly fellows regain the royal favour, and are appointed yeomen of the King's chamber.

We meet with similar scenes in the *King and the Barker* and *John the Reeve*—in the latter especially, which may be regarded as being more or less a parody on certain well-known romances. Like Cleges, John fights with the porter; like the Green Knight and the challenger in *Sir Percival*, he rides on horseback into the hall, terrifying the queen.

The Friar and the Boy.

The comic element in *John the Reeve* is even more conspicuous in *The Friar and the Boy*. The boy in question is a piper with a vengeance, for when he pipes all must needs dance, and the friar, who has designs on the modesty of the lad's step-dame, suffers in consequence. No wonder he denounces him as a witch, or that others are unwilling to credit the report of his accomplishments until they have made per-

sonal trial of the same. This scepticism leads to extraordinary spectacles. When Gentle Jack, who had received the pipe from an old man, grateful for relief, is summoned before the 'official,' that dignitary succumbs like the rest, leaping over the desk and dancing about 'wonder fast,' until both his shins were broken. The poem, which was printed by Wynkyn de Worde and reprinted by Ritson, is probably a free translation of a French *fabliau*, since the friar observes:

> He is a great necromancer,
> In all Orléans is not his peer.

There is another version, entitled *The Child and his Step-dame*, of which a manuscript copy has been preserved. This is quite distinct as to the wording, and decidedly inferior.

The *Nutbrown Maid.*

We have travelled some little way from the outlaw ballads, but are recalled to the subject by that most delectable of anonymous poems—*The Nutbrown Maid.* As Warton reminds us, Laneham, in the letter to which allusion has been made (see p. 188), ranks it among the popular tales and poems of the day, at which the historian expresses mild surprise, holding the sentiment too refined for general taste. First printed in 1502, and again in the last century by Douce and by Messrs. Hales and Furnivall, it was probably a product of the late fifteenth century, and probably also the composition of a lady, who in the last stanzas prefers to disguise her sex. She essays to defend them against the aspersion—*varium et mutabile semper.* The effort was imitated by Matthew Prior in his *Edwin and Emma*, which, better known to most students, is by no means equal in merit to its prototype.

The Nutbrown Maid is scarcely what is commonly under-

stood by a ballad, since it is founded on sentiment rather than on action, but it forms an admirable accompaniment to those spirited narrations to which the term is applied. The Knight, who might be Robin Hood, regularly speaks of himself as an outlaw and a 'banished man,' which means apparently the same thing. Another point that may be touched upon in this connexion is that the measure is a dancing measure, and that, etymologically, is the signification of 'ballad.' A piece in the Percy Folio modelled on this poem is called a 'jig,' and the lines of *The Nut-brown Maid*, with their triple rhymes, foot it excellently.

If we look at the internal arrangement of the poem, it resolves itself, after a brief preamble, into a dialogue between a nameless knight and a nutbrown maid, who, if there be aught in the old French proverb, should be blithe and neat, and who certainly shows herself tender, true, and brave. The pleadings of both are pathetic in their unselfish devotion, the knight putting from him the precious boon of the girl's love, and the girl pressing it upon him with resolute scorn of hardship and peril and public reprobation. In the end this affectionate strife turns out to be nothing more than a searching test of the maiden's fidelity, and she finds that her nobility of mind and constancy of purpose have purchased for her no ill-starred outlaw, but an earl's son who can live as such. If there be one jarring note in the poem it occurs in the stanzas in which the knight cruelly declares that he has a paramour in the forest, and the patient maid accepts even this repulsive condition. But we are surely entitled to believe that neither lover nor lady is arguing seriously now, that the nutbrown maid is assured by the very extravagance of the discourse that her triumph is near, as proves indeed to be the case.

There seems to be no reason for placing any but a purely

human interpretation on the poem, but it has suggested to some not very wise person a symbolical reference to the Passion of Christ, in which new guise it may be found in Mr. Hazlitt's *Early Popular Poetry of England.*

We quote two stanzas which exhibit both the form and the spirit of what Professor Hales rightly describes as 'one of the most exquisite pieces of late mediaeval poetry,' merely observing that the last line in each constitutes the refrain or quasi-refrain:

I counsel you remember how it is no maiden's law
Nothing to doubt, but to run out to wood with an outlaw:
For ye must there in your hand bear a bow ready to draw,
And as a thief thus must ye live, ever in dread and awe,
By which to you great harm might grow, yet had I leefer than (*then*),
That I had to the greenwood go(*ne*), alone, a banisht man.

I think not nay, but as ye say, it is no maiden's lore;
But love may make me for your sake, as ye have said before,
To come on foot, to hunt and shoot, to get us meat and store;
But so that I your company may have, I ask no more;
From which to part, it mak'th my heart as cold as any stone,
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone.

As this sketch approaches its term, one becomes sensible how vast an underwood of verse must needs be neglected. This consideration applies to every age, but a period so wide as that comprised in the present small work offers large opportunity for selection. Popular politics clothe themselves in many poems of various forms and of various worth. We think of such productions as *The Twelve Letters that shall Save Merry England* and of the *Dirge* for the Duke of Suffolk—'Jack Napes'—which purports to have been 'made by the Commons of Kent when Jack Cade was their captain,' and begins:

In the month of May when grass grows green.

Popular theology, too, is voluminous, and counts amongst its versified appeals the otherworldly *The Adulterous Falmouth Squire,* which is not by any means so sensational as its title might seem to imply. Many of these pieces are for the curious only; their interest is not exactly literary.

Carols.

It is otherwise with the carols, which bear the same relation to Christmas as the miracle plays to Easter, and move in the same plane. A set of these little poems, preserved in a manuscript at Balliol College, has been most conveniently printed in Mr. A. W. Pollard's *Fifteenth Century Prose and Verse.* All are marked by a quaint unconventional manner, expressing sometimes the season's festiveness, and sometimes a child-like appreciation of the great miracle commemorated on Christmas Day. A few stanzas drawn from one of the liveliest will show of what these bards were capable.

The shepherd upon a hill he sat,
He had on him his tabard and his hat,
His tar-box, his pipe, and his flagat,
His name was called Jolly, Jolly Wat!
For he was a good herds-boy.
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.
Can I not sing but hoy!
The jolly shepherd made so much joy.

The shepherd upon a hill was laid,
His dog to his girdle was taid,
He had not slept but a little braid,
But 'gloria in excelsis' was to him said.
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.
Can I not sing, etc.

The shepherd on a hill he stood,
Round about him his sheep they yode,

He put his hand under his hood,
He saw a star as red as blood.
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.
Can I not sing, etc.

Now farewell Mall, and also Will,
For my love go ye all still,
Unto I come again you till
And ever more will ring well your bell.
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.
Can I not sing, etc.

For the benefit of persons of musical taste it may be observed that several fifteenth century carols are given, with the traditional airs, in Bramley and Stainer's collection.

Of the homely sort of secular lyrics (though at Yuletide the line of demarcation between sacred and secular was fairly abolished) none is better or more tuneful than the bold hilarious drinking song in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, a play first printed in 1575.

Good ale.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Tho' I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a-cold,
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old,
Back and side, go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I nought desire,
No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapt and thoroughly lapt
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side, etc,

And Tib my wife, that as her life,
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek.
Then doth she troll to me the bowl,
Even as a malkworm shold,
And saith 'Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old.'
Back and side, etc.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poor souls that have scour'd bowls,
Or have them lustily troll'd,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.
Back and side, etc.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

1401. Rebellion in Wales. Statute *de haeretico comburendo*.
1402. Welsh defeated; death of Hotspur at Shrewsbury.
1405. The youthful King James I (of Scotland) captured at sea, and imprisoned in the Tower.
1413. Death of Henry IV; accession of Henry V.
1415. Battle of Agincourt.
1422. Death of Henry V; Henry VI (aged nine months) proclaimed king.
1424. Ransom and return of James I of Scotland.
1428. Siege of Orléans.
1429. Orléans relieved by Joan of Arc.
1431. Coronation of Henry VI at Paris. Joan of Arc burnt at Rouen.
1435. European congress at Arras with a view to a general peace.
1437. Assassination of James I of Scotland.
1440. Foundation of Eton College by Henry VI.
1441. Foundation of King's College, Cambridge, by Henry VI.
1445. Marriage of Henry VI to Margaret of Anjou.
1447. Death (murder?) of Humphry, Duke of Gloucester.
1450. Printed Bible at Maintz.
1453. Capture of Constantinople by the Turks. End of the Hundred Years' War.
1455. First Battle of St. Albans; Henry VI defeated and taken prisoner by Richard of York.
1458. Capture of Athens by the Turks.
1460. Henry VI defeated and taken prisoner at Northampton (July). Battle of Wakefield (December); Richard of York defeated by Margaret of Anjou, and beheaded.

1461. Second Battle of St. Albans; defeat of the Yorkists. Entry of Edward IV into London, where he is crowned at Westminster Abbey (March). Victory of the Yorkist party at Towton.

1464. Battles of Hedgeley Moor and Hexham, won by the Yorkists.

1465. Capture of Henry VI, and his imprisonment in the Tower.

1466. Marriage of Edward IV to Elizabeth Woodville, the beautiful widow of Sir John Grey.

1470. Restoration of Henry VI by Warwick.

1471. Battle of Barnet; Warwick defeated and slain by Edward IV (April). Landing of Margaret of Anjou, who is defeated and taken prisoner by Edward IV at Tewkesbury (May). Henry VI assassinated in the Tower (May).

1476. Caxton erects printing-presses at Westminster.

1477. Caxton prints *Dictes and Sayings*, his first book printed in England.

1478. Execution of the Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV.

1483. Death of Edward IV. Richard III becomes king, on the death of the children of Edward IV in the Tower.

1485. Defeat of Richard by Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, at Bosworth (August 11).

1486. Henry VII marries Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV, thus effecting the union of the Roses.

1492. Perkin Warbeck's rebellion (executed in 1498). First voyage of Columbus.

1497. Vasco da Gama rounds the Cape; the Cabots sail in search of the North-West Passage; first voyage (?) of Amerigo Vespucci.

1499. Erasmus at Oxford.

1503. Marriage of James IV of Scotland to Margaret, daughter of Henry VI.

1505. Foundation of Christ's College, Cambridge. Patent granted by Henry VII to the Merchant Adventurers.

1509. Accession of Henry VIII (April); his marriage to Catherine of Aragon (June).

1513. Battle of Flodden; death of James IV; accession of James V.
1515. Cardinal Wolsey, Lord High Chancellor.
1520. Field of the Cloth of Gold; alliance between Henry VIII and Charles V. Luther condemned by a Papal Bull.
1521. Luther begins his translation of the Bible (finished in 1534).
1525. Tyndal's translation of the New Testament.
1526. Hans Holbein in England.
1529. Fall of Wolsey. Sir Thomas More Chancellor. Siege of Vienna by Solyman II.
1530. Confession of Augsburg.
1532. Fall of More. Machiavelli's *Principe* (written in 1512) published.
1533. Henry VIII marries Anne Boleyn. Cranmer Archbishop of Canterbury. Elizabeth born, September 7.
1534. Act of Supremacy.
1535. Thomas Cromwell Vicar-General. Execution of Sir Thomas More. Coverdale's Bible.
1536. Execution of Anne Boleyn, May 19. Henry marries Jane Seymour, May 20. Suppression of the monasteries. Catholic risings.
1537. Birth of Edward VI; death of Jane Seymour.
1538. Marriage of James V of Scotland and Mary of Lorraine.
1539. The Six Articles.
1540. Marriage of Henry VIII and Anne of Cleves, January 6; annulled (July). Henry marries Catherine Howard (July).
1542. Execution of Catherine Howard. Defeat of James V of Scotland at Solway Moss. Birth of Mary Stuart.
1543. Henry VIII marries Catherine Parr.
1545. Opening of the Council of Trent.
1546. Death of Luther (February). Assassination of Cardinal Beaton.
1547. Death of Henry VIII (28 January). The Protector Somerset routs the Scots at Pinkie.
1549. First Act of Uniformity. Execution of Thomas Seymour, brother of the Protector.

1552. Execution of Somerset.
1553. Death of Edward VI. Restoration of the Roman Catholic religion by Mary.
1554. Wyatt's rebellion. Lady Jane Grey beheaded. Marriage of Queen Mary and Philip II of Spain.
1555. Ridley and Latimer burnt.
1556. Cranmer burnt.
1558. The Dauphin marries Mary Stuart. Death of Mary, Queen of England, and accession of Elizabeth. Sir William Cecil (afterwards Lord Burghley) appointed Secretary of State—an office in which he was retained till his death (1598).
1559. Coronation of Elizabeth. Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity. Parker becomes Archbishop of Canterbury. Accession of Francis II of France, Mary Stuart's husband.
1560. Death of Francis.
1561. Return of Mary Stuart to Scotland.
1563. The plague decimates London. First Poor Law of Elizabeth's reign.
1565. Parker's regulations of public worship. Revolt of Ulster.
1566. Birth of James I and VI.
1567. Assassination of Darnley. Marriage of Mary Stuart to Bothwell.
1568. Mary Stuart takes refuge in England, where she is imprisoned. Constant immigration of foreign Protestants, principally artisans. English Roman Catholics establish a college at Douay. The Bishops' Bible.
1569. Assassination of the Regent Murray. Excommunication of Elizabeth.
1571. Battle of Lepanto. Enforcement of the Thirty-Nine Articles.
1572. Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Death of Knox.
1575. Completion of *Jerusalem Delivered* by Tasso.
1576. Frobisher commences his voyages.
1577. Drake sets out on his voyage round the world (returns 1580).
1578. Sir Humphry Gilbert receives a patent for the colonization of America.

INDEX TO VOLUME I.

Abbey Walk, The, 79.
Adam Bell, 206.
Addison, 127, 181, 200.
Adulterous Falmouth Squire, The, 212.
Adventure of Gawain, The, 73.
Aegidius, 26.
Aeneid, the, 200.
Douglas's translation, 93, 97-99; Phaer's, 193.
Æsop, 74.
Alamanni, Luigi, 153, 157, 167.
Albany, the Duke of, 53, 100.
Albon and Amphabele, 47.
Alcock, John, 129.
Alington, Sir Giles, 131.
Ancient Songs, 45.
Answer to the King's Flyting, 105.
Arber, Professor, 188, 189.
Ariosto, 167, 187.
Art of English Poetry, 166.
Arthur, Prince, 121, 134.
Ascham, 13.
Assault of Cupid, The, 172.
Assembly of Ladies, The, 5.
à Wood, Anthony, 113, 114, 184.

Badby, John, 30.
Baldwin, William, 175-176.
Ballad of the Feigned Friar of Tungland, 88.
Ballade in Commemoration of Our Lady, 12.
Barclay, Alexander, 24, 112, 123-132.
Barlowe, Jerome, 147.
Battle of Harlaw, 71.
Beaton, Cardinal, 102.
Beaufort, Lady Jane, 62.
Beauty and the Prisoner, 86.
Bellenden, 51.
Bernard, Master, 113.
Bible, the, 43.
Birth of Antichrist, 88.
Black Knight, The, 3, 39-41.
Blennerhasset, Thomas, 181.
Blind Harry, 54-55, 113.
Bloody Serk, The, 79.
Boccaccio, 41, 43.
Boethius, 64, 97.
Boleyn, Anne, 149, 172.
Boleyn, George, Lord Rochford, 172.
Book against Skelton, 132.
Book of Chess, The, 27.
Book of Falconry, The, 188.
Book of the Duchess, The, 10, 29, 143.
Bower, Walter, 49.

Bowge of Court, The, 135-136.
Boyce, 51.
Bradley, Mr. Henry, 13 n.
Bruce, The, 50, 51.
Bryan, Sir Francis, 151, 172.
Bullein, Dr. William, 123.
Burnand, Sir F. C., 18.
Burying of the Mass, The, 147.
Bycorne and Chichevache, 44.

Camell, 181.
Canterbury Tales, The, 204.
Canticles of Solomon, 175.
Carlyle, 125.
Carpenter, John, 46.
Cavendish, George, 173.
Caxton, 27, 44, 97, 133.
Cesarotti, 38.
Charles V, 150, 151, 152.
Chartier, Alain, 12.
Château de Labour, 124.
Chaucer, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 28, 30, 37, 42, 43, 44, 48, 64, 67, 69, 84, 85, 86, 94, 95, 103, 120, 143, 156, 168.
Chepman, Walter, 55.
Chevy Chase, 197-201, 202.
Child and his Stepdame, The, 209.
Christ's Kirk on the Green, 69, 70.
Christine de Pisan, 16, 26.
Chronicle, Grafton's, 175.
Chronicle made by Chaucer, The, 4.
Churchyard's Chips, 182.
Churchyard, Thomas, 172, 180-181, 182.
Churl and the Bird, The, 44, 64.
Cicero, 67.
Cimino, Seraphino, 156.
Clanvowe, Sir John, 6.
Clanvowe, Sir Thomas, 6.
Clere, Thomas, 163-164.
Clerk's Tale, The, 44.
Cockelbie's Sow, 72.
Coke, Sir Edward, 21.
Colin Clout, 138.
Collins, 145.
Complaint, Lyndsay's, 104.
Complaint of Bagshe, 104-105.
Complaint of Fair Anelida, 85.
Complaint of Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, 178.
Complaint of Philomene, 184-185, 189-191.
Confessio Amantis, 131.
Conscience, 95.
Conti, Lothario (Pope Innocent III), 192.
Conversation between a Lover and a Jay, 114.
Conversion of Swearers, 121.
Cornish, Thomas, 124.
Cornish, William, 170.
Court of Love, The, 9.
Cuckoo and the Nightingale, 6-7.

Damian, John, Abbot of Tungland, 88.
Damon and Pythias, 172.
Dance of the Seven Sins, 104.
Dante, 39, 87, 104, 178.
Davenant, 189.
David I, 49.
Davidson, John, 103.
Davie Dycar's Dream, 181.
De Beneficiis, Seneca's, 193.
De Casibus Virorum Illustrium, 43.
De Consolatione Philosophiae, 64.

De' Medici, Cardinal Ippolito, 167.
De Miseria Humanae Conditionis, 192.
De Profundis, 185.
Delicate Diet for Dainty-Mouthed Drunkards, 192.
Deploration of Queen Magdalene, 106.
Description of Spring, 168.
Dialect, East Midland, 2.
Dirge, 211.
Discourse of a New Passage to Cataia, 192.
Dolce, Ludovico, 187.
Donne, 24.
Douglas, Catherine, 68.
Douglas, family of, 99.
Douglas, Gawin, 24, 74, 81, 85, 93-100.
Douglas, William, Earl of Angus, 199.
Dramatic Idylls, 98.
Dream, Lyndsay's, 103.
Droom of Doomsday, 192.
Drummond of Hawthornden, 72.
Dunbar, William, 24, 48, 54, 73, 74, 81-93, 98, 102, 103, 104.

Earl of Northumberland, 133.
Early Popular Poetry of England, 211.
Edwards, Richard, 172, 174, 196.
Edwin and Emma, 209.
Ellis, 39, 95, 118.
England's Helicon, 171.
Eneydos (Caxton's), 133.
Epistles, Ovid's, 196.
Epistre au Dieu d'Amours, 26.
Epitaphs, Epigrams, Songs, and Sonnets, 196.
Erasmus, 134.
Example of Virtue, The, 114, 119-121.

Fables, Henryson's, 76.
Faëry Queen, 70, 120, 122.
Falkland on the Green, 69, 70.
Falls of Princes, The, 42-43.
Famous History of Friar Bacon, 91.
Felde, Thomas, 114.
Ferrers, George, 175-176, 177.
Fifteenth-Century Prose and Verse, 212.
Figure of the Holy Mother Church, 132.
First Part of the Mirror for Magistrates, 181.
Fitzgerald, Elisabeth, 161-162.
Fitzroy, Henry, 160.
Flee from the Press, 69.
Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy, 87.
Flower and the Leaf, The, 5, 85.
Fordoun, John de, 49.
Four Books of Husbandry, 195.
Fox and the Lamb, The, 82.
Francis of Assisi, St., 167.
Fremund, 47.
Friar and the Boy, The, 208.
Friars of Berwick, The, 91, 107.
Frobisher, Sir Martin, 192.
Fruits of War, The, 187.
Furnivall, Dr., 4, 22, 25, 209.

Gammer Gurton's Needle, 213.
Garment of Good Ladies, The, 79.
Garnesche, Sir Christopher, 144.
Gascoigne, George, 173, 182-193.

Gascoigne's Memories, 185.
Gaunt, John of, 16.
Gay, 44.
Gentilesse, 15.
"Geraldine," 161-162.
Gesta Annalia, 49.
Gesta Herewardi, 205.
Gesta Romanorum, 79.
Gilbert, Sir Humphrey, 192; Sir John, 192.
Giles's Trip to London, 45.
Glendower, Owen, 177.
Golagros and Gawain, 73.
Golden Targe, The, 85-86.
Golding, Arthur, 193.
Good Counsel, 69.
Goodly Ballade of Chaucer, 12.
Goodly Garland of Laurel, A, 142-144.
Googe, Barnaby, 195-196.
Gorboduc, 178.
Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions, A, 171.
Governail of Princes, The, 26-32.
Gower, 1, 14, 30, 86, 131, 143.
Grandisson, Bishop, 124.
Grey of Wilton, Lord, 183, 190.
Grief of Joy, The, 192.
Grimald, Nicholas, 169, 196.
Gringoire, Pierre, 124.

Hailes, Lord, 45.
Hales, Prof., 201, 209, 211,
Hamlet, 172.
Handful of Pleasant Delights, A, 171.
Hawes, Stephen, 2, 24, 112-123, 178.
Hazlitt, Mr. 211.
Henry V, 15, 27, 62.
Henry VII, 113.
Henry VIII, 113, 114, 121, 124, 134, 144, 150-152, 158, 166.
Henry the Minstrel, 54-55.
Henryson, Robert, 74-76.
Heresbachius, Conrad, 195.
Hertford, Lord, 165.
Heywood, Jasper, 177, 193.
Heywood, John, 172.
Higgins, John, 181.
Hockliffe, Village of, 32.
Holinshed, 51, 123.
Holland's Howlat, 72.
Holland, Richard, 72.
Homer, 39.
Hopkins, John, 194.
Horse, the Sheep, and the Goose, The, 44.
House of Fame, The, 95, 104.
How to Use the Court, 158.
Howard, Lord High Admiral, 129, 131.
Humphry, Duke of Gloucester, 43, 44, 47.
Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, A, 195.
Hundred Sundry Flowers, A, 185.
Hunnis, W., 173.

Idylls of the King, The, 168.
Iliad, The, 200.
Induction, The, 178-180.
Introductory to Write and Pronounce French, 131.
Irvine, Dr., 73.
Irving, Mr. David, 91.
Ivanhoe, 73, 204.

Jack Hare, 44.
Jack Upland, 12.

James I (of Scotland), 12, 24, 48, 49, 60-71.
James IV, 84, 90, 123.
James V, 101, 103, 105.
Jane Shore, 180.
Jean de Meun, 26.
Jocasta, 187.
John the Reeve, 74, 208.
Johnstone, Patrick, 80.
Jonson, 24, 204.
Jousting between James Watson and John Barbour, 106.
Joyful Meditaton on the Coronation of Henry VIII, 121.
Jugurthine War, The, 132.
Justin, 193.

Kennedy, Walter, 81, 82.
Kent, Richard, Earl of, 131.
King Edward the Fourth and the Tanner of Tamworth, 74.
King Heart, 94, 95, 96-97.
King Lear, 11.
King's Quair, The, 63-68.
Kinwelmarsh, Francis, 173.
Kirkham, Sir John, 126.
Kittredge, Mr. G. L., 6.
Kitty's Confession, 105.
Knight's Tale, The, 7, 42, 63.
Knox, 102, 108.
Koeppel, Herr, 35.

La Male Regle, 18.
Laing, 91.
Lamb, Charles, 127.
Lament for the Makers, A, 48, 54, 87.
Lancelot of the Lake, Sir, 31.
Langland, 1.
Latimer, Bishop, 204.
Leaulte Vault Richesse, 12.
Legend of Good Women, The, 5, 25, 95, 120.
Letter of Cupid, The, 6, 10, 12, 25-26.
Life of St. Edmund, 46.
Little Geste of Hobin Hood, 204.
London Lickpenny, 45.
Lucilius, 191.
Luick, Herr Karl, 24.
Lullaby (Gascoigne's), 186-187.
Lydgate, John, 3, 12, 14, 23, 24, 33-47, 64, 79, 86, 112, 113, 114, 143.
Lydgate, Village of, 33.
Lyndsay, David, 81, 91, 100-111.

Macaulay, 115.
Macbeth, 51.
Magnificence, 145-147.
Mair, or Major, John, 54, 69.
Mancini, Domenico, 131.
Mantuanus, 130, 132, 196.
Maphaeus, 97.
Metamorphoses (Ovid's), 193.
Milton, 168.
Minot, Lawrence, 11.
Minstrelsy of the Border, 201.
Mirror of Good Manners, 131.
Mirror for Magistrates, The, 172, 175-182.
Miserae Curialium, 130.
Moir, Mr., 59.
Monarchy, The, 107, 109-110.
Monk and the Miller's Wife, 91.
Monk's Tale, 42.
More, Sir Thomas, 134.
Mother of God, 25.
My Health, 18.

Necromancer, The, 144-5.
Nevill, Alexander, 193.

Newton, Thomas, 193.
Norfolk, Thomas, Duke of, 131, 142, 159, 164, 166.
Norton, Thomas, 194.
Northumberland, Earl of, 140.
Nuce, Thomas, 193.
Nugae Antiquae, 172.
Nutbrown Maid, The, 209-11.

Occleve, Thomas, 6, 9, 10, 12, 14, 17-32, 35, 36, 67.
Ockley, 32.
Octavian de St. Gelais, 95.
Odd Texts, 4.
Odyssey, The, 39.
Oldcastle, Sir John, 31.
Olivier de la Marche, 79.
On the Death of Edward IV, 133.
Original Chronicle, The, 50-53.
Orison to the Holy Virgin, 24.
Otterbourne Ballads, The, 201-203.
Ovid, 193, 196.

Palace of Honour, The, 74, 85, 94, 95.
Palamon and Arcite, 172.
Palsgrave, 131.
Paradise of Dainty Devices, The, 171-175.
Pastime of Pleasure, The, 115-118, 122.
Pastime with Good Company, 170.
Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of Robin Hood, 206.
Peebles to the Play, 69.
Percy, Bishop, 78.
Percy Folio, The, 210.
Percy, Sir Henry, 199.
Petition of the Gray Horse, 89.
Petrarch, 153, 154.
Phaer, Thomas, 177, 193, 196.
Philip Sparrow, 132, 137-138.
Phoenix Nest, The, 171.
Piers Plowman, 136, 137, 204.
Pinkerton, John, 70, 91, 108; 68 n.
Pleasant Fable of Ferdinando Ieronomi, 187.
Poetical Rhapsody, A, 171.
Pole, Cardinal, 150-151.
Political Upholsterer, The, 127.
Pollard, Mr. A. W., 26, 46, 212.
Pope, 70.
Praise of London, 83.
Premierfait, Laurent de, 43.
Princely Pleasures, 188.
Prior, Matthew, 209.
Prophecies of Merlin, 11.
Proverbs, 12.
Purse, 11.
Puttenham, 166, 182.
Pynson, Richard, 124, 125.

Ralph the Collier, 73.
Ramsay, Allan, 91.
Raoul de Houdanc, 103.
Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, 78, 201.
Richmond, Duchess of, 161, 164-165.
Ritson, 45, 209.
Rivers, Lord, 8; his 'Balet,' *ib.*
Robert III, 61.
Robin and Makyn, 78, 128.
Robin Hood, 127, 197, 203-206.
Robin Hood and the Potter, 205.
Rochester, Lord, 194.
Romance of the Rose, 10, 85.
Ros, Sir Richard, 12.
Roscoe, Thomas, 130.
Rossetti, D. G., 68.

Rowe, 44.
Roy, William, 147.

Sackville, Thomas, 9, 177-180.
Sallust, 132.
Satire of the Three Estates, 107, 108-109.
Schipper, Prof., 87, 92.
Scogan, Henry, 15-16, 17.
Scotichronicon, The, 48-49, 55.
Scots, Lowland, 2, 98.
Scott, Sir Walter, 73, 77, 81, 93, 203.
Scottish Songs, Hurd's, 201.
Scrope, Mistress Jane, 136, 137.
Seasons, The, 99.
Secretum Secretorum, 27.
Séjour d'Honneur, 95.
Seneca, 193.
Seymour, Family of, 164-165.
Shakespeare, 51, 154, 168.
Shaw, Sir John, 83.
Shepherd's Calendar, The, 147.
Ship of Fools, The, Barclay's, 123-131; Brant's, 124-125.
Shirley, John, 3-5, 12, 68.
Sidney, Sir P., 198.
Simonides, 174.
Sir Penny, 45.
Skeat, Professor, 5, 7, 9, 11, 12, 13 n., 33, 69, 71.
Skelton, John, 112, 132-147, 148.
Smith, Mr. Gregory, 19, 33.
Solistaris at Court, 104.
Somerset, Duke of, 175.
Song on Absence, 70.
Song-book, Henry VIII's, 170.
Soul's Knell, The, 173.
Spagnuoli, Giambattista, 130.
Speak Parrot, 140.
Spectator, The, 181.
Spenser, 9, 147.
Squire Meldrum, 106, 111.
St. Serf, 53.
Statius, 41.
Steel Glass, The, 183, 191-192.
Stevenson (*Life and Death of King James I*), 68.
Story of Thebes, The, 33, 41-42.
Stow, 4, 203.
Studley, John, 193.
Suffolk, Duke of, 211.
Supposes, The (*I Suppositi*), 187.
Supplication in Contemption of Side Tails, 106.
Surrey, Lord, 159-169.

Table of Confession, The, 90.
Tale of Hemetes the Hermit, 188.
Tale of Orpheus and Euridice, 78.
Tale of Sir Chanticlere and the Fox, 76.
Tale of the Dog, the Sheep, and the Fox, 77.
Temple of Glass, The, 3.
Ten Brink, 41, 115.
Testament and Complaint of Papingo, 104.
Testament, Lydgate's, 34.
Testament of Cressida, 77.
Testament of Love, The, 13.
Testament of the Papingo, 104.
Thistle and the Rose, The, 84-85.
Thomson, James, 99.
Three Dead Powis, The, 80.
To the King, 104.
Tottel's Miscellany, 169.
Tragedy of Gorboduc, 194.
Tragical Tales, 196.
Trautmann, Herr, 73.
Treasure without Gladness, 89.
Tresilian, Robert, 176.

Troilus and Cressida, 37, 63, 77, 204.
Troy-book, Lydgate's, 37.
Turberville, George, 188, 196.
Tusser, Thomas, 195.
Two Married Women and a Widow, 87, 90.
Twyne, Thomas, 193.
Tyrwhitt, 23.

Udall, Nicholas, 195.
Usk, Thomas, 13 n.

Vaux, Thomas, Lord, 172, 173.
Vegetius, 27.
Vergil, Polydore, 100.
Virelai, 8.
Voie (La) ou Le Songe d'Enfer, 103.
Voie de Paradis, 103.
Vox Clamantis, 30.

Wallace, 55-60.
Warton, Thomas, 14, 17, 43, 85, 118, 145, 209.
Watson, Thomas, 196.
Webbe, 188.
Whetstone, George, 184.
Whittingham, William, 194.
Why come ye not to Court? 140-142.
Whole Book of the Psalms, 194.
Wolsey, Cardinal, 132, 139-142, 146, 147, 182.
Wyatt, Sir Thomas, 149-158, 166, 167, 170, 172.
Wynkyn de Worde, 44, 114, 122, 124, 128, 145, 204, 209.
Wyntoun, 50-53.

Yloop, 173.

CHISWICK PRESS : PRINTED BY CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

In Three Vols. Small Post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.
Each Vol. Sold Separately.

HISTORY OF EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY

BERNHARD TEN BRINK.

VOL. I.—TO WYCLIF.

Translated into English by HORACE M. KENNEDY, Professor of German Literature in the Brooklyn Collegiate Institute.

Fifth Edition.

"It will be long before England breeds so good an historian of its own early literature as this gifted Dutchman."—*Manchester Guardian.*

VOL. II.—WYCLIF, CHAUCER, EARLIEST DRAMA, RENAISSANCE.

Translated by W. CLARKE ROBINSON, Ph.D.

"It is an immense gain that the most authoritative account of a very important century of English literature is at last accessible in an English dress; and we are delighted to welcome it."—*Journal of Education.*

"A volume which no student of English literature can afford to neglect, that no reader will hasten to lay down."—*Educational Review.*

"The account given of Chaucer is, in combined breadth and delicacy, in keen comprehension both of the man and of the contemporary conditions by which his life and work were determined, unsurpassed, if it be equalled."—Prof. HERFORD in the *Bookman.*

VOL. III.—LANCASTER AND YORK. RENAISSANCE UP TO SURREY'S DEATH.

Translated by L. DORA SCHMITZ.

"It is, as a comprehensive, many-sided, and accurate picture of the entire literature of this age of premonitions rather than of achievements, altogether without a rival."—Prof. HERFORD in the *Bookman.*

"The final volume of Dr. Ten Brink's excellent work is not unworthy of its predecessors, which is as much as to say that it is of real value to all students of English literature."—*Athenæum.*

LONDON: GEORGE BELL AND SONS.

HANDBOOKS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

EDITED BY PROFESSOR HALES

"The admirable series of handbooks edited by Professor Hales is rapidly taking shape as one of the best histories of our literature that are at the disposal of the student. . . . [When complete] there is little doubt that we shall have a history of English literature which, holding a middle course between the rapid general survey and the minute examination of particular periods, will long remain a standard work."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net each.

THE AGE OF CHAUCER (1346-1400). By F. J. SNELL, M.A., with an Introduction by PROFESSOR HALES.

THE AGE OF TRANSITION (1400-1579). By F. J. SNELL, M.A. In 2 vols. Vol. I.: The Poets. Vol. II.: Dramatists and Prose Writers. With an Introduction by PROFESSOR HALES.

THE AGE OF SHAKESPEARE (1579-1631). By THOMAS SECCOMBE and J. W. ALLEN. In 2 vols. Vol. I.: Poetry and Prose, with an Introduction by PROFESSOR HALES. Vol. II.: Drama. Second edition, revised.

THE AGE OF MILTON (1632-1660). By the REV. J. H. B. MASTERMAN, M.A., with an Introduction, etc., by J. BASS MULLINGER, M.A. Second edition.

THE AGE OF DRYDEN (1660-1700). By RICHARD GARNETT, C.B., LL.D. Fourth edition.

THE AGE OF POPE (1700-1744). By JOHN DENNIS. Fourth edition.

THE AGE OF JOHNSON (1744-1798). By THOMAS SECCOMBE. Second edition.

THE AGE OF WORDSWORTH (1798-1832). By PROFESSOR C. H. HERFORD, Litt.D. Third edition.

THE AGE OF TENNYSON (1830-1870). By PROFESSOR HUGH WALKER, M.A. Third edition.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

THE AGE OF CHAUCER

"This little monograph may lay fair claim to be regarded as complete, acute, stimulating, and scholarly."—*School World.*

"The book is thoroughly up-to-date, an important consideration in dealing with Middle English literature, and does not lose itself in too minute a consideration of those works which are only of philological and not of literary value. The accounts of the W. Midland alliterative poetry, of the development of prose, and the work of the poet Gower, are specially good. The treatment of Chaucer is thorough and scholarly."—*University Correspondent.*

"An admirable handbook, dealing in a lucid style and in a highly critical spirit with one of the most important periods in the history of English literature."—*Westminster Review.*

"Both volumes are excellently done, with knowledge, judgement, and a pleasant touch of vivacity. It is no easy matter to make a text-book both informing and readable; but here the feat is accomplished. I have read 'The Age of Shakespeare' with unflagging interest and pleasure . . . Everywhere one has the restful sensation of dealing with men of competent scholarship and sound critical instinct. Especially valuable, to my thinking, is the chronological table of the chief publications of each year from 1579 to 1630."—Mr. William Archer in the *Morning Leader*.

"M. Seccombe et M. Allen ont patiemment et méthodiquement, avec une précision scientifique et une scrupuleuse conscience, étudié tout ce qui méritait d'être signalé, faisant aux œuvres et aux écrivains leur part, selon l'importance de chacun. Ils ne se sont nulle part contentés d'aperçus empruntés à d'autres et de jugements traditionnels. Leur travail laisse au lecteur cette impression constante que toutes les critiques ici exprimées ont la fraîcheur et la saveur d'opinions personnelles directement formées. Nous avons en effet rarement vu chez des critiques anglais, de jugements plus libres, plus affranchis d'exagération, et aussi de cette admiration un peu aveugle et sans discernement qui entache la plupart des études consacrées aux grands écrivains du siècle d'Élizabeth."—*Revue Universitaire*.

"An excellent aid to the systematic study of one of the greatest periods of our literature."—*Daily News*.

"'The Age of Shakespeare' is fresh and unconventional in its brisk outlook, and shows not a trace of pedantry in its critical dicta. The book's aim is to give us a quick but comprehensive view of the main body of Elizabethan literature and to assess its documentary and aesthetic value in a running critical commentary, and in both these respects 'The Age of Shakespeare' is an achievement quite out of the common."—*Academy*.

"Brief outlines are given of every notable career in letters, and pithy critical estimates are added which reveal wide reading, scholarly care, and independent conclusions. These two volumes are, in short, a notable accession to the useful series to which they belong, and they constitute a luminous aid to the interpretation alike of the scope and quality of the literary activity which has rendered the 'Age of Shakespeare' classic in the annals of English literature."—*Standard*.

". . . An excellent manual of Elizabethan literature . . . The criticism in both parts of the work is rapid, vigorous, vivacious, suggestive and independent."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"We do not know where the student of literature could find a safer or more stimulating guide."—*Spectator*.

"Indispensable to all serious students of Elizabethan literature."—*Westminster Review*.

"The authors of the 'Age of Shakespeare' have done their work in a masterly and at the same time an independent manner. . . . Among the undoubted merits of the book the happy gift of pleasing phraseology that charms the reader with delightful frequency is not to be reckoned the least."—*Educational Review*.

"Ces deux volumes sont un des plus parfaits manuels qu'on puisse désirer."—*Mercure de France*.

"The book is a well-informed and well-connected and intelligent exposition of its subject. It is more than a mere handbook. It is a *history*, though on a small scale."—*Journal of Education*.

THE AGE OF MILTON

"A very readable and serviceable manual of English literature during the central years of the seventeenth century."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"A carefully and, in general, a clearly written account of an important period of English literary activity."—*Leeds Mercury.*

"A very excellent little text-book full of concise and well-digested learning."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"This scholarly and suggestive manual."—*Speaker.*

"Mr. Masterman has written a book which combines the preciseness of a text-book with the fullness of thought of a monograph. Indeed, this compact little work will be studied with as much earnestness by the student as it will be read with pleasure by the lover of *belles lettres.* . . . We lay down the book delighted with what we have read."—*Birmingham Daily Gazette.*

"A work which reflects the utmost credit on its author . . . luminous and at the same time impartial."—*Westminster Review.*

"This excellent epitome . . . very happily indicates the golden afterglow of the Elizabethan sun."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"An excellent sketch. . . . Mr. Masterman seems to write from his own knowledge; his judgements are sound and his style is agreeable."—*Times.*

THE AGE OF DRYDEN

"This scholarly little volume from the learned pen of Dr. Garnett. . . . Within the limits of his space Dr. Garnett surveys the several departments of literature in this period with singular comprehensiveness, broad sympathy, and fine critical sagacity."—*Times.*

"The series which Professor Hales is editing aims at being that very difficult and important something between the text-book for schools and the gracefully allusive literary essay. Dr. Garnett has done his part of the work admirably. Most readable is his book, written with a fine sense of proportion, and containing many independent judgements, yet even, so far as minor names and dates and facts are concerned, complete enough for all save a searcher after minutiae."—*Bookman.*

"Dr. Garnett has succeeded in presenting its more notable characteristics, while mapping out a course of study for those who are bent on making themselves acquainted with those writers at first hand."—*Daily News.*

"Though planned on the scale of the manual, this book is actually the first attempt worth naming to grasp in one separate review the literature of the last forty years of the seventeenth century, a time which, as Dr. Garnett well says, 'with all its defects, had a faculty for producing masterpieces.' Dr. Garnett's name is a warrant for his acquaintance not only with the masterpieces but with much besides, and with more than all that need be named in the kind of survey he undertakes."—*Manchester Guardian.*

"It is an ably-written and interesting sketch of the literary history of its period, which reviews the literature of the time so as to make the academic tradition of the subject so interesting that readers of the book will be stimulated to read in the originals for themselves."—*Scotsman.*

THE AGE OF POPE

"A 'handbook' is scarcely a fair description of so readable and companionable a volume, which aims not only at giving accurate information, but at

directing the reader's steps 'through a country exhaustless in variety and interest.'"—*Spectator.*

"The biographical portion of Mr. Dennis's book is really admirable. The accuracy of the details and the knowledge exhibited by the author of the social and political life of the period show how thoroughly he has mastered his subject."—*Westminster Review.*

"Mr. Dennis writes freely and simply, and with a thorough knowledge of the period with which he deals, and goes straight to the point without revelling in circumambient fancies. The result of this is that in 250 pages of good print we have as concise a history of Queen Anne literature as we could wish."—*Cambridge Review.*

"An excellent little volume."—*Athenæum.*

"A new series of handbooks of English literature under the general direction of Professor Hales cannot but promise well, and it performs very well indeed in its first volume, 'The Age of Pope.'"—*Manchester Guardian.*

"We can hardly imagine a critical and biographical handbook of the period better executed."—*Literary World.*

THE AGE OF JOHNSON

"Mr. Seccombe's introductory essay contains a spirited defence of the eighteenth century from the accusations most commonly levelled against it by nineteenth-century critics. On the whole, he has attained a high level in planning and executing his work; and the book is one which the ripest students of the period may read with pleasure and profit."—*Speaker.*

"The uniform excellence of Mr. Seccombe's manual of English literary history from 1748 to 1798 affords scarcely any opening for detailed criticism. Little can be said, except that everything is just as it ought to be: the arrangement perfect, the length of the notices justly proportioned, the literary judgements sound and illuminating; while the main purpose of conveying information is kept so steadily in view that, while the book is worthy of a place in the library, the student could desire no better guide for an examination."—*Bookman.*

"He has knowledge, he is eminently careful, and, best of all in a handbook-maker of this kind, he is judicial. We like Mr. Seccombe's arrangement. There is a capital introduction, solid and grave rather than brilliant, on which the student may stand in confidence before he dives off into the stream of his tutor's survey. Briefly, we have here a thorough, almost encyclopaedic, review of a great literary period—stimulating to the younger student, and to his elder refreshing by its perception."—*Outlook.*

"This book is one of the best of its kind, and we heartily recommend it to our readers."—*Journal of Education.*

"One cannot but be struck by the alertness of his observations and the sufficiency of his knowledge. The labour involved in the production of such a volume as this is immense. The temptation to be prolix is always present, but it has been faithfully resisted. To the very end of the volume the author preserves his freshness, and his attention to detail never flags. The young student could not read a better book to get a comprehensive and yet detailed account of the literary history of the latter half of the eighteenth century."—*Morning Post.*

"Mr. Seccombe has supplied an admirable volume to an excellent series. His biographies are models of condensation and accuracy, and his book may be read with pleasure and studied with advantage."—*Notes and Queries.*

THE AGE OF WORDSWORTH

"It is an admirable little work all the way through and one which the ripest students of the period may read with interest and profit."—*Guardian.*

"A full index and a chronological table add value to the book, which is both handy and accurate as a text-book and readable as a contribution to the literature of criticism. Mr. Herford has thrown light on his period by considering mainly its relation to 'far-reaching and many-sided revival of imaginative power commonly known as Romanticism,' and his work is not only informing but suggestive."—*Manchester Guardian.*

"It is an eminently stimulating and penetrative piece of work, and its style throughout is a model of vigorous and incisive English."—*Educational Review.*

"The introductory essay on Romanticism in our literature is an admirable piece of work, full of suggestive thought, but Professor Herford is at his best—and a very fine best it is—in his brief summaries of the lives and works of individual writers. His Cobbett, his Lamb, and others that might be instanced, are veritable gems of biographical and critical compression presented with true literary finish."—*Literary World.*

"A book which is remarkable for freshness and distinction of style, philosophic grasp of first principles, and critical insight. . . . When we add that the book is also conspicuous for delicacy of literary appreciation and ripe judgement, both of men and movements, we have said enough to show that we consider its claims are unusual."—*Speaker.*

"The desiderated text-book of the period 1798 to 1830 A.D. is no longer to seek. More than that, it has been written by the one Englishman most competent to deal with it. Whatever Professor Herford does he does well; but he has given us nothing at once so good and so helpful as this book."—*University Correspondent.*

THE AGE OF TENNYSON

"A capital little handbook of modern English literature."—*Times.*

"An instructive and readable manual . . . an admirable first text-book on the subject."—*Scotsman.*

"Professor Walker has done his allotted task with singular skill, wonderful judiciousness, critical insight, adequate knowledge and mastery of facts, keen discernment of qualities and effectiveness of grouping. . . . We have read no review of the whole of the Tennysonian age so genuinely fresh in matter, method, style, critical canons, and selectedness of phrase. As a small book on a great subject, it is a special treasure."—*Educational News.*

"It is altogether difficult to imagine how, within the space at disposal, a better work could have been produced. Its continuity is no less noticeable than its unity, and its proportion and perspective are well-nigh perfect."—*Methodist Times.*

"So convenient and so accurate a survey."—*Bookman.*

LONDON: GEORGE BELL AND SONS
YORK HOUSE, PORTUGAL STREET, W.C.

A

SELECTED CATALOGUE

OF

EDUCATIONAL WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

G. BELL AND SONS, LTD.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
LATIN AND GREEK	2
MATHEMATICS	7
ENGLISH	9
MODERN LANGUAGES	12
SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY	14
MENTAL AND MORAL SCIENCE	15
HISTORY	15
WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY	16

LONDON:

YORK HOUSE, PORTUGAL STREET, W.C.

CAMBRIDGE: DEIGHTON, BELL & CO.

NEW YORK: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

BOMBAY: A. H. WHEELER & CO.

LATIN AND GREEK

Full Catalogue of Classical Books sent on application

Bell's Simplified Latin Texts

Edited, with Notes, Exercises, and Vocabulary, by S. E. WINBOLT, M.A., Christ's Hospital, Horsham. Crown 8vo. With numerous Illustrations. 1*s.* 6*d.* each.

FIRST LIST OF VOLUMES, NOW READY

Cæsar's Invasions of Britain.
Livy's Kings of Rome.
Vergil's Taking of Troy.
Vergil's Athletic Sports.
Simple Selections from Cicero's Letters.
Cæsar's Fifth Campaign (from De Bello Gallico, Book V.).

Bell's Illustrated Classics

Edited by E. C. MARCHANT, M.A.

Edited with Introductions, Notes and Vocabularies. Pott 8vo. With numerous illustrations, maps and plans, 1*s.* 6*d.* each; except the GREEK PLAYS, which are 2*s.* each.

Cæsar. Book I. By A. C. LIDDELL, M.A.
—— Book II. By A. C. LIDDELL, M.A.
—— Book III. By F. H. COLSON, M.A., and G. M. GWYTHER, M.A.
—— Book IV. By Rev. A. W. UPCOTT, D.D.
—— Book V. By A. REYNOLDS, M.A.
—— Books IV. and V., in one volume, 2*s.* 6*d.*
—— Book VI. By J. T. PHILLIPSON, M.A.
—— Books V. and VI., in one volume, 2*s.* 6*d.*
—— Book VII. By S. E. WINBOLT, M.A.

Cæsar's Invasions of Britain (De Bello Gallico. Lib. IV. XX.–V. XXIII.). By Rev. A. W. UPCOTT, D.D., and A. REYNOLDS, M.A.

Cicero. Speeches against Catiline. I. and II. (1 vol.). By F. HERRING, M.A.
—— Selections. By J. F. CHARLES, B.A.
—— De Amicitia. By H. J. L. J. MASSÉ, M.A.
—— De Senectute. By A. S. WARMAN, B.A.

Cornelius Nepos. Epaminondas, Hannibal, Cato. By H. L. EARL, M.A.

Eutropius. Books I. and II. (1 vol.). By J. G. SPENCER, B.A.

Homer: Iliad. Book I. By L. D. WAINWRIGHT, M.A.

Horace: Odes. Book I. By C. G. BOTTING, B.A.
—— Book II. By C. G. BOTTING, B.A.
—— Book III. By H. LATTER, M.A.
—— Book IV. By H. LATTER, M.A.

Livy. Book IX., cc. i-xix. By W. C. FLAMSTEAD WALTERS, M.A.

Livy. Hannibal's First Campaign in Italy. (Selected from Book XXI.) By F. E. A. TRAVES, M.A.

Lucian: Vera Historia. By R. E. YATES, B.A.

Ovid: Metamorphoses. Book I. By G. H. WELLS, M.A.
—— Selection from the Metamorphoses. By J. W. E. PEARCE, M.A.
—— Elegiac Selections. By F. COVERLEY SMITH, B.A.
—— Tristia. Book I. By A. E. ROGERS, M.A.
—— Tristia. Book III. By H. R. WOOLRYCH, M.A.

Phaedrus: A Selection. By Rev. R. H. CHAMBERS, M.A.

Stories of Great Men. By Rev. F. CONWAY, M.A.

Virgil: Aeneid. Book I. By Rev. E. H. S. ESCOTT, M.A.
—— Book II. By L. D. WAINWRIGHT, M.A.
—— Book III. By L. D. WAINWRIGHT, M.A.
—— Book IV. By A. S. WARMAN, B.A.
—— Book V. By J. T. PHILLIPSON, M.A.
—— Book VI. By J. T. PHILLIPSON, M.A.
—— Books VII., VIII., IX., X., XI., XII. By L. D. WAINWRIGHT, M.A. 6 vols.
—— Selection from Books VII. to XII. By W. G. COAST, B.A.
—— Georgics. Book IV. By L. D. WAINWRIGHT, M.A.

Xenophon: Anabasis. Books I., II., III. By E. C. MARCHANT, M.A. 3 vols.

GREEK PLAYS (2*s. each*)

Aeschylus: Prometheus Vinctus. By C. E. LAURENCE, M.A.

Euripides: Alcestis. By E. H BLAKENEY, M.A.

Euripides: Bacchae. By G. M. GWYTHER, M.A.
—— Hecuba. By Rev. A. W. UPCOTT, M.A.
—— Medea. By Rev. T. NICKLIN, M.A.

Bell's Illustrated Classics—Intermediate Series

Edited for higher forms, without Vocabularies. Crown 8vo. With Illustrations and Maps

Cæsar: Seventh Campaign in Gaul, B.C. 52. De Bello Gallico. Lib. VII. Edited by the Rev. W. COOKWORTHY COMPTON, M.A. *2s. 6d.* net.
—— De Bello Civili. Book I. Edited by the Rev. W. J. BENSLEY, M.A. *2s. 6d.* net.
Livy. Book XXI. Edited by F. E. A. TRAYES, M.A. *2s. 6d.* net.
Tacitus: Agricola. Edited by J. W. E. PEARCE, M.A. *2s.*
Sophocles: Antigone. Edited by G. H. WELLS, M.A. *2s. 6d.* net.
Homer: Odyssey. Book I. Edited by E. C. MARCHANT, M.A. *2s.*
The Athenians in Sicily. Being portions of Thucydides, Books VI. and VII. Edited by the Rev. W. COOKWORTHY COMPTON, M.A. *2s. 6d.* net.

Public School Series of Classical Authors

Edited with Introductions and Notes

Aristophanes. By F. A. PALEY, M.A., LL.D. The Peace, *2s. 6d.* The Acharnians, *2s. 6d.* The Frogs, *2s. 6d.*
Cicero: Letters of Cicero to Atticus. Book I. By A. PRETOR, M.A. *2s. 6d.* net.
Demosthenes: De Falsa Legatione. By the late R. SHILLETO, M.A. *6s.*
Livy. Book VI. By E. S. WEYMOUTH, M.A., and G. F. HAMILTON B.A. *2s. 6d.*
Plato: Protagoras. By W. WAYTE, M.A. *4s. 6d.*
—— Apology of Socrates and Crito. By W. WAGNER, PH.D. *2s. 6d.*
—— Phaedo. By W. WAGNER, PH.D. *5s. 6d.*
Plato: Gorgias. By W. H. THOMPSON, D.D. *6s.*
—— Republic. Books I. and II. By G. H. WELLS, M.A. *5s.*
Plautus. By WILHELM WAGNER, PH.D Menaechmei, *4s. 6d.* Trinummus, *4s. 6d.* Aulularia, *4s. 6d.*
Sophocles: Trachiniæ. By A. PRETOR. M.A. *2s. 6d.*
—— Œdipus Tyrannus. By B. H. KENNEDY, D.D. *2s. 6d.*
Terence. By W. WAGNER, PH.D. *7s. 6d.*
Thucydides. Book VI. By T. H. DOUGAN, M.A. *2s.*

Grammar School Classics

Edited with Introductions and Notes

Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius. Selected Poems. By the Rev. A. H. WRATISLAW and F. N. SUTTON, B.A. *2s. 6d.*
Horace. By A. J. MACLEANE, M.A. *3s. 6d.* Or, Part I., Odes, *2s.*; Part II., Satires and Epistles, *2s.*
Juvenal. Sixteen Satires (expurgated). By HERMAN PRIOR, M.A. *3s. 6d.*
Martial. Select Epigrams. By F. A. PALEY, M.A., LL.D., and the late W. H. STONE, *4s. 6d.*
Ovid: Fasti. By F. A. PALEY, M.A., LL.D. Books III. and IV. *1s. 6d.*
Sallust: Catilina and Jugurtha. By G. LONG, M.A., and J. G. FRAZER, M.A. *3s. 6d.* Or separately, *2s.* each.
Virgil: Conington's Edition, abridged. Bucolics, Georgics, and Aeneid. Books I.–IV., *4s. 6d.* Aeneid. Books V.–XII., *4s. 6d.* Or in 9 separate parts, *1s. 6d.* each.
Xenophon: Anabasis. With Life, Itinerary, Index, and Three Maps. By J. F. MACMICHAEL. In 4 volumes, *1s. 6d.* each.
—— Cyropaedia. By G. M. GORHAM, M.A., *3s. 6d.* Books I. and II., *1s. 6d.* Books V. and VI., *1s. 6d.*
—— Memorabilia. By P. FROST, M.A. *3s.*

Cambridge Texts with Notes

Price 1*s.* 6*d.* each, with exceptions

Aeschylus. 6 Vols. Prometheus Vinctus —Septem contra Thebas—Agamemnon—Persae—Eumenides—Choephoroe. By F. A. PALEY, M.A., LL.D.

Cicero. 3 Vols. De Amicitia—De Senectute —Epistolae Selectae. By GEORGE LONG, M.A.

Euripides. 11 Vols. Alcestis—Hippolytus —Hecuba—Bacchae—Ion (2*s.*)—Phoenissae —Troades—Hercules Furens—Andromache —Iphigenia in Tauris—Supplices. By F. A. PALEY, M.A., LL.D.

Ovid. Selections from the Amores, Tristia, Heroides, and Metamorphoses. By A. J. MACLEANE, M.A.

Ovid. Fasti. Books III. and IV.—Books V. and VI. By F. A. PALEY, LL.D. 2*s.* each.

Sophocles. 4 Vols. Oedipus Tyrannus—Antigone—Electra—Ajax. By F. A. PALEY, M.A., LL.D.

Terence. 4 Vols. Andria—Hautontimorumenos — Phormio — Adelphi. By Prof. WAGNER.

Virgil. 12 Vols. Abridged from Prof. CONINGTON'S Edition by Professors NETTLESHIP and WAGNER and Rev. J. G. SHEPPARD.

Xenophon: Anabasis. 6 Vols. MACMICHAEL'S Edition, revised by J. E. MELHUISH, M.A. In separate Books.
Book I.—Books II. and III.—Book IV.—Book V.—Book VI.—Book VII.

Xenophon: Hellenica. Book I. and Book II. By the Rev. L. D. DOWDALL, M.A., B.D. 2*s.* each.

Cambridge Texts

Aeschylus. By F. A. PALEY, M.A., LL.D. 2*s.*

Caesar De Bello Gallico. By G. LONG, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Ciceronis Orationes in Verrem. By G. LONG, M.A. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Euripides. By F. A. PALEY, M.A., LL.D. 3 vols. 2*s.* each.

Herodotus. By J. W. BLAKESLEY, B.D. 2 vols. 2*s.* 6*d* each.

Horatius. By A. J. MACLEANE, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Juvenalis et Persius. By A. J. MACLEANE, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Lucretius. By H. A. J. MUNRO, M.A. 2*s.*

Ovidius. By A. PALMER, M.A., G. M. EDWARDS, M.A., G. A. DAVIES, M.A., S. G. OWEN, M.A., A. E. HOUSMAN, M.A., and J. P. POSTGATE, M.A., LITT.D. 3 vols. 2*s.* each.

Sallusti Catalina et Jugurtha. By G. LONG, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Sophocles. By F. A. PALEY, M.A., LL.D. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Terentius. By W. WAGNER, PH.D. 2*s.*

Thucydides. By J. W. DONALDSON, B.D. 2 vols. 2*s.* each.

Vergilius. By J. CONINGTON, M.A. 2*s.*

Xenophontis Anabasis. By J. F. MACMICHAEL, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Novum Testamentum Graece. Edited by F. H. SCRIVENER, M.A. 4*s.* 6*d.*

—— Editio Major. Containing the readings approved by Bp. Westcott and Dr. Hort, and those adopted by the revisers, etc. Small post 8vo. New Edition, with emendations and corrections by Prof. EB. NESTLE. Printed on India paper, limp cloth, 6*s.* net; limp leather, 7*s.* 6*d.* net; or interleaved with writing paper, limp leather, 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

Other Editions, Texts, &c.

Anthologia Latina. A Selection of Choice Latin Poetry, with Notes. By Rev. F. ST. JOHN THACKERAY, M.A. 16mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*

Anthologia Graeca. A Selection from the Greek Poets. By Rev. F. ST. JOHN THACKERAY, M.A. 16mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*

Aristophanis Comoediae. Edited by H. A. HOLDEN, LL.D. Demy 8vo. 18*s.*
The Plays separately: Acharnenses, 2*s.*; Equites, 1*s.* 6*d.*; Nubes, 2*s.*; Vespae, 2*s.*; Pax, 2*s.*; Lysistrata, et Thesmophoriazusae, 4*s.*; Aves, 2*s.*; Ranae, 2*s.*; Plutus, 2*s.*

Aristophanes, The Comedies of. The Greek Text, revised, and a Metrical Translation on Opposite Pages, together with Introduction and Commentary. By BENJAMIN BICKLEY ROGERS, M.A. 6 vols. Fcap. 4to. 15*s.* each.
Now Ready: Vol. I., containing The Acharnians and The Knights; Vol. IV., containing The Lysistrata and The Thesmophoriazusae; and Vol. V., containing The Frogs and The Ecclesiazusae; and the following separate plays: Acharnians, 10*s.* 6*d.*; Knights, 10*s.* 6*d.*; Frogs, 10*s.* 6*d.*; Ecclesiazusae, 7*s.* 6*d.*; Lysistrata, 10*s.* 6*d.*; Thesmophoriazusae, 7*s.* 6*d.*; Birds, 10*s.* 6*d.*; Plutus (with the Menaechmi of Plautus), 8*s.* 6*d.*; Menaechmi, separately, 1*s.* 6*d.*

Catullus. Edited by J. P. POSTGATE, M.A., LITT.D. Fcap. 8vo. 3*s.*

Corpus Poetarum Latinorum, a se aliisque denuo recognitorum et brevi lectionum varietate instructorum, edidit JOHANNES PERCIVAL POSTGATE, LITT.D. 2 vols. Large post 4to. 25*s.* net each. Or in Five Parts. Parts I. and II., 12*s.* net each; Parts III. and IV., 9*s.* net each Part V., 6*s.* net.

Other Editions, Texts, &c.—*continued*

Corpus Poetarum Latinorum. Edited by WALKER. 1 thick vol. 8vo. Cloth, *18s.*

Hall. Mundus Alter et Idem. Edited as a School Reader by H. J. ANDERSON, M.A. *2s.*

Horace. The Latin Text, with Conington's Translation on opposite pages. Pocket Edition. *4s.* net; or in leather, *5s.* net. Also in 2 vols., limp leather. The Odes, *2s.* net; Satires and Epistles, *2s. 6d.* net.

Livy. The first five Books. PRENDEVILLE'S edition revised by J. H. FREESE, M.A. Books I., II., III., IV., V. *1s. 6d.* each.

Lucan. The Pharsalia. By C. E. HASKINS, M.A. With an Introduction by W. E. HEITLAND, M.A. Demy 8vo. *14s.*

Lucretius. Titi Lucreti Cari de rerum natura libri sex. Edited with Notes, Introduction, and Translation, by the late H. A. J. MUNRO. 3 vols. 8vo. Vols. I. and II. Introduction, Text, and Notes, *18s.* Vol. III. Translation, *6s.*

Ovid. The Metamorphoses. Book XIII. With Introduction and Notes by Prof. C. H. KEENE, M.A. *2s. 6d.*

Ovid. The Metamorphoses. Book XIV. With Introduction and Notes by Prof. C. H. KEENE, M.A. *2s. 6d.*

*** Books XIII. and XIV. together. *3s. 6d.*

Persius. A Persii Flacci Satirarum Liber. Edited, with Introduction and Notes by A. PRETOR, M.A. *3s. 6d.* net.

Plato. The Proem to the Republic of Plato. (Book I. and Book II. chaps. 1–10.) Edited, with Introduction, Critical Notes, and Commentary, by Prof. T. G. TUCKER, LITT.D. *6s.*

Petronii Cena Trimalchionis. Edited and Translated by W. D. LOWE, M.A. *7s. 6d.* net.

Propertius. Sexti Properti Carmina recognovit J. P. POSTGATE, LITT.D. 4to. *3s.* net.

Rutilius: Rutilii Claudii Namatiani de Reditu Suo Libri Duo. With Introduction and Notes by Prof. C. H. KEENE, M.A., and English Verse Translation by G. F. SAVAGE ARMSTRONG, M.A. *7s. 6d.* net.

Theocritus. Edited with Introduction and Notes, by R. J. CHOLMELEY, M.A. Crown 8vo. *7s. 6d.*

Theognis. The Elegies of Theognis, and other Elegies included in the Theognidean Sylloge. With Introduction, Commentary, and Appendices, by J. HUDSON WILLIAMS, M.A. Crown 8vo. *7s. 6d.* net.

Thucydides. The History of the Peloponnesian War. With Notes and a Collation of the MSS. By the late R. SHILLETO, M.A. Book I. 8vo. *6s. 6d.* Book II. *5s. 6d.*

Latin and Greek Class Books

Bell's Illustrated Latin Readers. Edited by E. C. MARCHANT, M.A. Pott 8vo. With brief Notes, Vocabularies, and numerous Illustrations. *1s.* each.

Scalae Primae. A Selection of Simple Stories for Translation into English.

Scalae Mediae. Short Extracts from Eutropius and Caesar.

Scalae Tertiae. Selections in Prose and Verse from Phaedrus, Ovid, Nepos and Cicero.

Latin Picture Cards. Edited by Prof. FRANK S. GRANGER, M.A. Sixteen cards printed in colours, with Vocabularies and Exercises. *1s. 3d.* net.

Bell's Illustrated Latin Course, for the First Year. In three Parts. By E. C. MARCHANT, M.A., and J. G. SPENCER, B.A. With numerous Illustrations. *1s. 6d.* each.

Bell's Concise Latin Course. Part I. By E. C. MARCHANT, M.A., and J. G. SPENCER, B.A. *2s.*

Bell's Concise Latin Course. Part II. By E. C. MARCHANT, M.A., and S. E. WINBOLT, M.A. *2s. 6d.*

Cothurnulus. Three Short Latin Historical Plays. By Prof. E. V. ARNOLD, LITT.D. With or without Vocabulary, *1s.* Vocabulary separately, *4d.*

Easy Latin Plays. By M. L. NEWMAN. *6d.*

Eclogæ Latinæ; or, First Latin Reading Book. With Notes and Vocabulary by the late Rev. P. FROST, M.A. *1s. 6d.*

Latin Exercises and Grammar Papers. By T. COLLINS, M.A. *2s. 6d.*

Unseen Papers in Latin Prose and Verse. By T. COLLINS, M.A. *2s. 6d.*

Latin Unseens. Selected and arranged by E. C. MARCHANT, M.A. *1s.*

Latin Reader (Verse and Prose). By W KING GILLIES, M.A., and H. J. ANDERSON, M.A. *2s.*

Latin of the Empire (Prose and Verses. By W. KING GILLIES, M.A., and A. R. CUMMING, M.A. *4s. 6d.*

First Exercises in Latin Prose Composition. By E. A. WELLS, M.A. With Vocabulary. *1s.*

Materials for Latin Prose Composition. By the Rev. P. FROST, M.A. *2s.* Key, *4s.* net.

Passages for Translation into Latin Prose. By Prof. H. NETTLESHIP, M.A. *3s.* Key, *4s. 6d.* net.

Easy Translations from Nepos, Cæsar, Cicero, Livy, &c., for Retranslation into Latin. By T. COLLINS, M.A. *2s.*

Latin and Greek Class Books—*continued*

Memorabilia Latina. By F. W. Levander, F.R.A.S. *1s.*

Test Questions on the Latin Language. By F. W. Levander, F.R.A.S. *1s. 6d.*

Latin Syntax Exercises. By L. D. Wainwright, M.A. Five Parts. *8d.* each.

A Latin Verse Book. By the Rev. P. Frost, M.A. *2s.* Key, *5s.* net.

Latin Elegiac Verse, Easy Exercises in. By the Rev. J. Penrose. *2s.* Key, *3s. 6d.* net.

Foliorum Silvula. Part I. Passages for Translation into Latin Elegiac and Heroic Verse. By H. A. Holden, LL.D. *7s. 6d.*

How to Pronounce Latin. By J. P. Postgate, Litt.D. *1s.* net.

Res Romanae, being brief Aids to the History, Geography, Literature and Antiquities of Ancient Rome. By E. P. Coleridge, M.A. With 3 maps. *2s. 6d.*

Climax Prote. A First Greek Reader. With Hints and Vocabulary. By E. C. Marchant, M.A. With 30 illustrations. *1s. 6d.*

Greek Verbs. By J. S. Baird, T.C.D. *2s. 6d.*

Analecta Græca Minora. With Notes and Dictionary. By the Rev. P. Frost, M.A. *2s.*

Unseen Papers in Greek Prose and Verse. By T. Collins, M.A. *3s.*

Notes on Greek Accents. By the Rt. Rev. A. Barry, D.D. *1s.*

Res Graecae. Being Aids to the study of the History, Geography, Archæology, and Literature of Ancient Athens. By E. P. Coleridge, M.A. With 5 Maps, 7 Plans, and 17 other illustrations. *5s.*

Notabilia Quaedam. *1s.*

Bell's Classical Translations

Crown 8vo. Paper Covers. *1s.* each

Æschylus: Translated by Walter Headlam, Litt.D., and C. E. S. Headlam, M.A. Agamemnon—The Suppliants—Choephoroe—Eumenides — Prometheus Bound — Persians—Seven against Thebes.

Aristophanes: The Acharnians. Translated by W. H. Covington, B.A.

—— The Plutus. Translated by M. T. Quinn, M.A.

Cæsar's Gallic War. Translated by W. A. M'Devitte, B.A. 2 Vols. (Books I.–IV., and Books V.–VII.).

Cicero: Friendship and Old Age. Translated by G. H. Wells, M.A.

—— Orations. Translated by Prof. C. D. Yonge, M.A. 6 vols. Catiline, Murena, Sulla and Archias (in one vol.), Manilian Law, Sextius, Milo.

Demosthenes on the Crown. Translated by C. Rann Kennedy.

Euripides. Translated by E. P. Coleridge, M.A. 14 vols. Medea—Alcestis—Heracleidæ—Hippolytus—Supplices—Troades—Ion—Andromache—Bacchæ—Hecuba—Hercules Furens—Orestes—Iphigenia in Tauris.

Homer's Iliad, Books I. and II., Books III.-IV., Books V.-VI., Books VII.-VIII., Books IX.-X., Books XI.-XII., Books XIII.-XIV., Books XV. and XVI., Books XVII. and XVIII., Books XIX. and XX. Translated by E. H. Blakeney, M.A. 10 vols.

—— Book XXIV. Translated by E. H. Blakeney, M.A.

Horace. Translated by A. Hamilton Bryce, LL.D. 4 vols. Odes, Books I. and II.—Odes, Books III. and IV., Carmen Seculare and Epodes—Satires—Epistles and Ars Poetica.

Livy. Books I., II., III., IV. Translated by J. H. Freese, M.A. With Maps. 4 vols.

—— Books V. and VI. Translated by E. S. Weymouth, M.A. Lond. With Maps. 2 vols.

—— Book IX. Translated by Francis Storr, M.A. With Map.

—— Books XXI., XXII., XXIII. Translated by J. Bernard Baker, M.A. 3 vols.

Lucan: The Pharsalia. Book I. Translated by Frederick Conway, M.A.

Ovid's Fasti. Translated by Henry T. Riley, M.A. 3 vols. Books I. and II.—Books III. and IV.—Books V. and VI.

—— Tristia. Translated by Henry T. Riley, M.A.

Plato: Apology of Socrates and Crito (1 vol.), Phædo, and Protagoras. Translated by H. Cary, M.A. 3 vols.

Plautus: Trinummus. Aulularia, Menæchmi, and Captivi. Translated by Henry T. Riley, M.A. 4 vols.

Sophocles. Translated by E. P. Coleridge, M.A. 7 vols. Antigone—Philoctetes—Œdipus Rex—Œdipus Coloneus—Electra—Trachiniæ—Ajax.

Thucydides. Book VI. Translated by E. C. Marchant, M.A.

—— Book VII. Translated by E. C. Marchant, M.A.

Virgil, Translated by A. Hamilton Bryce, LL.D. 6 vols. Bucolics — Georgics — Æneid, 1-3—Æneid, 4-6—Æneid, 7-9—Æneid, 10-12.

Xenophon's Anabasis. Translated by the Rev. J. S. Watson, M.A. With Map. 3 vols. Books I. and II.—Books III., IV., and V.—Books VI. and VII.

—— Hellenics. Books I. and II. Translated by the Rev. H. Dale, M.A.

*** *For other Translations from the Classics, see the Catalogue of Bohn's Libraries, which will be forwarded on application*

MATHEMATICS

Full Catalogue of Mathematical Books post free on application

Cambridge Mathematical Series

Public School Arithmetic. By W. M. BAKER, M.A., and A. A. BOURNE, M.A. *3s. 6d.* Or with Answers, *4s. 6d.*

The Student's Arithmetic. By W. M. BAKER, M.A., and A. A. BOURNE, M.A. With or without Answers. *2s. 6d.*

New School Arithmetic. By C. PENDLEBURY, M.A., and F. E. ROBINSON, M.A. With or without Answers. *4s. 6d.* In Two Parts, *2s. 6d.* each.
Key to Part II., *8s. 6d.* net.

New School Examples in a separate volume, *3s.* Or in Two Parts, *1s. 6d.* and *2s.*

Arithmetic, with 8000 Examples. By C. PENDLEBURY, M.A. *4s. 6d.* In Two Parts. *2s. 6d.* each. Key to Part II., *7s. 6d.* net.

Examples in Arithmetic. Extracted from the above. *3s.* Or in Two Parts *1s. 6d.* and *2s.*

Commercial Arithmetic. By C. PENDLEBURY, M.A., and W. S. BEARD, F.R.G.S. *2s. 6d.* Part I. separately, *1s.* Part II., *1s. 6d.*

Arithmetic for Indian Schools. By C. PENDLEBURY, M.A., and T. S. TAIT. *3s.*

Examples in Arithmetic By C. O. TUCKEY, M.A. With or without Answers. *3s.*

Junior Practical Mathematics. By W. J. STAINER, B.A. *2s.*, with Answers, *2s. 6d.* Part I., *1s. 4d.*, with Answers, *1s. 6d.* Part II., *1s. 4d.*

Elementary Algebra. By W. M. BAKER, M.A., and A. A. BOURNE, M.A. With or without Answers. New and Revised Edition. *4s. 6d.* In Two Parts. Part I., *2s. 6d.*, or with Answers, *3s.* Part II., with or without Answers, *2s. 6d.*

Key, *10s.* net ; or in 2 Parts, *5s.* net each.

Examples in Algebra. Extracted from above. With or without Answers, *3s.* Or in Two Parts. Part I., *1s. 6d.*, or with Answers, *2s.* Part II., with or without Answers, *2s.*

Examples in Algebra. By C. O. TUCKEY, M.A. With or without Answers. *3s.*

—— **Supplementary Examples.** *6d.* net.

Elementary Algebra for use in Indian Schools. By J. T. HATHORNTHWAITE, M.A. *2s.*

Choice and Chance. By W. A. WHITWORTH, M.A. *7s. 6d.*

—— **DCC Exercises,** including Hints for the Solution of all the Questions in "Choice and Chance." *6s.*

Euclid Books I.—VI., and part of Book XI. By HORACE DEIGHTON, M.A. *4s. 6d.*, or in separate books.

Introduction to Euclid. By HORACE DEIGHTON, M.A., and O. EMTAGE, B.A. *1s. 6d.*

Euclid. Exercises on Euclid and in Modern Geometry. By J. MCDOWELL, M.A. *6s.*

Elementary Graphs. By W. M. BAKER, M.A., and A. A. BOURNE, M.A. *6d.* net.

A New Geometry. By W. M. BAKER, M.A., and A. A. BOURNE, M.A. Crown 8vo. *2s. 6d.* Also Books I.-III. separately, *1s. 6d.*

Elementary Geometry. By W. M. BAKER, M.A., and A. A. BOURNE, M.A. *4s. 6d.* Or in Parts. *Full list on request.*
Answers to Examples, *6d.* net. Key, *6s.* net.

Geometry for Schools. By W. G. BORCHARDT, M.A., and the Rev. A. D. PERROTT, M.A. Vol. I., *1s.* ; Vol. II., *1s. 6d.* ; Vol. III., *1s.* ; Vols. I.-III., *2s. 6d.* ; Vol. IV., *1s.* ; Vols. I.-IV., *3s. 6d.*
[Vols. V. and VI., *in the Press.*

Examples in Practical Geometry and Mensuration. By J. W. MARSHALL, M.A., and C. O. TUCKEY, M.A. *1s. 6d.*

A New Trigonometry for Schools. By W. G. BORCHARDT, M.A., and the Rev. A. D. PERROTT, M.A. *4s. 6d.* Or in Two Parts, *2s. 6d.* each.
Key, *10s.* net ; or in 2 Parts, *5s.* net each.

Elementary Trigonometry. By CHARLES PENDLEBURY, M.A., F.R.A.S. *4s. 6d.*

Short Course of Elementary Plane Trigonometry. By CHARLES PENDLEBURY, M.A. *2s. 6d.*

Elementary Trigonometry. By J. M. DYER, M.A., and the Rev. R. H. WHITCOMBE, M.A. *4s. 6d.*

Algebraic Geometry. By W. M. BAKER, M.A. *6s.* Part I. (The Straight Line and Circle), *2s. 6d.* Key, *7s. 6d.* net.

Practical Solid Geometry. By the Rev. PERCY UNWIN, M.A. *4s. 6d.*

Analytical Geometry for Beginners. By Rev. T. G. VYVYAN, M.A. Part I. The Straight Line and Circle. *2s. 6d.*

Conic Sections, treated Geometrically. By W. H. BESANT, Sc.D., F.R.S. *4s. 6d.* Key, *5s.* net.

Elementary Conics, being the first 8 chapters of the above. *2s. 6d.*

Conics, the Elementary Geometry of. By Rev. C. TAYLOR, D.D. *5s.*

Calculus for Beginners. By W. M. BAKER, M.A. *3s.*

Differential Calculus for Beginners. By A. LODGE, M.A. With Introduction by Sir OLIVER LODGE. *4s. 6d.*

Integral Calculus for Beginners. By A. LODGE, M.A. *4s. 6d.*

Roulettes and Glissettes. By W. H. BESANT, Sc.D., F.R.S. *5s.*

Geometrical Optics. An Elementary Treatise by W. S. ALDIS, M.A. *4s.*

Practical Mathematics. By H. A. STERN, M.A., and W. H. TOPHAM. *6s.* ; or Part I., *2s. 6d.* ; Part II., *3s. 6d.*

Elementary Hydrostatics. By W. H. BESANT, Sc.D. *4s. 6d.* Solutions, *5s.* net.

Elements of Hydrostatics. By C. M. JESSOP, M.A., and G. W. CAUNT, M.A. *2s. 6d.*

Cambridge Mathematical Series—*continued*

Elementary Mechanics. By C. M. Jessop, M.A., and J. H. Havelock, M.A., D.Sc. *4s. 6d.*

Experimental Mechanics for Schools. By Fred Charles, M.A., and W. H. Hewitt, B.A., B.Sc. *3s. 6d.*

The Student's Dynamics. Comprising Statics and Kinetics. By G. M. Minchin, M.A., F.R.S. *3s. 6d.*

Elementary Dynamics. By W. M. Baker, M.A. New Revised Edition, *4s. 6d.* Key, *10s. 6d.* net.

Elementary Dynamics. By W. Garnett, M.A., D.C.L. *6s.*

Dynamics, A Treatise on. By W. H. Besant, Sc.D., F.R.S. *10s. 6d.*

Heat, An Elementary Treatise on. By W. Garnett, M.A., D.C.L. *4s. 6d.*

Elementary Physics, Examples and Examination Papers in. By W. Gallatly, M.A. *4s.*

Mechanics, A Collection of Problems in Elementary. By W. Walton, M.A. *6s.*

Uniform Volume

Geometrical Drawing. For Army and other Examinations. By R. Harris. *3s. 6d.*

The Junior Cambridge Mathematical Series.

A Junior Arithmetic. By C. Pendlebury, M.A., and F. E. Robinson, M.A. *1s. 6d.* With Answers, *2s.*

Examples from a Junior Arithmetic. Extracted from the above. *1s.* With Answers, *1s. 6d.*

A First Algebra. By W. M. Baker, M.A., and A. A. Bourne, M.A. *1s. 6d.*; or with Answers, *2s.*

A First Geometry. By W. M. Baker, M.A., and A. A. Bourne, M.A. With or without Answers. *1s. 6d.*

Elementary Mensuration. By W. M. Baker, M.A., and A. A. Bourne, M.A. *1s. 6d.*

Other Mathematical Works

The Mathematical Gazette. Edited by W. J. Greenstreet, M.A. (Jan., March, May, July, Oct. and Dec.) *1s. 6d.* net.

The Teaching of Elementary Mathematics, being the Reports of the Committee of the Mathematical Association. *6d.* net.

The Teaching of Mathematics in Preparatory Schools. Report of the Mathl. Assn. Committee, Nov., 1907. *3d.* net.

The Teaching of Elementary Algebra and Numerical Trigonometry. Being the Report of the Mathl. Assoc. Committee, 1911. *3d.* net.

A New Shilling Arithmetic. By C. Pendlebury, M.A., and F. E. Robinson, M.A. *1s.*; or with Answers, *1s. 4d.*

A Shilling Arithmetic. By Charles Pendlebury, M.A., and W. S. Beard, F.R.G.S. *1s.* With Answers, *1s. 4d.*

Elementary Arithmetic. By the same Authors. *1s. 6d.* With or without Answers.

A Preparatory Arithmetic. By Charles Pendlebury, M.A. With or without Answers. *1s. 6d.*

Graduated Arithmetic, for Junior and Private Schools. By the same Authors. Parts I., II., and III., *3d.* each; Parts IV., V., and VI., *4d.* each; Part VII., *6d.* Answers to Parts I. and II., *4d.* net; Parts III.-VII., *4d.* net each.

Arithmetic for the Standards (Scheme B). Standard I., sewed, *2d.*, cloth, *3d.*; II., III., IV., and V., sewed, *3d.* each, cloth, *4d.* each; VI. and VII., sewed, *4d.* each, cloth, *6d.* each. Answers to each Standard, *4d.* net each.

Exercises and Examination Papers in Arithmetic, Logarithms and Mensuration. By C. Pendlebury, M.A. *2s. 6d.* New Edition. Key, *5s.* net. [*In the Press.*

Test Cards in Arithmetic (Scheme B). By C. Pendlebury, M.A. For Standards II., III., IV., V., VI. and VII. *1s.* net each.

Public School Examination Papers in Mathematics. Compiled by P. A. Openshaw, B.A. *1s. 6d.*

Bell's New Practical Arithmetic. By W. J. Stainer, M.A. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th Years, paper, *3d.* each, cloth, *4d.* each; 7th Year, paper, *4d.*, cloth, *6d.* Teachers' Books, *8d.* net each Year.

Bell's New Practical Arithmetic Test Cards, for the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th years. *1s. 3d.* net each.

Graduated Exercises in Addition (Simple and Compound). By W. S. Beard. *1s.*

Algebra for Elementary Schools. By W. M. Baker, M.A., and A. A. Bourne, M.A. Three stages, *6d.* each. Cloth, *8d.* each. Answers, *4s.* net each.

A First Year's Course in Geometry and Physics. By Ernest Young, M.A., B.Sc. *2s. 6d.* Parts I. and II. *1s. 6d.*; or Part III. *1s.*

Trigonometry, Examination Papers in. By G. H. Ward, M.A. *2s. 6d.* Key, *5s.* net.

Euclid, The Elements of. The Enunciations and Figures. By the late J. Brasse, D.D. *1s.* Without the Figures, *6d.*

Hydromechanics. By W. H. Besant, Sc.D., and A. S. Ramsey, M.A. Part I., Hydrostatics. *6s.* [Part II *in the Press.*

Hydrodynamics and Sound, An Elementary Treatise on. By A. B. Basset, M.A., F.R.S. *8s.*

The Geometry of Surfaces. By A. B. Basset, M.A., F.R.S. *10s. 6d.*

Elementary Treatise on Cubic and Quartic Curves. By A. B. Basset, M.A., F.R.S. *10s. 6d.*

Analytical Geometry. By Rev. T. G. Vyvyan, M.A. *4s. 6d.*

Book-keeping

Book-keeping by Double Entry, Theoretical, Practical, and for Examination Purposes. By J. T. MEDHURST, A.K.C., F.S.S. *1s. 6d.*

Book-keeping, Examination Papers in. Compiled by JOHN T. MEDHURST, A.K.C., F.S.S. *3s.* Key, *2s. 6d.* net.

Book-keeping, Graduated Exercises and Examination Papers in. Compiled by P. MURRAY, F.S.S.S., F.Sc.S. (Lond.). *2s. 6d.*

Text-Book of the Principles and Practice of Book-keeping and Estate-Office Work. By Prof. A. W. THOMSON, B.Sc. *5s.*

ENGLISH

Mason's New English Grammars. Revised by A. J. ASHTON, M.A.
A Junior English Grammar. *1s.*
Intermediate English Grammar. *2s.*
Senior English Grammar. *3s. 6d.*

GRAMMARS

By C. P. MASON B.A., F.C.P.

First Notions of Grammar for Young Learners. *1s.*

First Steps in English Grammar, for Junior Classes. *1s.*

Outlines of English Grammar, for the Use of Junior Classes. *2s.*

English Grammar; including the principles of Grammatical Analysis. *3s. 6d.*

A Shorter English Grammar. *3s. 6d.*

Practice and Help in the Analysis of Sentences. *2s.*

English Grammar Practice. *1s.*

Elementary English Grammar through Composition. By J. D. ROSE, M.A. *1s.*

Advanced English Grammar through Composition. By JOHN D. ROSE, M.A. *2s. 6d.*

Preparatory English Grammar. By W. BENSON, M.A. New Edition. *1s.* net.

Rudiments of English Grammar and Analysis. By ERNEST ADAMS, PH.D. *1s.*

Examples for Analysis in Verse and Prose. Selected by F. EDWARDS. *1s.*

The Paraphrase of Poetry. By EDMUND CANDLER. *1s.*

Essays and Essay-Writing, for Public Examinations. By A. W. READY, B.A. *3s. 6d.*

Précis and Précis-Writing. By A. W. READY, B.A. *3s. 6d.* Or without Key, *2s. 6d.*

Elements of the English Language. By ERNEST ADAMS, PH.D. Revised by J. F. DAVIS, M.A., D.LIT. *4s. 6d.*

History of the English Language. By Prof. T. R. LOUNSBURY. *5s.* net.

The Teaching of English Literature in the Secondary School. By R. S. BATE, M.A. *2s.* net.

An Outline History of English Literature. By W. H. HUDSON. *2s. 6d.* net.

Ten Brink's Early English Literature. 3 vols. *3s. 6d.* each.

Introduction to English Literature. By HENRY S. PANCOAST. *5s.* net.

A First View of English Literature. By HENRY S. PANCOAST and PERCY VAN DYKE SHELLY. Crown 8vo. *5s.* net.

Introduction to American Literature. By H. S. PANCOAST. *4s. 6d.* net.

The Foreign Debt of English Literature. By T. G. TUCKER, LITT.D. Post 8vo. *6s.* net.

Handbooks of English Literature. Edited by Prof. HALES. *3s. 6d.* net each.
The Age of Alfred. (660-1154). By F. J. SNELL, M.A.
The Age of Chaucer. (1346-1400.) By F. J. SNELL, M.A.
The Age of Transition. (1400-1580.) By F. J. SNELL, M.A. 2 vols.
The Age of Shakespeare. (1579-1631.) By THOMAS SECCOMBE and J. W. ALLEN. 2 vols. Vol. I. Poetry and Prose. Vol. II. Drama.
The Age of Milton. (1632-1660.) By the Rev. J. H. B. MASTERMAN, M.A., with Introduction, etc., by J. BASS MULLINGER, M.A.
The Age of Dryden. (1660-1700.) By R. GARNETT, LL.D., C.B.
The Age of Pope. (1700-1744.) By JOHN DENNIS.
The Age of Johnson. (1744-1798.) By THOMAS SECCOMBE.
The Age of Wordsworth. (1798-1832.) By Prof. C. H. HERFORD, LITT.D.
The Age of Tennyson. (1830-1870.) By Prof. HUGH WALKER.

Notes on Shakespeare's Plays. By T. DUFF BARNETT, B.A. *1s.* each.
Midsummer Night's Dream. Julius Cæsar. —The Tempest.—Macbeth.—Henry V.—Hamlet.—Merchant of Venice.—King Richard II.—King John.—King Richard III.—King Lear.—Coriolanus.—Twelfth Night.—As You Like It.—Much Ado About Nothing.

Principles of English Verse. By C. M. LEWIS. *5s.* net.

Introduction to Poetry. By RAYMOND M. ALDEN. *5s.*

Matriculation Précis. By S. E. WINBOLT, M.A. *1s.* net. Or with Key, *1s. 6d.* net.

Aids to the Writing of English Composition. By FRED. W. BEWSHER. *1s.* net.

General Intelligence Papers. With Exercises in English Composition. By G. BLUNT. *2s. 6d.*

Bell's English Texts for Secondary Schools

Edited by A. Guthkelch, M.A.

Browning's The Pied Piper, and other Poems. Edited by A. Guthkelch. 8*d.*
Fairy Poetry. Selected and edited by R. S. Bate, M.A. 1*s.*
Hawthorne's Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales. Selected and Edited by H. Hampshire, M.A. 1*s.*
Kingsley's Heroes. Edited by L. H. Pond, B.A. With 2 maps. 1*s.*
Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare. Selected and edited by R. S. Bate, M.A. 10*d.*
Lamb's Adventures of Ulysses. Selections. Edited by A. C. Dunstan, Ph.D. 8*d.*
Stories of King Arthur, from Malory and Tennyson. Edited by R. S. Bate, M.A. 1*s.*
The Story of Enid, from Tennyson and The Mabinogion. By H. A. Treble, M.A. 10*d.*
Scott's A Legend of Montrose. Abridged and edited by F. C. Luckhurst. 1*s.*
Charles Reade's The Cloister and the Hearth. Abridged and edited by the Rev. A. E. Hall, B.A. 1*s.*
Hakluyt's Voyages. A Selection edited by the Rev. A. E. Hall, B.A. 1*s.*
Coleridge's The Ancient Mariner; and **Selected Old English Ballads.** Edited by A. Guthkelch, M.A. 1*s.*
Selections from Boswell's Life of Johnson. Edited by E. A. J. Marsh. 1*s.*
Selections from Ruskin. Edited by H. Hampshire, M.A. 1*s.*
Lockhart's Life of Scott. Selections edited by A. Barter, LL.A. 1*s.*
Charles Lamb's Selected Essays and Letters. Edited by A. Guthkelch, M.A. With Map of London. 1*s.* 4*d.*
Selections from Carlyle. Edited by Elizabeth Lee. 1*s.*
English Odes. Edited by E. A. J. Marsh, M.A. 1*s.*

Bell's English Classics

Bacon's Essays. (Selected.) Edited by A. E. Roberts, M.A. 1*s.*
Browning Selections from. Edited by F. Ryland, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Strafford.** Edited by E. H. Hickey. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Burke's Conciliation with America. By Prof. J. Morrison. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Burke's Letters on a Regicide Peace. I. and II. Edited by H. G. Keene, M.A., C.I.E. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Byron's Siege of Corinth. Edited by P. Hordern. 1*s.*
Byron's Childe Harold. Edited by H. G. Keene, M.A., C.I.E. 2*s.* Also Cantos I. and II., sewed, 1*s.* Cantos III. and IV., sewed, 1*s.*
Carlyle's Hero as Man of Letters. Edited by Mark Hunter, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Hero as Divinity.** By Mark Hunter, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Chaucer's Minor Poems, Selections from. Edited by J. B. Bilderbeck, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*
De Quincey's Revolt of the Tartars and the English Mail-Coach. Edited by Cecil M. Barrow, M.A., and Mark Hunter, M.A. 2*s.*
*** Revolt of the Tartars, separately. 1*s.*
—— **Opium Eater.** Edited by Mark Hunter, M.A. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Goldsmith's Good-Natured Man and **She Stoops to Conquer.** Edited by K. Deighton. Each 1*s.*
*** The two plays together, 1*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Traveller and Deserted Village.** Edited by the Rev. A. E. Woodward, M.A. Cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*, or separately, sewed, 10*d.* each.
Irving's Sketch Book. Edited by R. G. Oxenham, M.A. Sewed, 1*s.* 6*d.*
Johnson's Life of Addison. Edited by F. Ryland, M.A. 1*s.*
—— **Life of Swift.** Edited by F. Ryland, M.A. 1*s.*
—— **Life of Pope.** Edited by F. Ryland, M.A. 2*s.*
*** The Lives of Swift and Pope, together, sewed, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Johnson's Life of Milton. Edited by F. Ryland, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Life of Dryden.** Edited by F. Ryland, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*
*** The Lives of Milton and Dryden, together, sewed, 2*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Lives of Prior and Congreve.** Edited by F. Ryland, M.A. 1*s.*
Kingsley's Heroes. Edited by A. E. Roberts, M.A. Illus. 1*s.* 6*d.* Sewed, 1*s.*
Lamb's Essays. Selected and Edited by K. Deighton. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Longfellow, Selections from, including Evangeline. Edited by M. T. Quinn, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*
*** Evangeline, separately, sewed, 10*d.*
Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome. Edited by P. Hordern. 1*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Essay on Clive.** Edited by Cecil Barrow. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Massinger's A New Way to Pay Old Debts. Edited by K. Deighton. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Milton's Paradise Lost. Books III. and IV. Edited by R. G. Oxenham, M.A. 1*s.*; or separately, sewed, 10*d.* each.
Milton's Paradise Regained Edited by K. Deighton. 1*s*

Bell's English Classics—*continued*

Pope's Essay on Man. Edited by F. RYLAND, M.A. *1s.*

Pope, Selections from. Edited by K. DEIGHTON. *1s. 6d.*

Scott's Lady of the Lake. Edited by the Rev. A. E. WOODWARD, M.A. *2s. 6d.* The Six Cantos separately, sewed, *6d.* each.

Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar. Edited by T. DUFF BARNETT, B.A. (Lond.). *1s. 6d.*

—— **Merchant of Venice.** Edtied by T. DUFF BARNETT, B.A. (Lond.). *1s. 6d.*

—— **Tempest.** Edited by T. DUFF BARNETT, B.A. (Lond.). *1s. 6d.*

Wordsworth's Excursion. Book I. Edited by M. T. QUINN, M.A. Sewed, *1s.*

English Readings

With Introductions and Notes. 16mo.

Burke: Selections. Edited by BLISS PERRY. *2s. 6d.*

Byron: Selections. Edited by F. I. CARPENTER. *2s. 6d.*

Coleridge: Prose Selections. Edited by HENRY A. BEERS. *2s.*

Dryden: Essays on the Drama, Edited by WILLIAM STRUNK. *2s.*

Johnson: Prose Selections. Edited by C. G. OSGOOD. *3s.*

Milton: Minor English Poems. Edited by MARTIN W. SAMPSON. *2s. 6d.*

Swift: Prose Selections. Edited by FREDERICK C. PRESCOTT. *2s. 6d.*

Tennyson: The Princess. Edited by L. A. SHERMAN. *2s.*

Thackeray: English Humourists. Edited by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS. *2s. 6d.*

Readers

The Story of Peter Pan (as told in "The Peter Pan Picture Book."). With 16 Illustrations and Songs from the Play in Tonic Solfa and Old Notation. *9d.*

Thrift. A Common Sense Book for Girls. By F. FOOT. *8d.* net.

York Readers. A new series of Literary Readers, with Coloured and other Illustrations.

Primer I. *3d.* Primer II. *4d.*
Infant Reader. *6d.*
Introductory Reader. *8d.*
Reader, Book I., *9d.* Book II., *10d.* Book III., *1s.* Book IV., *1s. 3d.* Book V., *1s. 6d.*

York Poetry Books. 3 Books. Paper covers, *6d.* each; cloth, *8d.* each.

Poetry for Upper Classes. Selected by E. A. HELPS. *1s. 6d.*

Books for Young Readers. Illustrated. *6d.* each.

Æsop's Fables. | Tot and the Cat, etc.
The Old Boat-House, etc.
The Cat and the Hen, etc.
The Two Parrots. | The Lost Pigs.
The Story of Three Monkeys.
The Story of a Cat.
Queen Bee and Busy Bee. | Gull's Crag.

Bell's Continuous Readers and Literature Readers. Continuous Narrative Readers. Cloth. Illustrated. *1s.* each.

*Great Deeds in English History.
*Adventures of a Donkey.
*Grimm's Tales.
*Great Englishmen. | Great Irishmen.
*Andersen's Tales.
*Life of Columbus.
*Uncle Tom's Cabin.
*Swiss Family Robinson.

Bell's Continuous Readers and Literature Readers—*continued.*

*Great Englishwomen. | Great Scotsmen.
*Gatty's Parables from Nature.
Edgeworth's Tales.
*Scott's Talisman.
*Marryat's Children of the New Forest.
*Dickens' Oliver Twist.
Dickens' Little Nell.
*Masterman Ready.
Marryat's Poor Jack.
Arabian Nights.
Gulliver's Travels.
Lyrical Poetry for Boys and Girls.
Vicar of Wakefield.
*Scott's Ivanhoe.
Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.
*Robinson Crusoe.
Tales of the Coast.
*Settlers in Canada.
Southey's Life of Nelson.
Sir Roger de Coverley.
*Scott's Woodstock.

* *Cheaper editions of these volumes are issued in limp cloth covers, 6d. net each.*

Deeds that Won the Empire. By W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.
Fights for the Flag. By W. H. FITCHETT.
Six to Sixteen. By Mrs. EWING.
The Water Babies. By CHAS. KINGSLEY.
The Last of the Mohicans. By J. FENIMORE COOPER.
Feats on the Fiord. By HARRIET MARTINEAU.
Parables from Nature. By Mrs GATTY.
The Little Duke. By CHARLOTTE YONGE.
The Three Midshipmen. By W. H. G. KINGSTON.

Readers—*continued*

Bell's Geographical Readers. By M. J. Barrington-Ward, M.A.
The Child's Geography. Illustrated. *6d.*
The Round World. (Standard II.) *1s.*
About England. (Stand. III.) Illus. *1s. 4d.*

Bell's Animal Life Readers. Designed to inculcate humane treatment of animals. Illustrated by Harrison Weir and others.

The Care of Babies. A Reading Book for Girls' Schools. Illustrated. Cloth, *1s.*

Bell's History Readers on the Concentric Method. Fully Illustrated.
First Lessons in English History. *10d.*
A Junior History of England. *1s. 6d.*
A Senior History of England. *2s.*

Abbey History Readers. Revised by the Rt. Rev. F. A. Gasquet, D.D. Illustrated.
Early English History (to 1066). *1s.*
Stories from English History (1066-1485). *1s. 3d.*
The Tudor Period (1485-1603). *1s. 3d.*
The Stuart Period (1603-1714). *1s. 6d.*
The Hanoverian Period (1714-1837). *1s. 6d.*

Bell's History Readers. Illustrated.
Early English History (to 1066). *1s.*
Stories from English History (1066-1485). *1s. 3d.*
The Tudor Period (1485-1603). *1s. 3d.*
The Stuart Period (1603-1714). *1s. 6d.*
The Hanoverian Period (1714-1837). *1s. 6d.*

MODERN LANGUAGES

French and German Class Books

Bell's French Course. By R. P. Atherton, M.A. Illustrated. 2 Parts. *1s. 6d.* each. Key to the Exercises, Part I., *6d.* net; Part II., *1s.* net.

Bell's First French Reader. By R. P. Atherton, M.A. Illustrated. *1s.*

The Direct Method of Teaching French. By D. Mackay, M.A., and F. J. Curtis, Ph.D.

First French Book. *1s.* net.

Second French Book. *1s. 6d.* net.

Teacher's Handbook. *1s.* net.

Subject Wall Picture (Coloured). *7s. 6d.* net.

Bell's French Picture-Cards. Edited by H. N. Adair, M.A. Two Sets of Sixteen Cards. Printed in Colours, with questionnaire on the back of each. *1s. 3d.* net each.

Bell's Illustrated French Readers. Pott 8vo. Fully Illustrated.
*** *Full List on application.*

French Historical Reader. By H. N. Adair, M.A. New Composition Supplement, *2s.*; or without Supplement, *1s. 6d.* Supplement separately, *6d.* net.

Contes Français. Anciens et Modernes. By Marc Ceppi. *1s. 6d.* With Questionnaires and Exercises, *2s.* Questionnaire, separately, *6d.*

Contes d'Hier et d'Aujourd'hui. First Series. By J. S. Norman, M.A., and Charles Robert-Dumas. Illustrated. *1s. 6d.* Second Series. *2s.*

Le Francais de France. By Madame Valette Vernet. With Illustrations. *2s.*

Grammaire Pratique. By Madame Valette Vernet. *10d.*

Tales from Molière. Edited by Marc Ceppi, M.A. *1s. 6d.*; or with Vocabulary and Notes. *2s.*

Stories and Anecdotes for Translation into French. By Carl Heath. *1s.*

Vocabulaire Français. French Vocabularies for Repetition. By J. P. R. Maricial. *1s. 6d.*

Gasc's French Course

First French Book. *1s.*

Second French Book. *1s. 6d.*

Key to First and Second French Books. *1s. 6d.* net.

French Fables for Beginners. *1s.*

Histoires Amusantes et Instructives. *1s.*

Practical Guide to Modern French Conversation. *1s.*

French Poetry for the Young. With Notes. *1s.*

Materials for French Prose Composition. *3s.* Key, *2s.* net.

Prosateurs Contemporains. *2s.*

Le Petit Compagnon; a French Talk-Book for Little Children. *1s.*

By the Rev. A. C. Clapin

French Grammar for Public Schools. *2s. 6d.* Key, *3s. 6d.* net.

A French Primer. *1s.*

Primer of French Philology. *1s.*

English Passages for Translation into French. *2s. 6d.* Key, *4s.* net.

A German Grammar for Public Schools. *2s. 6d.*

A Spanish Primer. *1s.*

Bell's First German Course. By L. B. T. Chaffey, M.A. *2s.*

Bell's First German Reader. By L. B. T. Chaffey, M.A. Illustrated. *2s.*

German Historical Reader. By J. E. Mallin, M.A. *2s.*

Buddenbrook: Ein Schultag eines Realuntersekundaners. Edited by J. E. Mallin, M.A. Illustrated. *2s. 6d.*

Materials for German Prose Composition. By Dr. C. A. Buchheim. *4s. 6d.* A Key to Parts I. and II., *3s.* net. Parts III. and IV., *4s.* net.

First Book of German Prose. Being Parts I. and II. of the above, with Vocabulary. *1s. 6d.*

Kurzer Leitfaden der Deutschen Dichtung. By A. E. Cor. *2s. 6d.*

Gasc's French Dictionaries

FRENCH-ENGLISH AND ENGLISH-FRENCH DICTIONARY. Large 8vo. *12s. 6d.*
CONCISE FRENCH DICTIONARY. Medium 16mo. *3s. 6d.* Or in Two Parts. *2s.* each.
POCKET DICTIONARY OF THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH LANGUAGES. 16mo. *2s. 6d.*
LITTLE GEM FRENCH DICTIONARY. Narrow 8vo. *1s.* net. Limp Leather, *2s.* net.

French and German Annotated Editions

Fénelon. Aventures de Télémaque. By C. J. DELILLE. *2s. 6d.*

La Fontaine. Select Fables. By F. E. A. GASC. *1s. 6d.*

Lamartine. Le Tailleur de Pierres de Saint-Point. By J. BOÏELLE, B.-ès-L. *1s. 6d.*

Saintine. Picciola. By Dr. DUBUC. *1s. 6d.*

Voltaire. Charles XII. By L. DIREY. *1s. 6d.*

Gombert's French Drama. Re-edited, with Notes, by F. E. A. GASC. Sewed, *6d.* each.

Molière. Le Misanthrope.—L'Avare.—Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.—Le Tartuffe.—Le Malade Imaginaire.—Les Femmes Savantes.—Les Fourberies de Scapin.—Les Précieuses Ridicules.—L'Ecole des Femmes.—L'Ecole des Maris.—Le Médecin Malgré Lui.

Racine. La Thébaïde.—Les Plaideurs.—Iphigénie.—Britannicus.—Phèdre.—Esther.—Athalie.

Corneille. Le Cid.—Horace.—Cinna.—Polyeucte.

Voltaire. Zaire.

German Ballads from Uhland, Goethe, and Schiller. By C. L. BIELEFELD. *1s. 6d.*

Goethe. Hermann und Dorothea. By E. BELL, M.A., and E. WÖLFEL. *1s. 6d.*

Lessing. Minna von Barnhelm. By Prof. A. B. NICHOLS. *2s. 6d.*

Schiller. Wallenstein. By Dr. BUCHHEIM. *5s.* Or the Lager and Piccolomini, *2s. 6d.* Wallenstein's Tod, *2s. 6d.*

—— Maid of Orleans. By Dr. W. WAGNER. *1s. 6d.*

—— Maria Stuart. By V. KASTNER. *1s. 6d.*

Bell's Modern Translations

A Series of Translations from Modern Languages, with Memoirs, Introductions, etc. Crown 8vo. *1s.* each.

Dante. Inferno. Translated by the Rev. H. F. CARY, M.A.

—— Purgatorio. Translated by the Rev. H. F. CARY, M.A.

—— Paradiso. Translated by the Rev. H. F. CARY, M.A.

Goethe. Egmont. Translated by ANNA SWANWICK.

—— Iphigenia in Tauris. Translated by ANNA SWANWICK.

—— Goetz von Berlichingen. Translated by Sir WALTER SCOTT.

—— Hermann and Dorothea. Translated by E. A. BOWRING, C.B.

Hauff. The Caravan. Translated by S. MENDEL.

—— The Inn in the Spessart. Translated by S. MENDEL.

Lessing. Laokoon. Translated by E. C. BEASLEY.

—— Nathan the Wise. Translated by R. DILLON BOYLAN.

Lessing. Minna von Barnhelm. Translated by ERNEST BELL, M.A.

Molière. Translated by C. HERON WALL. 8 vols. The Misanthrope.—The Doctor in Spite of Himself.—Tartuffe.—The Miser.—The Shopkeeper turned Gentleman.—The Affected Ladies.—The Learned Women.—The Impostures of Scapin.

Racine. Translated by R. BRUCE BOSWELL, M.A. 5 vols. Athalie.—Esther.—Iphigenia.—Andromache.—Britannicus.

Schiller. William Tell. Translated by Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B., LL.D. *New Edition, entirely revised.*

—— The Maid of Orleans. Translated by ANNA SWANWICK.

—— Mary Stuart. Translated by J. MELLISH.

—— Wallenstein's Camp and the Piccolomini. Translated by J. CHURCHILL and S. T. COLERIDGE.

—— The Death of Wallenstein. Translated by S. T. COLERIDGE.

*** *For other Translations from Modern Languages, see the Catalogue of Bohn's Libraries, which will be forwarded on application.*

SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

Detailed Catalogue sent on application

Elementary Botany. By Percy Groom, M.A., D.Sc., F.L.S. With 275 Illustrations. 3*s*. 6*d*.

Elementary Botany. By G. F. Atkinson, Ph.B. 6*s*.

Botany for Schools and Colleges. By G. F. Atkinson. Illustrated. 4*s*. 6*d*. net.

Practical Plant Physiology. By Frederick Keeble, M.A. Crown 8vo. 3*s*. 6*d*.

A Laboratory Course in Plant Physiology. By W. F. Ganong, Ph.D. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

The Botanist's Pocket-Book. By W. R. Hayward. Revised by G. C. Druce. 4*s*. 6*d*.

An Introduction to the Study of the Comparative Anatomy of Animals. By G. C. Bourne, M.A., D.Sc. With numerous Illustrations. 2 Vols.
Vol. I. Animal Organization. The Protozoa and Cœlenterata. Revised Edition. 6*s*.
Vol. II. The Cœlomata. 4*s*. 6*d*.

A Manual of Zoology. By Richard Hertwig. Translated by Prof. J. S. Kingsley. Illustrated. 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

Injurious and Useful Insects. An Introduction to the Study of Economic Entomology. By Prof. L. C. Miall, F.R.S. With 100 Illustrations. 3*s*. 6*d*.

Civil Service Examination Papers: Chemistry Papers, Theoretical and Practical. By A. P. Newton. 1*s*.

A First Year's Course of Chemistry. By James Sinclair. 1*s*. 6*d*.

An Introduction to Chemistry. By D. S. Macnair, Ph.D., B.Sc. 2*s*.

Elementary Inorganic Chemistry. By Prof. James Walker, D.Sc. 3*s*. 6*d*.

Introduction to Inorganic Chemistry. By Dr. Alexander Smith. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

Laboratory Outline of General Chemistry. By Dr. Alexander Smith. 2*s*. 6*d*.

General Chemistry for Colleges. By Dr. Alexander Smith. 6*s*. 6*d*. net.

An Experimental Course in Physical Chemistry. By J. F. Spencer, D.Sc., Ph.D. Crown 8vo. 2 vols. 3*s*. 6*d*. each.

A Text-book of Organic Chemistry. By Wm. A. Noyes. 6*s*. net.

A Three Years' Course in Practical Physics. By James Sinclair. 3 vols. 1*s*. 6*d*. each.

A College Text-Book of Physics. By A. L. Kimball, Ph.D. Illustrated. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

The Principles of Physics. By W. F. Magie. Illustrated. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

Practical Electricity and Magnetism. First Year's Course. By R. E. Steel. 2*s*.

A Text-Book of Gas Manufacture for Students. By John Hornby. Revised and Enlarged. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

Turbines. By W. H. Stuart Garnett. 8vo. 5*s*. net.

Electrons. By Sir Oliver Lodge. 6*s*. net.

Engines and Boilers. By W. McQuade. Crown 8vo. Numerous Illus. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

Exercises in Metal Work. By A. T. J. Kersey, A.R.C.Sc. Crown 8vo. 1*s*. 6*d*. net.

Practical Wood Carving for Technical Classes. By F. P. Drury. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Technological Handbooks

Edited by Sir H. Trueman Wood

Specially adapted for candidates in the examinations of the City and Guilds Institute. Illustrated

Woollen and Worsted Cloth Manufacture. By Prof. Roberts Beaumont.
[*New Edition in preparation.*

Soap Manufacture. By W. Lawrence Gadd, F.I.C., F.C.S. 5*s*.

Plumbing: Its Principles and Practice. By S. Stevens Hellyer. 5*s*.

Silk-Dyeing and Finishing. By G. H. Hurst, F.C.S. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Printing. A Practical Treatise. By C. T. Jacobi. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Cotton Spinning: Its Development, Principles, and Practice. By R. Marsden. 6*s*. 6*d*.

Cotton Weaving: Its Development, Principles, and Practice. By R. Marsden. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Coach Building. By John Phillpson, M.Inst.M.E. 6*s*.

Bookbinding. By J. W. Zaehnsdorf. 5*s*.

The Principles of Wool Combing. By Howard Priestman. 6*s*.

Music

Music, A Complete Text-Book of. By Prof. H. C. Banister. 5*s*.

Music, A Concise History of. By Rev. H. G. Bonavia Hunt, Mus. Doc. New and Cheaper Edition. 2*s*. net.

MENTAL AND MORAL SCIENCE

Psychology: A Manual for University Students. By F. RYLAND, M.A. *4s. 6d.*

An Introduction to Psychology. By R. M. YERKES. *6s. 6d.* net.

Ethics: An Introductory Manual for the use of University Students. By F. RYLAND, M.A. *3s. 6d.*

Ethics. By JOHN DEWEY and JAMES H. TUFTS. *8s. 6d.* net.

Everyday Ethics. By E. L. CABOT. *5s.* net.

Logic. An Introductory Manual for the use of University Students. By F. RYLAND, M.A. *4s. 6d.*

The Principles of Logic. By Prof. H. A. AIKINS, PH.D. *6s. 6d.*

An Introduction to the Study of Philosophy. By ALICE OLDHAM. *5s.* net.

Handbook of the History of Philosophy. By E. BELFORT BAX. *5s.*

History of Modern Philosophy. By R. FALCKENBERG. Trans. by Prof. A. C. ARMSTRONG. *16s.*

Bacon's Novum Organum and Advancement of Learning. Edited by J. DEVEY, M.A. *5s.*

Hegel's Lectures on the Philosophy of History. Translated by J. SIBREE, M.A. Small post 8vo. *5s.*

Kant's Critique of Pure Reason. Translated by J. M. D. MEIKLEJOHN. *5s.*

Kant's Prolegomena and Metaphysical Foundations of Science. Translated by E. BELFORT BAX. *5s.*

Locke's Philosophical Works. Edited by J. A ST. JOHN. 2 vols. *3s. 6d.* each.

Modern Philosophers

Edited by Professor E. HERSHEY SNEATH

Descartes. The Philosophy of Descartes. Selected and Translated by Prof. H. A. P. TORREY. *6s.* net.

Hume. The Philosophy of Hume. Selected, with an Introduction, by Prof. HERBERT A. AIKINS. *4s.* net.

Locke. The Philosophy of Locke. By Prof. JOHN E. RUSSELL. *4s.* net.

Reid. The Philosophy of Reid. By E. HERSHEY SNEATH, PH.D.

Spinoza. The Philosophy of Spinoza. By Prof. G. S. FULLERTON. *6s.* net.

HISTORY

Lingard's History of England. Abridged and Continued by DOM H. N. BIRT. With a Preface by ABBOT GASQUET, D.D. With Maps, New and Cheaper Edition. *3s. 6d.*; or in 2 vols., *2s.* each.

An Introduction to English Industrial History. By HENRY ALLSOPP, B.A. *2s.*

English History Source Books. Edited by S. E. WINBOLT, M.A., and KENNETH BELL, M.A. *1s.* net each.

Full list of series will be sent on application.

First Lessons in English History. Illustrated. *1s.*

A Junior History of England. By E. NIXON. Illustrated. *1s. 6d.*

A Senior History of England. By A. MCKILLIAM, M.A. Crown 8vo. Illus. *2s.*

Civil Service Examination Papers: History Questions. By A. PERCIVAL NEWTON, M.A. *1s.*

A Practical Synopsis of English History. By ARTHUR BOWES. *1s.*

Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England. 6 vols. *5s.* each.

*** Abridged edition for Schools, *6s. 6d.*

Landmarks in the History of Europe. By E. M. RICHARDSON, B.A. Crown 8vo. *2s.*

Highways of the World. By A. E. MCKILLIAM, M.A. *1s. 6d.*

Mediæval Europe, 395-1270. By CHARLES BÉMONT and G. MONOD. Translated under the Editorship of Prof. G. B. ADAMS. *6s. 6d.* net.

An Atlas of European History. By EARLE W. DOW. *6s.* net.

Duruy's History of the Middle Ages. Translated by E. H. and M. D. WHITNEY. *6s. 6d.* net.

The Foundations of Modern Europe. By Dr. EMIL REICH. *5s.* net.

Dyer's History of Modern Europe. Revised throughout by ARTHUR HASSALL, M.A. 6 vols. With Maps. *3s. 6d.* each.

Life of Napoleon I. By JOHN HOLLAND ROSE, LITT.D. 2 vols. *10s.* net.

Carlyle's French Revolution. Edited by J. HOLLAND ROSE, LITT.D. 3 vols. With numerous illustrations. *15s.*

Michelet's History of the French Revolution, from its earliest indications to the flight of the King in 1791. *3s. 6d.*

Mignet's History of the French Revolution, from 1789 to 1814. *3s. 6d.*

Gregorovius' History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages. Translated by ANNIE HAMILTON. 8 vols. £3. *3s.* net. Also sold separately.

Select Historical Documents of the Middle Ages. Translated and edited by ERNEST F. HENDERSON, PH.D. *5s.*

Menzel's History of Germany. 3 vols. *3s. 6d.* each.

Ranke's History of the Popes. Translated by E. FOSTER. New Edition. Revised. 3 vols. *2s.* net each.

Ranke's History of the Latin and Teutonic Nations. Revised Translation by G. R. DENNIS, B.A. With an Introduction by EDWARD ARMSTRONG, M.A. *6s.* net.

NEW FROM COVER TO COVER

Webster's New International Dictionary

A COMPLETE ENCYCLOPÆDIA IN ONE COMPACT VOLUME

Features of the "New International"

400,000 WORDS AND PHRASES DEFINED. Half this number in old "International."

2,700 PAGES, every line of which has been revised and reset. (320 Pages in excess of the old "International," and yet the new book is practically the same size.)

6,000 ILLUSTRATIONS, each selected for the clear explication of the term treated.

DIVIDED PAGE: important words above, less important below.

ENCYCLOPÆDIC INFORMATION on thousands of subjects.

SYNONYMS more skilfully treated than in any other English work.

GAZETTEER and BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY are up to date.

MORE INFORMATION of MORE interest to MORE people than any other Dictionary.

Send for Illustrated Pamphlet, with Specimen Pages, and full list of prices.

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary

The largest abridgment of the "New International." Large 8vo. 1,116 pages. More than 1,100 illustrations. 12*s.* net. Also an Edition de Luxe on Bible paper. 14*s.* net. And in leather bindings.

Narrow 8vo. 1s. net. Also in Limp Leather. 2s. net

Webster's Little Gem Dictionary

BASED ON THE "INTERNATIONAL"

THIS little Dictionary will be found to be, within its own limits, a thoroughly sound and useful "word book." Its narrow shape makes it particularly suitable for carrying in the pocket. The appendices include a Gazetteer of the World, a Classical Dictionary, List of Abbreviations, Comparative Weights and Measures, etc.

LONDON: G. BELL AND SONS, LTD.

WITHDRAWN
UST
Libraries

PR
411
SN27
V.1

~~820~~

S 2209